

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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SEPTEMBER, 1891.

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THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

Sept. 1, 1891.

The Peace-keeper of Europe. Not once but many times in the last month even the most vehement Russophile in Europe must have thanked God for the Tzar of Russia. The events of the past six weeks have brought home to the dullest mind the fact that the peace of the world lies in the hand of Alexander III.; and fortunately it could not be intrusted to safer keeping. The extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm with which the officers of the French fleet have been received at St. Petersburg and Moscow would have been serious indeed, were it not that the policy of Russia is directed by a strong and silent sovereign who recognises simply, but in all sincerity, that he is called by God to maintain peace in Europe. Imagine John Bright on the Russian throne, and you can understand something of the determination with which Alexander III. discharges his appointed task as peace-keeper of the Continent. Much as we may deplore the persecuting policy by which M. Pobedonostzeff has disgraced the present reign, neither the May laws against the Jews, nor the attempted suppression of the Protestant Revival, should for a moment blind us to the fact that it is an incalculable benefit to Europe that the power of vetoing war is vested in the hands of the man who perhaps, of all others, is most resolute for peace. If the young Nicholas sat on the throne of his father, the peace of Europe would not be worth six months' purchase.

Visit of the British Fleet to Cronstadt.

Those who think that the welcome extended to the French Fleet by the Emperor indicates a disposition on his part to encourage the war which is the recognised end of all French policy, will be undeceived when they

see the same welcome extended next year to the British fleet in Russian waters. Such a visit is quite in the natural order of events. It is more than thirty years since the combined French and British Fleets visited the Russian seaboard in the Baltic and the Black Sea, not in peace, but in war. Our old ally in the Crimean campaign has now made a friendly naval visit to our ancient foe, and all Europe has witnessed the hearty warmth of the welcome which they have received. When our fleet next year follows the example set by Admiral Gervais, there will be less fanfaronade, but the Tzar will be even better pleased to welcome his naval guests. If, by a little judicious common sense directed to the utilisation of our resources in Royal personages, the Prince of Wales could take advantage of the occasion to pay a visit with his wife and eldest son to his Imperial brother-in-law, a new, a significant, and a very valuable illustration would be afforded the world of the healing of the old feuds of bygone wars, and the sincere determination of both Empires to support each other in maintaining the peace of the world. Such a programme would be received with enthusiasm in our Navy, and it would afford a



THE DANCE AROUND THE NEW TREE OF FREEDOM.

A MIXED COMPANY.
From Kladderadatsch, August 9, 1891.

practical method of utilising the Heir-Apparent as agreeable to the Prince as it would be advantageous to the nation.

The Dreams of France. Every one is delighted that France should be humoured. She has sulked so long in the corner, eating her heart

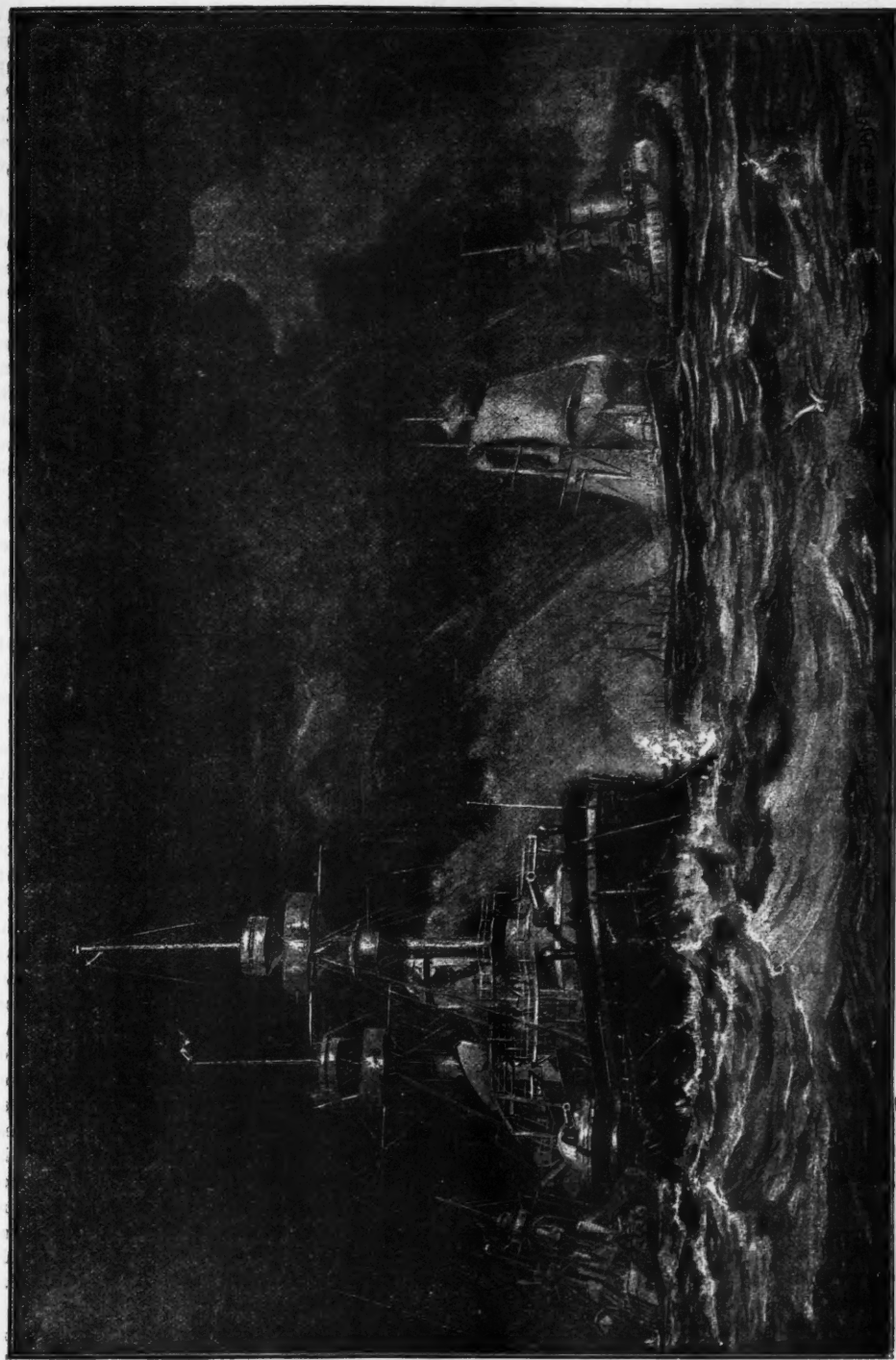
out in sullen discontent, that for sheer sympathy and compassion it is well that she should be warmly welcomed when she once more ventures out into the society of her equals. As she can never again have the reality of that power which she so misused in the past, we are all only too glad to allow her the consolation of its semblance. But of course it is only a semblance. The French Foreign Office, whatever amicable arrangement they may have effected for mutual support in China, is under no mistake as to the absurdity of the popular delusion that France has an ally in Russia for the furtherance of her aggressive designs on Germany. There is no Government in Europe outside the Triple Alliance that would offer a more stern and effective opposition to any attempt to recover the lost provinces than that of Russia. France is tranquil, and professes to desire peace. Therefore the Tzar extends a cordial greeting to his effusive visitors. But let France propose to make war, and she will be very rudely awakened from her fool's paradise. The Tzar, no doubt, thinks that France is all the more easily kept in hand if she is humoured a little. Therein he is right. And in this matter the British Government is of the same opinion. The extraordinary demonstrations at Quebec, where our French Canadian subjects accorded to a French squadron as warm and enthusiastic a welcome as that which Admiral Gervais received at St. Petersburg and Moscow, meant just about as much or as little. To listen to the speeches in Quebec, people would imagine that the French Republic expected to hoist the tricolour once more upon the heights of Abraham. But of course that is just as ridiculous as the notion that Alexander III. will for a moment encourage any attempt to recapture Alsace and Lorraine.

The French Fleet at Portsmouth. The cordial welcome extended to the French fleet at Portsmouth last month was an excellent illustration of democratic

diplomacy and popular tact. There is not an officer in the British Navy who is not trained from his childhood to regard the French as the only enemy to be feared on the high seas. No other Power possesses a navy worth speaking of. If the French Navy did not exist we might dismantle more than half our ironclads. France is the only Power that can invade us, and the French fleet

is therefore the natural, necessary, and habitual standard of comparison to which we adjust our naval estimates. But that is no reason why we should not be civil to our neighbours when they pay an afternoon call; and we were so civil that some people in France seem to have lost their heads a little. Portsmouth tricked itself out with flags, and banquetted its visitors with princely hospitality. The crowd sang the Marseillaise; the Municipality made itself the host of the officers and men; the Admiralty opened the Dockyard to their inspection; the Queen reviewed the fleet, and gave a Royal reception to its commanders; and on the strength of this French newspapers declare exultantly that England has detached herself from the Triple Alliance, whereat there is much huzzaing and newspaper rhetoric. This is all as the mere foam of champagne. As England was never attached to the Triple Alliance, she cannot be detached from it. But England has not varied, and will not vary, a hair-breadth from her declared policy of offering a steady and unflinching opposition to any and every Power which seeks to disturb the peace of Europe. Therein England and Russia are as one. Their's is the real peace alliance, which holds the balance between the Triple Alliance on the one side and France on the other. So long as England and Russia hold together there will be no war.

France, England, and Egypt. The English fleet in the Mediterranean has been paying visits to French ports in the South, for nowadays our international courtesies are all naval; President Carnot is expected in England as a guest of the Queen—to be followed, let us hope before very long, by the President of the American Republic; and if dinners and general junketing can consolidate peace, the nations need have no fear of war. But as M. de Blowitz tells us in the remarkable article summarised elsewhere, the tranquillity of Eastern Europe hangs on the life of Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary; and there has been an ominous reminder last month, in the shape of Turkish representations, that France has not yet reconciled herself to our position in Egypt. The Turkish Government is believed to be meditating trouble at Cairo. Rumours are rife that the Khedive is to be marked down for deposition; and there is no doubt that after next General Election the French will try what intrigue, and possibly menace, can do to bundle us out of Egypt. They are defeating their own game if they threaten the stability of the Khedivial throne. We went there to establish it on firm foundations. We shall stay there till our task is done. If we are asked when that will be, we



Drawn by F. T. Jane.

"Requin."

"Mareau."

"Lance." "Surcoat."

"Marengo."

"Furieuse."

THE FRENCH FLEET AT PORTSMOUTH.

answer, the day after France and her allies at Constantinople and Cairo cease to menace our Egyptian edifice with destruction.

**The Outlook
in Eastern
Europe.**

The little King of Servia has made his much-talked-of tour. He has visited the Tzar in the capital of Russia, and he is now back at Belgrade. The only sovereign whom he omitted to visit on his route was his own mother, the unhappy Nathalie. The Servian Government has annulled the concession by which an English firm was to have made the little Kingdom independent of Austria-Hungary by curing the pork which is at present unsaleable excepting by leave of the Magyars. The inability of the Turks to pay their war indemnity to



ALEXANDER, THE BOY KING OF SERVIA.

Russia is said to have led the latter to suggest the cession of a little additional territory to Servia and Montenegro. St. Petersburg and Constantinople have also been at loggerheads about the passage of a Russian troopship through the Bosphorus—which, by the by, a French engineer is proposing to bridge. The Bulgarians have got their Prince back again, and are rejoicing in the eloquent tribute paid them by Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House. It is one of the peculiarities of diplomacy that a Prime Minister can laud to the skies the conduct of a State which he cannot officially recognise. Princess Varesca's love affair in

Roumania has been rudely nipped in the bud, and Carmen Sylva, in consequence, is feeling somewhat ill. There are a few indications of unrest on the part of the German Emperor at the fuss which the French are making about their return to European society; but it is to be hoped he will remember that silence is golden, and that the less he says the sooner French effervescence will subside.

**The Naval
Manœuvres.**

Our Naval Manœuvres have resulted in creating grave doubts as to the efficacy alike of the torpedo and the defensive netting provided against torpedo attack. Even in peace manœuvres, when no hail of shot and shell is rattling upon the torpedo boat in the terrible 2½ minutes during which it traverses the danger zone—which extends from 2,400 yards range to within 400 yards of the ship where it launches its missile—success in firing a torpedo demands such extraordinary self-possession and precision that out of eight torpedoes discharged only one struck its mark. Of the others, one struck the wrong ship, three did not act at all, and the rest were of no use. If this was the case in peace, what chance is there that torpedoists under fire would be more successful? The torpedo netting cannot be laid down or taken up in less than half an hour. When the ships have their crinoline on they are practically unable to manœuvre, and would be almost *hors de combat* before they could make ready for action. The half hour necessary for taking up the netting would place them at a sore disadvantage. Then, again, there is grave doubt whether the new Whitehead, when armed with a cutting knife, could not dash through the netting, and even if that were a failure the explosion of a torpedo outside would open the way for others to follow. Seeing that the introduction of smokeless powder will next year give a great advantage to the ironclads in repelling their assailants, the probability seems to be considerable that the crinoline will be discarded in naval warfare.

**Sarah
Bernhardt
as a Political
Factor.**

When ironclads, crammed with the deadliest explosives and arms of precision, in all Northern Europe and America are discharging the duties of international courtesy, the French are employing at the Antipodes a very different emissary. Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, whose reception in Australia throws that of Admiral Gervaise at St. Petersburg into the shade, has been acclaimed as an invaluable representative of French interests. A Frenchman, writing from Melbourne, takes this point of view in a letter which is useful if only as calling attention to the possibility of a serious danger from another quarter:—

I cannot tell you how much good a journey like that of

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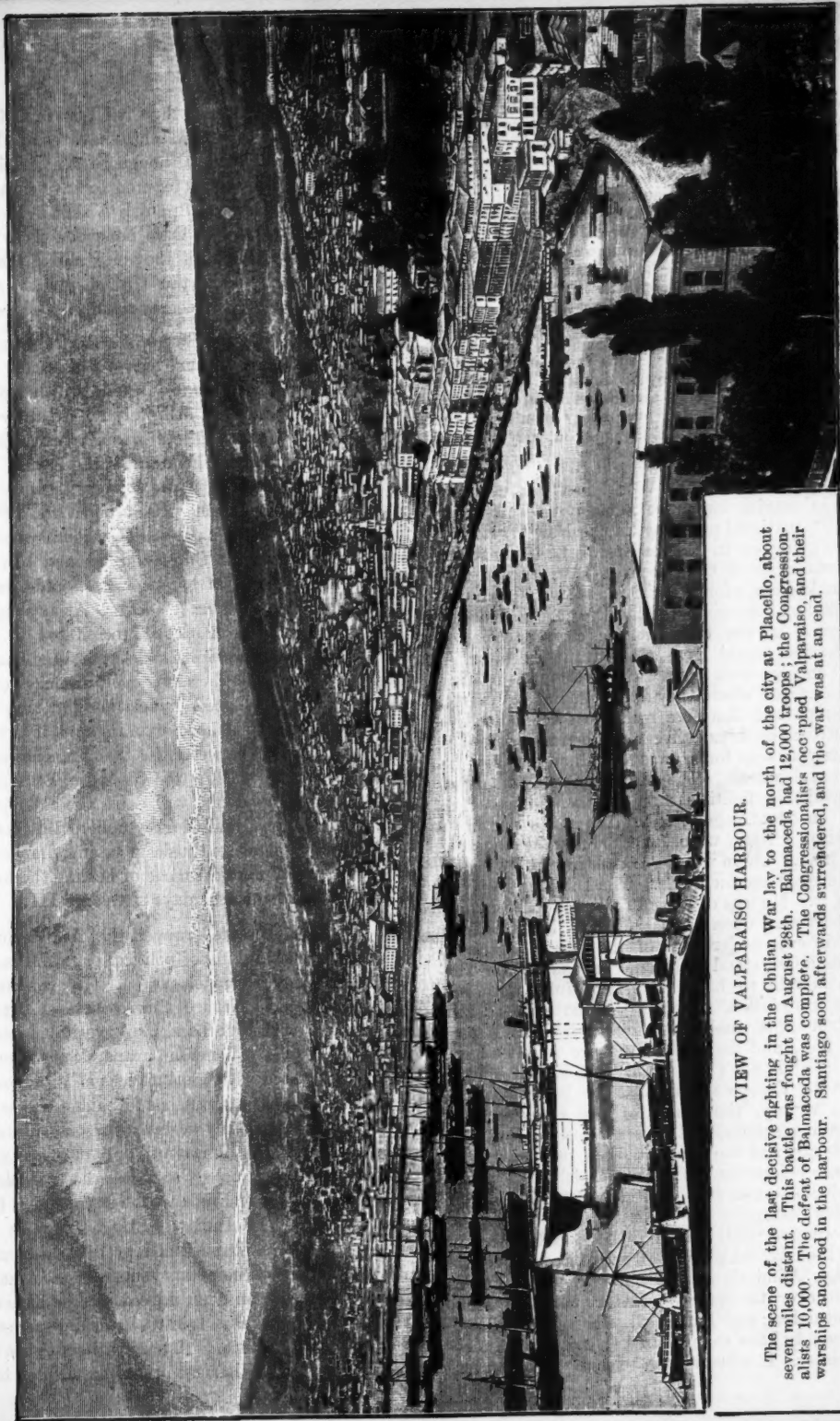
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VIEW OF VALPARAISO HARBOUR.

The scene of the last decisive fighting in the Chilian War lay to the north of the city at Placello, about seven miles distant. This battle was fought on August 28th. Balmaceda, had 12,000 troops; the Congressionalists 10,000. The defeat of Balmaceda was complete. The Congressionalists occupied Valparaíso, and their warships anchored in the harbour. Santiago soon afterwards surrendered, and the war was at an end.

Sarah does here. In the eyes of the Australians, France can scarcely be said to exist. The fact is that we are over-run with Germans and with German goods. That fact, if it be a fact, will probably do more to arrest the nonsense talked about "cutting the painter" than any number of sermons in the press and elsewhere about loyalty to the old country. Australia is gradually being surrounded by German colonies. There are several Germans in our Parliament, and the most serious part of the business is that Germany is now turning her attention to the western coast—that is to say, Perth—which is the most thinly peopled and perhaps the richest colony from the agricultural point of view. The Germans have just arranged for making a railway, over 300 miles long, through the centre of the richest district, with the Government of Western Australia. Germany is doing all she can to direct the stream of German emigration upon Australia, about 600 Germans coming over every month by the National line of steamers. If this goes on, they will soon acquire a marked preponderance.

The End of the War in Chili.

While the Old World has been using its navies for peace manoeuvres and international picnicking, in the New World war has been going on in grim earnest. Last month the Congressionalists of Chili seem to have decided that the hour had come for a decisive dash on Valparaiso, the capital and stronghold of the Dictator Balmaceda. The arrival of the two ironclad cruisers expected from Europe would have enabled the Dictator to contend on more even terms with the Congressionalists on the element where they at present are supreme. An attempt was therefore made to force a decisive battle before the ships arrived. Valparaiso, defended by heavily armed forts, was invulnerable against direct naval attack. The Congressionalists landed every available fighting man at their disposal at Concon on 21st August, about ten miles north of Valparaiso. They were attacked by the Dictator on the 22nd. There was fierce fighting, 20,000 men being engaged on each side. The Dictator had the worst of it. He was dislodged from his position, and driven backward upon the city. Then he rallied his shattered forces under cover of the fire of his forts, and made a last stand at Placillo on the 28th. The carnage is said to have been frightful. Both his generals were killed. Very little quarter was asked or granted. The combatants fought with cold steel face to face, and three thousand are said to have fallen. Balmaceda's last public act was to send a telegram to Europe saying that he had gained a complete victory, the whole of the Congressional forces having surrendered to escape utter annihilation. Hardly had the telegram been printed in our newspapers before the final blow was delivered which shattered his cause into irretrievable ruin. The Männlicher magazine rifle, like the Chassepott on a famous occasion, did wonders. Balmaceda's troops fled into the city, which was at once handed over to the foreign Admirals in the harbour, who in turn handed it over to the conquerors; Santiago soon after capitulated; and Balmaceda, a hopeless fugitive, was believed to have endeavoured to cross the Andes in mid-winter. If taken he will be shot. He deserves

to be hanged. Thus ends the Civil War in Chili. By some miracle the foreign warships have escaped being involved in the fighting, although on one occasion the captain of the *Warepite* is reputed to have threatened to bombard Valparaiso to punish a shot fired at one of his boats. There is little hope for these South American Republics until they pass under the joint tutelage of England and the United States—a consummation that may be nearer than some suppose.

American Foreign Policy.

The United States of America, as may be seen by a glance at the illustrated article on the Sandwich Islands which I publish elsewhere, have decided definitely not to allow Pearl Harbour to slip from their grasp. Pearl Harbour will be, in their hands, the Malta of the Pacific. They concluded last month a Reciprocity Treaty with Spain which gives them virtual possession of Cuba for all commercial purposes. Hayti will sooner or later come under the Stars and Stripes. In Behring's Sea British and American gunboats are enforcing a close time for the seals. At any moment a joint intervention may be precipitated in Chili. Every additional warship that floats the star-spangled banner at her peak increases the urgency of the establishment of a good understanding that may hereafter ripen into a good working and, if need be, a fighting alliance between the two branches of the English-speaking race in the Western hemisphere. The suggestion no doubt will scare the older people both in the Empire and the Republic. But nothing would excite so much enthusiasm among the younger men than such a practical mode of healing the breach that has existed since the days of George III.

American Trade.

At present, however, the Americans are not thinking of political or naval supremacy so much as of the commercial ascendancy which Nature this year seems to be offering them with both hands. A veritable famine has smitten the quondam granary of Europe. Russia, confronted with absolute lack of bread for her teeming millions of peasants, has forbidden the export of rye, and turns anxiously westward for some substitute for her failing crops. Germany, deprived of her usual supply from Russia, looks also across the Atlantic for breadstuffs. Here in England the summer has been unusually wet. In India a drought, happily not so severe as at one time seemed probable, threatens to deprive millions of their scanty subsistence. America teems with plenty, and her ingenious sons have discovered how to make it rain to order by successive explosions of dynamite. Even without this, an unusually bountiful harvest enables her to offer

the surplus of her fields to the other hemisphere. It is calculated that 150,000,000 bushels of wheat will cross the Atlantic this autumn. The American farmer rejoices that at last he is about to escape from his difficulties. In this prosperity Manitoba and the Canadian North-West will have their full share. But for the harvest of the New World, the Old World this year would stand a great chance of starving.

Meanwhile, the dread of famine does not appal the imagination of men. In the Old World things go on much the same. With actual starvation established in Southern Russia, M. Pobedonetzoff has been holding a general council of war of the Holy Orthodox Church at Moscow, which has decided that energetic measures



THE "HOLY COAT" AT TRÈVES.

must be taken in order to extirpate the Stundist heresy. That is to say, this infatuated Laud of the nineteenth century seizes the moment when Russia is overtaken by famine to inaugurate a persecution of the pious men and women who, in the midst of the tribulations of this life, have found consolation in spiritual Christianity. The exodus of the Jews goes on. Pobedonetzoff-Pharaoh hardens his heart, and the plagues will not fail to follow. An International Labour Conference at Brussels developed into a Socialist Congress proclaiming war against Capitalism. The pilgrim season has set in at Lourdes with the customary miracles; and at Trèves, in the centre of sceptical Germany, a million devout peasants are passing in endless procession through the Cathedral to gaze in adoring homage upon the shreds and tatters of the Holy Coat, for which they believe, nineteen centuries ago, the Roman soldiers cast lots at the foot of the Cross. "Tis a strange world, my masters!"

Mr. Dillon
and Mr. W.
O'Brien.

The liberation of Mr. Dillon and Mr. W. O'Brien, on the completion of their term of imprisonment, has added two formidable adversaries to the array of Mr. Parnell's opponents. They have made several speeches since their release (to which Mr. Parnell has replied), which, although



MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P.

Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.. Engraved by J. C. Ruddock.

unsatisfactory enough as explanations of their wobbling when Mr. Parnell was deposed, are quite clear and explicit as to their determination to offer the would-be dictator of Ireland an uncompromising opposition. The *Freeman's Journal* has deserted Mr. Parnell, and now the only hope of the enemy is to enlist the old prejudice against Catholicism and priestcraft in support of the cause of the co-respondent. Considering that the Roman priesthood reluctantly followed the lead of the English Nonconformists in the matter, the attempt is more than usually disreputable. So far from the discomfiture of Mr. Parnell being a proof of sacerdotal despotism, his triumph would have been a demonstration that the elementary moral principles which Churches exist to teach had as little hold upon the Irish people as they have upon those supporters of Sir Charles Dilke, who admit that he is an adulterer and a perjured liar but who still maintain that he is a fit and proper person to make laws for a Christian land.

The By-Elections.

At home the chief political interest has centred in two by-elections and two of Mr. Balfour's speeches. The by-elections took place in Walsall, where the Liberal majority of 1,677 in 1885 was reduced to 539, and in Lewisham, where the Tory majority of 2,125 in 1885 was decreased to 1,693. Walsall was not contested in 1886. In Lewisham in that year the Tory majority was 2,151. Neither of these constituencies show that reversion to the figures of 1885 which is the general rule throughout the country. In the case of Walsall that is due to the fact that the borough was not contested in 1886. In the case of Lewisham the Liberals polled closely up to their figures in 1885, but the Unionists gained among the new voters. So far as these elections go, they justify a calculation that the Liberal majority in the next Parliament will be nearer 100 than 150. But that is an exaggerated estimate of the significance of a couple of elections which run counter to the uniform results of all recent contests.

Mr. Balfour's Evolution.

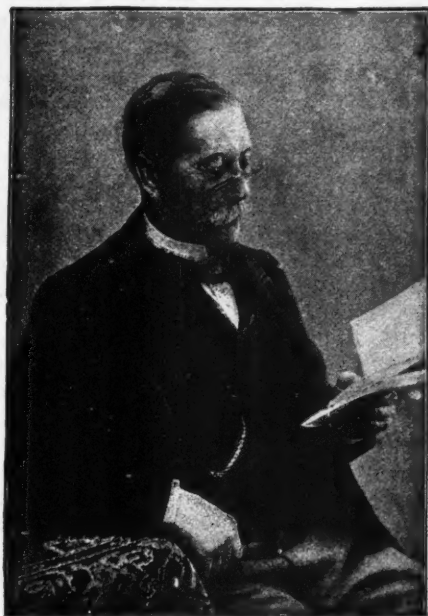
Mr. Balfour, who six weeks since was the popular idol of the Unionist party, is now "suspect," and for the last month has been the mark for more censure in the Tory press than any other statesman in the Empire, not excepting Mr. Parnell. The cause for this extraordinary eclipse is to be found in the exceedingly frank and candid

speech which he made at Plymouth on August 10th, when he proclaimed his intention to establish County Councils in Ireland next year. These Councils are not to control the police, but they are to control the local taxation, and succeed to the powers of the existing county authorities, who are almost exclusively landlords. Mr. Balfour is not sanguine, but he sees the necessity for doing something to give his Irish children practical training in the responsible duties of administration; and being bold and resolute, and withal, if it may be whispered, somewhat under the influence of Mr. Chamberlain in these matters, the experiment is to be made. Hence a great hulla-balloo in the Unionist ranks, not altogether without cause. Nor was that hubbub in the least allayed because of the hint that there is to be some measure of minority representation. Mr. Balfour's proposed Bill for the further disestablishment of the English garrison in Ireland is scouted as a wanton concession to Radicalism, and it would not be in the least surprising if the Bill were smothered in the Lords. The Second Chamber seems to have been created for the express purpose of making the government of Ireland by England impossible. Mr. Forster discovered this in 1880; Mr. Balfour may find it out in 1892.

The death of Mr. Raikes, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, removes one of the most unlucky Postmasters-General, and creates a vacancy which can hardly be filled by a Minister less in sympathy with the determination of the country to make the Post Office the ready handmaid rather than the surly tax-collector of the country. Mr. Raikes might, if he had been resolute in favour of reform, instead of being obstinate in defence of departmental traditions, have signalised his office by establishing penny postage throughout the English-speaking realm. Instead of doing this, he marred a great opportunity by a peddling twopenny-halfpenny arrangement, for which he received no thanks, and which merely placed our colonies on the same level as foreign countries. He was a painstaking man according to his lights, but wooden and devoid of the imagination which is indispensable to all really great administrators. His successor will have an opportunity of adding a really popular plank to the electoral programme of his party by establishing penny postage throughout the English-speaking lands, and by levelling up the British Post Office to the American standard in the distribution of all newspapers and periodicals. In these respects the British Post Office should be the leader and not the laggard of the world.

The Congress of Health.

August has been a great month for the Congresses. Geography, science, and hygiene have all held their public parliaments, and the *Times* has published an encyclopædic mass of printed matter which not one reader in a hundred perused, or one in ten thousand remembered. The Prince of Wales, who presided at the Hygienic Congress, summed up the gist of all



CAPT. SIR DOUGLAS GALTON.

From a photograph by Mr. A. J. Melhuish.

sanitary teaching in the pregnant question: "We read of preventable diseases. If preventable, why are they not prevented?" The answer, of course, is only too obvious. It is possible even to buy health too dear, and even if we could afford to pay for it in cash, we could not afford to sacrifice the liberty of all in order to save a few from the inconvenience of ill-health. As long as men are willing to die frightful deaths by the thousand on the battlefield to rid themselves from authority that is irksome, it is idle to propose that, merely for the chance of reducing their liability to disease, they should become the bondslaves of the doctors, who in almost every age have committed themselves to blunders which have made them the laughing-stock of their own profession in the next generation.

The Triumph of Sanitation.

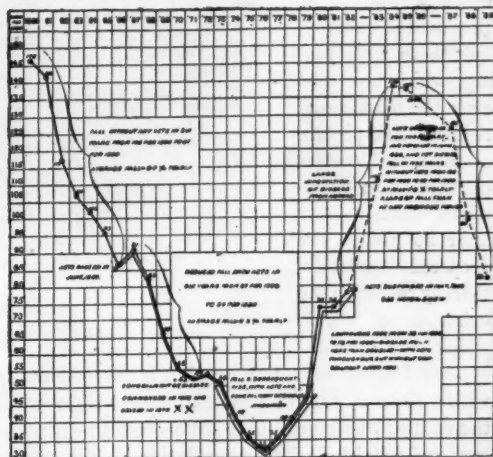
Still a great deal may be done, if only the doctors will learn that liberty, even liberty to be diseased, is still prized among men; and they have undoubtedly a splendid record of

achievement to show as the result of improved sanitation. The death-rate of England, which was 80 per 1,000 in 1660-79, fell to 42 per 1,000 in 1681-90, and to 35 per 1,000 in 1746-55. Since then, the progress towards health has been slower. In 1846-55 it was nearly 25. In 1889 it had fallen to just below 18. Preventable disease, according to Sir Joseph Fayrer, still kills 125,000 per annum, entailing a loss of labour from sickness estimated at £7,750,000 per annum. The same speaker drew a very vivid picture of the contrast between Elizabethan and Victorian England. The four millions of Englishmen who called Elizabeth Queen were subject to black death, sweating sickness, plague, petechial typhus, eruptive fevers, leprosy, scurvy, malarial fever, dysentery, etc. The country was uncultivated and covered with marshes and stagnant water. All this is true, but still the four millions who suffered these miseries produced Shakespeare and Bacon, a considerably greater achievement than the twenty-nine millions have accomplished in producing Tennyson and Herbert Spencer.

Where the Doctors Went Astray.

The greatest blunder of the doctors in this generation was their infatuation about the possibility of eliminating syphilis by legislation, which necessarily gave an enormous stimulus to the vice by which it is propagated. The result of that immoral and irrational short cut has prejudiced the profession in the public estimation to an extent they as yet but imperfectly realise; and so far from their specific achieving

DR. NEVINS' TABLE OF CASES OF DISEASE IN THE FOURTEEN STATIONS SUBJECT TO THE C.D. ACTS, FROM 1860 TO 1889.



* The single line indicates Lord Herbert's Commission alone in operation; the double line, the Acts in addition; the treble line, concealment also influencing the amount of disease; and the broken line, the altered condition of suspended and repealed Acts.

* Lord Cardwell made a rule which deprived every soldier found diseased of his pay. This led to men concealing disease.

their end, the admirable paper read by Dr Nevins at the Congress showed that neither here nor in India, where the system of regulation was applied under the most favourable conditions, did it succeed in materially affecting the ravages of the disease. It rose and fell under the influence of causes which have as much to do with the Contagious Diseases Act as with the Gulf Stream. The foregoing reduced fac-simile of one of Dr. Nevins's admirable diagrams will enable any one to see how utterly facts have falsified the confident assertions of the New Inquisitors.

The Spectro-
scope and
the Stars.

The meeting of the British Association at Cardiff was inaugurated by an address from Dr. W. Huggins, the president, who described discoveries made in the starry heavens by the use of the spectroscope and the photographing of the sky. Few of his readers could follow him in the immense sweep of his presidential survey, but there were passages which impressed even the most casual reader. The picture of the invisible stars photographing themselves silently hour after hour upon the prepared gelatine, thereby revealing the existence of worlds which the unaided

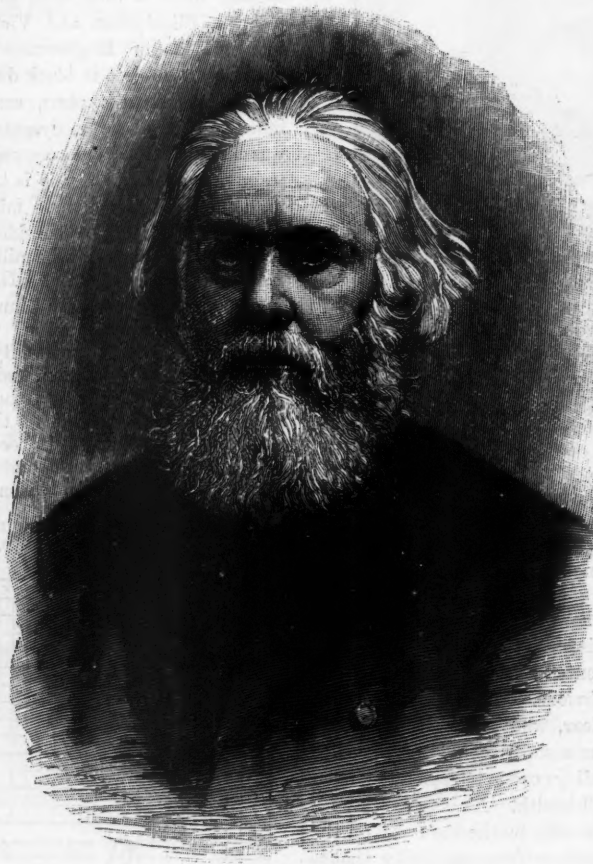
eye could never have discovered, fills the imagination with a sense at once of the limitation of sight and of the endless possibilities that are opened up when you can make light do its own printing. His account of the use of the spectroscope was less popularly intelligible; but he contrived to leave on the mind a sense of the creative process of the first book of Genesis being endlessly renewed before our eyes in the star-sown deep of space. The origin and

generation of suns and planetary systems is being rendered manifest to the astronomer, and there is not a single dull day that does not witness the birth or re-birth of worlds, as much as when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Note, in passing, that one of the Presidents of the Parliament of Science ventured mildly but firmly to enter his protest against the monstrous anti-scientific superstition of most men

of science, that the occult phenomena of thoughttransference, clairvoyance and the like, ought not to be investigated. Light is breaking even in the darkest places of scientific arrogance and know-nothingism.

Meanwhile
The Swiss
Celebrations. while
there is
one bright spot in
the centre of the
Continent in the
Republic of Switzerland. Five hundred
years ago the Swissers
banded themselves
together in fraternal
federation against the
Hapsburg, and last
month at Schwytz
and at Berne they
were celebrating
with pious gratitude
the anniversary of
their emancipation.
Historical dramas
were performed, im-
posing processions,
emblematic of epi-
sodes in Swiss history,
defiled through the

streets; and although the general festivity was marred by a terrible railway collision which cost many lives, the little Republic in the heart of the Old World has good reason to congratulate itself upon the success of its commemoration. If only there had been a plump of Alps in the centre of Muscovy, how different Eastern Europe would be to-day! Where Nature fails to create ramparts for freedom, the cause of liberty seems foredoomed to defeat.



PROFESSOR W. HUGGINS.
From a photograph by Elliot and Fry.



THE SWISS FEDERAL COUNCIL.—DR. WELTI'S CABINET.

Mr. Rhodes's New Departure. The news from the Cape, where General Booth has met with a very hearty reception, is important enough to throw into the shade most of the topics that fill the columns of our newspapers. For after long hesitation, Mr. Cecil Rhodes appears to have made up his mind that nothing but prohibition will save the natives. The Local Option Bill introduced by his Government has been carried through the Lower House in the teeth of the opposition of Mr. Hofmeyer and the brandy growers, whom Mr. Arnold White represented as the masters and owners of Mr. Rhodes. For the first time for twenty years Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Hofmeyer found themselves in opposite lobbies. The Bill, as it went up to the Upper Chamber, provided that the sale of liquor should be prohibited in any district in the colony where a bare majority of the electors on the divisional council register voted against the renewal of the licences. The Bill, as drafted by the Colonial Government, provided for a two-thirds majority. A bare majority was substituted in Committee against the vote of Mr. Rhodes, by the help of Mr. Hofmeyer, who apparently voted against a two-thirds majority in order to increase the chance of securing its rejection. The substitution of the Divisional Council for the Parliamentary Register confines the voting to whites, the natives, it was said, being certain to vote for prohibition. No compensation is to be given to the dispossessed publican, nor is there even six months' day of grace. It remains to be seen whether the Bill will pass the Second Chamber; but it is even more important to see whether it will mark the beginning of a split between Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Hofmeyer. It may be noted, in connection with the subject of liquor legislation, that the German Government has just introduced a drastic Bill directed against intemperance, and that if anything is to be done in this direction in England before the General Election it will have to be in the shape of a brief Bill, establishing Local Option for Sunday Closing.

Australian Developments. The Senaputty and the Tongan General have been executed for their share in the disturbances in Manipur; but, despite a somewhat foolish despatch from Lord Cross, it is understood that the little State is not to be annexed. It is, however, not India but Australia that has been the chief centre of interest in the Empire last month. The Labour party, which holds the balance of power in the new Assembly, New South Wales, has used it, first, to support Sir H. Parkes against a vote of censure, and, secondly, to reject his resolution in favour of woman's suffrage. A Labour

party which begins its career by denying to one-half of the people the right of citizenship is a party which, so far as principle is concerned, differs little from the most "bloated aristocracy" of the old world. In Victoria the Government has brought in a Bill reforming the Constitution, which confers the franchise upon every woman on exactly the same terms as it is granted to every man. The clause is very drastic:—

Notwithstanding anything contained in the Constitution Amendment Act of 1890, no person shall by reason only of being a female (a) be refused or deprived of an elector's right entitling her to vote at elections of members of the Legislative Assembly; or (b) be omitted or expunged from any list or roll of electors to be made out, certified, transmitted, printed, or displayed, furnished, headed, inspected, examined, revised, copied, or enforced for any division of an electoral roll; or (c) be disqualified from voting at any elections of members of the Legislative Assembly.

The evolution of the Labour party is being watched with interest. At present, with its impracticable programme and undisciplined aspirations, all that is clear is that there will be a good deal of disillusionment before very long. Henry George's nationalisation of the land is, among others, one of the planks in their programme. The long-continued shearers' strike has been concluded at last, but the unrest of the wage-earning classes that has kept Australasia in a fever for a year past is far from being allayed.



THE N.S.W. POLITICAL SEE-SAW.

From the Sydney Bulletin, June 27, 1891.

Our portraits of the members of the Swiss Federal Council, except in the case of Mr. Frey, which is from a photograph by C. Ruf, of Basel, are taken from photographs by A. Wicky, of Berne.

DIARY FOR AUGUST.

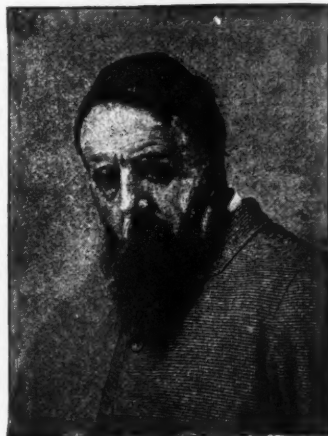
EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- July 31. Meeting of assistant masters in St. James's Hall passes resolution to organise and found a National Association of Assistant Masters.
- Manœuvres of portion of Northern Fleet between the Downs and the French Coast.
- Berkeley Peerage case decided in the Lords, the House confirming its decision of 1811, and deciding that Mr. Berkeley had established his right to the Peerage.
- August 1. Six hundredth anniversary of the Swiss Confederation celebrated at St. Wytz. Statement issued to lodges of Trade and Friendly Societies throughout the London district protesting against the injustice of closing public houses without compensation, and calling for the signing of memorials in favour of compensation for extinction of licenses.
- Order made for compulsory winding-up of the English Bank of the River Plate.
3. Revolutionary affray at Barcelona. Guards at the barracks attacked by a small band of armed men who were repulsed after some bloodshed and arrested.
- High Court of Foresters opens at St. James's Hall.
- Franco-Russian festivities at Cherbourg.
4. Prince of Naples visits the Queen at Osborne, and receives the order of the Garter.

7. Annual Meeting of ordinary shareholders in Allsopp and Sons. Strong condemnation expressed of those responsible for the present disastrous financial state of the company. Report adopted after rejection of proposal to refer it back to the directors.
- Czar and Czarina return to St. Petersburg from Finland.
- Duke and Duchess of Fife visit Elgin to open Victoria School of Science and Art.
8. Deputations to King Alexander of Servia at St. Petersburg. Departure of the King for Vienna.
- Camp at Shoeburyness for Artillery Volunteers opens.
10. Congress of Hygiene holds its opening meeting at St. James's Hall.
- Eastbourne Town Council rejects Mr. Justice Hawkins' suggestion to allow the Salvation Army to have Sunday processions and bands in a certain part of the town, passing a resolution that action be taken against the Army.
11. French Court of Appeal confirms sentence of five years' imprisonment in the case of M. Turpin for the Melinite affair.
- Grand Duke Alexis, brother of the Czar, arrives in Paris.
14. Celebration of the 700th anniversary of the foundation of Berne commences.
- Funeral of Mr. James Russell Lowell at Mount Auburn, Mass.
- Geographical Congress at Berne concludes its sittings. Resolution passed inviting the Federal Council to summon an European Conference for the adoption of a common meridian.
- Prince Ferdinand arrives at Rustchuk.
15. German Emperor and Empress visit the North Sea and Baltic Canal, to inspect the work going on.
- King Alexander of Servia arrives in Paris with his father, ex-King Milan.
- Co-operative Festival at the Crystal Palace. A number of members of the Hygienic Congress visit Cambridge.
16. Socialist Congress opens in Brussels. Three Anarchists excluded.
- Czar-witch arrives in Moscow from Siberia.
- Celebration of the 700th Anniversary of the City of Berne.
17. Session of the French Councils - General opened.
- Serious railway accident outside Berne, in which fourteen persons were killed and many injured. Centenary festivities abandoned in consequence.
- Closing meeting of the Hygienic Congress held in London University.



SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK.
(Society of Journalists.)



MR. GEORGE REID.
(President of Royal Scottish Academy.)



MR. L. LAWSON.
(Society of Journalists.)

- French Squadron leaves Kronstadt.
- German Chancellor receives the deputation from the Chicago Exhibition.
- Deputation representing 40,000 Oddfellows to the High Court of Foresters.
5. Discussion in the High Court of Foresters on old-age pensions.
- Cumberland County Council adopts a scheme of technical education for the county.
- Empress of Germany leaves Felixstowe to return to Germany.
- Czar and Czarina arrive in Finland, and are coldly received by the people.
- Tornado at Pityan, Hungary. Four persons killed.
6. Telegram received from Madras announcing the spread of famine in many districts in India.
- Railway collision and fire on West Shore Railway, near Fort Byron. Eleven killed, and nineteen injured.
- Adjournment of the Labour Commission for the holidays.
- Meeting in connection with University Extension movement held in Oxford. Discussion on how to obtain State aid for local organisers, and how local committees could best qualify themselves for the discharge of larger duties.
7. French Colonial Office receives telegram reporting the murder of some of the members of the Lake Tchad Expedition under M. Crampel.
12. Grouse shooting commences.
13. The Senaputti and the Tongar general hanged at Manipur.
- Grand Duke Alexis leaves Paris for Vichy.
- Accident to a Brooklyn pleasure barge off Long Island. Fourteen people crushed to death by the blowing down of the hurricane deck.
- The cutter *Isarna* wins the Ryde Town Cup at the Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta.
- West Suffolk County Council adopts scheme applying nearly £2,000 of the local taxation to technical education.
14. Collapse of a bridge in Hayti. Eighty persons killed.
- French African Committee receives telegram confirming the news of the murder of M. Crampel and other members of the Lake Tchad Expedition.
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- Closing meeting of the Hygienic Congress held in London University.
- French Naval training-ship, the *Bougainville* arrives in the Solent.
18. The Queen holds an Investiture at Osborne.
- Celebration of the Emperor Franz Joseph's sixty-first birthday throughout Austria and Hungary.
- British Mediterranean Squadron arrives at Villefranche from Naples.
- French naval cadets of the *Bougainville* visit the Naval Exhibition.
- Collapse of the roof of the pavilion in which the Welsh Bisteddod was being held in Swansea. One woman killed.
19. French Fleet arrives at Spithead and anchors in Osborne Bay.
- British Association meets at Cardiff. Inaugural address of the President, Dr. Huggins.
- Cyclone at Martinique. Over 300 persons killed.
20. Official visits exchanged between Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam and the Duke of Connaught. The Queen receives the officers of the French Fleet at Osborne.
- British Association meets in sections at Cardiff.
- Annual meeting of the Institute of Journalists in Dublin.
- Holy Coat of Trèves exhibited for the first time.
- New Radical Dutch Cabinet appointed.

21. The Queen reviews the French and English Fleets. Dinner and ball to the French officers at the Portsmouth Town Hall. German Emperor and Empress witness sham fight of the German manœuvring fleet at Flensburg. They leave Kiel for Berlin. Members of the new Dutch Cabinet take the oaths of office from the Queen Regent. Resolution passed by Socialist Congress to the effect that the military system was an outcome of the capitalist system, and must be abolished. Battle of Aconagua, between President Balmeada's troops and the Congressionalists. Great losses.
22. Princess of Wales and her daughters arrive in Denmark. Vessels of the French Squadron thrown open to the public. Banquet given by the Mayor to Admiral Gervais and the commanding officers of the French fleet. Collapse of a five-storey building and fire in New York. More than 100 persons killed. Th. Procureur de la Republique at Boulogne notifies that all English bookmakers there and in Calais must leave the country, giving a fortnight's grace.
23. Fighting continued in Chili. Battle of Vina del Mar. Success of the Congressionalists.
24. Queen leaves Osborne for Balmoral, steaming through the lines of English and French ships at Spithead. Visit of the French officers to Portsmouth Dockyard and Gunner School. Duke of Connaught's banquet to Admiral Gervais and principal officers at Government House. Dinner to French seamen in Portsmouth Town Hall. The Czar and Czarina and their family arrive at Copenhagen. Council of the British Association elect Sir Archibald Geikie President for next year.
25. Admiral Gervais gives a luncheon on board the *Marengo* to some British naval and military officers. Report received from San Francisco that the Mita-to contemplated annexing three of the volcanic islands in the Pacific.
26. French Fleet starts for Cherbourg. The Queen sends her portrait to Admiral Gervais as a memento of the visit. Ukase published in St. Petersburg substituting Russian parcel and postal rates and regulations in Finland for those of the Grand Duchy. Fighting continued near Valparaiso. Success of the insurgents. Meeting of the British Association closes.
27. French Squadron arrives at Cherbourg.
28. Admiral Gervais receives the congratulations of the French Cabinet on the manner in which he had represented France on his visit. French Government provisionally rescinds order for expulsion of bookmakers from Calais and Boulogne, allowing them to carry on business as formerly. Battle outside Valparaiso between Balmeada and Congressionalists, Valparaiso captured and entered by the insurgents. Balmeada's General, Barboza and Alzoreca, kill d. Balmeada escapes. Junta installed in power. Russian Military Manœuvres commence.
29. President Carnot grants a million francs for the relief of the sufferers in Martinique. Telegram received announcing that the Sultan has yielded to the demands of the Russian Government respecting the Dardanelles, which will be open to Russian vessels whilst closed to those of other nations.
31. Santiago captured and pillaged by the Congressionalists. Order restored at Valparaiso. Two hundred rioters shot. Demonstrations of Derbyshire and North Wales miners at Chesterfield and Wrexham. Resolutions carried in favour of an Eight Hours Bill. Italian Ministry in Council on the Budget for 1893-94 propose to reduce expenditure by 25,000,000 francs.

UTTERANCES, NOTABLE AND OTHERWISE.

- August 3. Mr. Parnell at Thurles, on the attitude of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien.
4. Mr. Morley at Stoneleigh, on Parish Councils. Mr. Radley, High Chief Ranger of the Foresters, describes the position of the Order at the opening meeting in St. James's Hall.
7. M. Constans at Bagnères de Luchon states the intention of the French Government to bring in the Workmen's Pension Bill, and a Bill for the organisation of credit for agriculturists.
- Lord Egerton at a Primrose League meeting at Knutsford expresses his belief that the Education Bill would strengthen the position of Voluntary Schools.
- Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon at Mallow, on Mr. Parnell's policy.
10. Mr. Balfour at a large Unionist meeting at Plymouth, replies to a vote of confidence passed in the Government, and speaks of its work in the past Session and of the Local Government Bill for Ireland to be introduced next Session.
18. M. Stambuloff, to a deputation at Rustchuk requesting him to take measures against the immigration of Russian Jews into Bulgaria, replies that it was not for their country to shut their doors against the unfortunate victims of injustice.
- Mr. Pound, Chairman of the London General Omnibus Company, states that he could not prophesy a favourable result for the current half-year owing to greatly increased charges for wages and pro-renter, but was hopeful for the future.
25. Sir Edward Clarke at Lewisham on the five years' work of the Government.
27. Marquess of Lorne to a meeting of Conservatives and Liberal Unionists in Central Bradford, whose suffrage he means to seek at next election.
29. Lord Herschell in opening a Liberal Club in Swansea, on the abolition of disabilities, religious and otherwise, by Liberalism.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

- July 31. Railway Rates and Charges Bills read a third time and passed. Second reading of a Bill to give perpetuity leaseholders power to redeem their rents, if their landlords consented, moved by Lord Cadogan. Bill read a second time.
- Aug. 3. Foreign Marriages Bill read a second time. Coinage Bill read a first time.
4. Second Reading of Women's Suffrage Bill moved by Lord Denman, negatived without a division. Debate on clause in Elementary Education Bill rejected by the Commons on infringement of privilege. New clause submitted carrying out the objects of the other clause, but in different phraseology, and agreed to. Motion by Lord Salisbury that the Commons' reasons which led to the Amendment do not constitute precedent agreed to. Foreign Marriages Bill passed through Committee and read a third time. Coinage Bill read second and third times. Commons Amendments to Irish Land Purchase Bill agreed to.
5. Appropriation Bill passed through all its stages. Royal assent given to various Bills. Parliament prorogued.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

- July 31. The Chancellor of the Exchequer states that the Government accepts the decision of the Speaker that the Lords' new Clause in the Education Bill was a breach of the money privileges of the Commons, and would negative the Clause, substituting an Amendment in terms which would guard the privileges of the House. Committee of Supply. Scotch and Irish Education Votes agreed to.
- Aug. 1. Report of Post Office Vote. Report of Supply concluded. Appropriation Bill read a first time.
3. Lords' Amendments to County Councils Elections Bill agreed to. Appropriation Bill read a second time. Coinage Bill read a third time. Clergy Discipline (Immorality) Bill withdrawn.

4. Appropriation Bill through Committee. Sir John Gorst's annual statement as to the finances of India. Formal resolution agreed to after long debate. Lords' new clause in Education Bill agreed to. Betting and Loans (Infants) Bill withdrawn.
5. Appropriation Bill read a third time. Session ends.

BY-ELECTIONS.

- August 12. WALSALL:
Alderman E. T. Holden (L) 4,899
Frank James (C)... .. 4,311

In 1885:		Lib. majority 538
	(L) 5,112	In 1886:
	(C) 3,435	Sir Chas. Forster
		(L) was elected un-
		opposed.

Lib. majority 1,877

- August 26. LEWISHAM:
John Penn (C) *... .. 4,585
G. S. Warrington (L) 2,892

In 1885 :		Con. majority	1,893		
	(C)	4,244	(C)	3,839	
	(L)	3,019	(L)	1,678	
Con. majority		1,225	Con. majority		2,151

OBITUARY.

- July 27. Thomas Fitchett, newspaper illustrator. Signor Franco Facie, Italian opera conductor.
28. Archbishop Ferdinand Salvador, Grand Duke of Tuscany, 56. John Roland Reed, American actor, 83. Jessie Fothergill, novelist, 40.
31. Earl of Westmorland, 66. Léon Pelouze, French landscape painter. Jules Gros, President of the Free Republic of Bouamari, 62. Prince Nicholas Borisovitch Goussouloff, * Actual Privy Councillor and Marshall of the Russian Imperial Court, 64.
- Aug. 1. Scott Yasmyth Stokes, late Senior Roman Catholic Inspector of Schools, 70. Leopold Dukes, Hebrew scholar, 82.
4. Earl of Dartmouth, 68. Lieut.-General Francis Walker Drummond. Thomas Blackburn Baines, formerly editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, 69. Thomas Cooke Foster, editor of the *Weekly Times and Echo*, 78. Rev. William Howie Wylie, editor and proprietor of the *Christian Leader*, Glasgow.
7. Dr. James Henry Bennett. Henry Litoff, pianist and composer, 83.
10. Superintendent Hutchings, of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.
11. George Henderson, Secretary to the Scottish Corporation. George Lock, publisher, 69. G. Higgins, balloonist, killed. Dean Gilbert Elliot, of Bristol, 91. Canon Howells, of Gloucester, 85.
12. George Jones, proprietor of the *New York Times*. Sir Thomas Fairbairn, 64. Rev. W. F. Reynolds, of East Milesey. James Russell Lowell, 72.
13. Robina F. Hardy, Scottish novelist.
16. John Andrewson, 101. William M'Brahney, Waterloo veteran, 93.
20. Lord President Inglis, Justice-General for Scotland, 51. W. Dix Lewis, Treasurer of the Colonial Missionary Society. James Johnston Greve, formerly M.P. for Greenock, 81.
21. James Martin, agriculturist, Duke of Cleveland, 88. R. D. Pryce, Lord Lieutenant of Merionethshire, 72. John Lord Bowes, founder of the British Colony at Sierra Leone.
23. Canon W. Johnson, Prebendary of Bangor.
24. Cecil Balke, M.P., Postmaster-General, 63.
26. Oke Jumbo, Bonny chief. The Greek Patriarch.
28. General Whitehorse, Waterloo veteran, 97.
29. General Latino Coelho, Chief of the Portuguese Republican Party.

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HER MAJESTY "LILY-OF-THE-SKY," QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY SERENO E. BISHOP.

SIX days of westward steaming from San Francisco, 2,100 miles without fear of reef or rock, the horizon is broken by high rugged mountains that on the chart are mere dots. It is the civilised, hospitable, Americanised little kingdom, the other day Kalakaua's, now presided over by her gracious Majesty Liliuokalani.

This name is less intricate than it may look. Try this—Lil-lée-woke-a-lanny. Accent firmly the *ee*, and run the whole glibly off the tongue. It means Lily-of-the-Sky. The Queen has hitherto been commonly known by foreigners as Princess Lydia, or as Mrs. Dominis. She is past her fiftieth year, in fairly good health, of comely person, and pleasant address. Her husband, long known as Governor Dominis, but now taking rank as Prince Consort, is a prudent, agreeable gentleman of American birth and Honolulu mercantile education. John O. Dominis for many years held the office of Governor of Oahu. They have been married over thirty years, and have no children.

Mrs. Dominis has long held a prominent place in Honolulu society, associating from youth with the more cultivated ladies of the capital, among whom, like Queen Emma and the late Princess Pauahi Bishop, of honoured memory, she received her early education. She has a perfect use of English, a good literary and an especially good musical culture. The Queen's manner is peculiarly winning, her bearing noble and becoming, the latter a characteristic of Hawaiian royalty. Few persons were ever more stately and impressive than many of the old royal chiefs could be upon occasion.

Besides a small private fortune, the Princess, as heir presumptive, for many years enjoyed a stipend of £1,000. As Queen, she receives £4,000 per annum. A sumptuous palace is also maintained for the sovereign's use. Besides this, there is the life-use of the income of the crown lands, amounting to perhaps £15,000 per annum. These provisions may be regarded as ample for purposes of royal state and hospitality in so small a kingdom, although the late King could never make ends meet.

In religious affiliation, the Princess Lydia continued to adhere to the persuasion of the earlier generation of chiefs, declining to follow Queen Emma and Kalakaua in joining the Anglican fellowship. Like King Lunalilo and the Princess Pauahi, she retained her seat in the old Stone church connected with

the American Mission. For some years she has been a member of the Woman's Board of Missions and an interested participant in their meetings. She has long been a very active and munificent patroness of the large Kawaiahae Seminary for training native girls,



HER MAJESTY LILIUOKALANI.

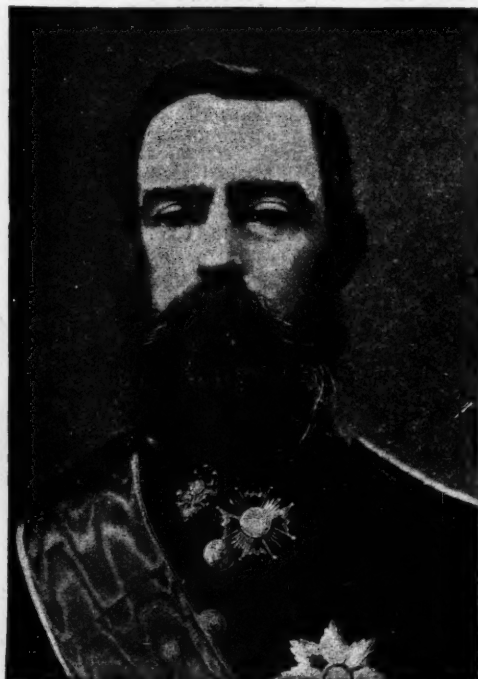
and greatly looked up to by teachers and pupils. The Queen gives evidence of having deeply at heart the moral welfare of her people. She has a large fund of good sense, which is now much needed to gain her people's confidence and to guide a somewhat determined will. Whether or not she will be able to modify certain royal prejudices to the needs of her very difficult position, she is quite unlikely to expose herself to ridicule, as her more showy brother repeatedly did.

Liliuokalani has assumed the crown in possession of a much larger share of the confidence of her own people than did Kalakaua at his accession, or afterwards. She can hardly be said to be strong in the confidence of foreigners, although they are most kindly disposed towards her. With a sensible policy of conduct she may

profoundly hostile to the Reform party, whose cabinet held the reins of power for nearly three years; nor was it strange if she was led to lend her countenance to an effort to recover by force what had been taken by force. Her Palama residence was reported to be the headquarters of the Wilcox conspiracy. On July 31st, 1889, a half-white, Robert W. Wilcox, educated at Government expense in an Italian military school, seized the palace yard and the Government House, seeking to restore the old corrupt system of palace government. This insurrection was suppressed in a few hours with the loss of a few lives of insurgents. Although, after abortive trials for conspiracy, Wilcox and several of his partisans were triumphantly chosen to the legislature by the native vote of Honolulu, and the Reform cabinet went out, yet none



PRINCESS KAIULANI, HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.



H.R.H. JOHN O. DOMINIS, PRINCE CONSORT.

yet establish herself in their confidence, having many qualities fitting her to do so. The serious distrust still felt by many of the whites is mainly due to her attitude after the Reform movement of 1887, and during the later reactionary proceedings of R. W. Wilcox in 1889.

A bit of recent history must come in here. Exasperated and alarmed by a series of profligate and dangerous proceedings of Kalakaua during the preceding year, a united movement of the foreigners on June 30th, 1887, exacted from the King certain changes in the constitution, divesting him of nearly all his direct personal control in the government, which was placed in the hands of the cabinet, subject only to the legislature. The Heir Presumptive, who was visiting England at the time, felt that her brother had been weak in surrendering the prerogatives of the crown. It was most natural that she should be

of the attempted amendments to the constitution succeeded in the legislature. The Reform party broke down as a political combination, but their spirit prevails, and their work stands as the law of the kingdom.

To this constitution the Heir Presumptive was understood to be strenuously opposed, as a great wrong and damage to royal prerogative and right. Her accession to the throne was consequently anticipated with much distrust by foreigners. In January last she was acting as regent. The King's return from San Francisco was daily expected. Although known to be in precarious health, no intimation had reached the public of the extremely critical state of his malady. For his welcome home a quite lavish decoration of palace, streets, and landing-place was nearly complete. Suddenly, on the morning of January 29th, the well-known U.S. cruiser *Charleston*

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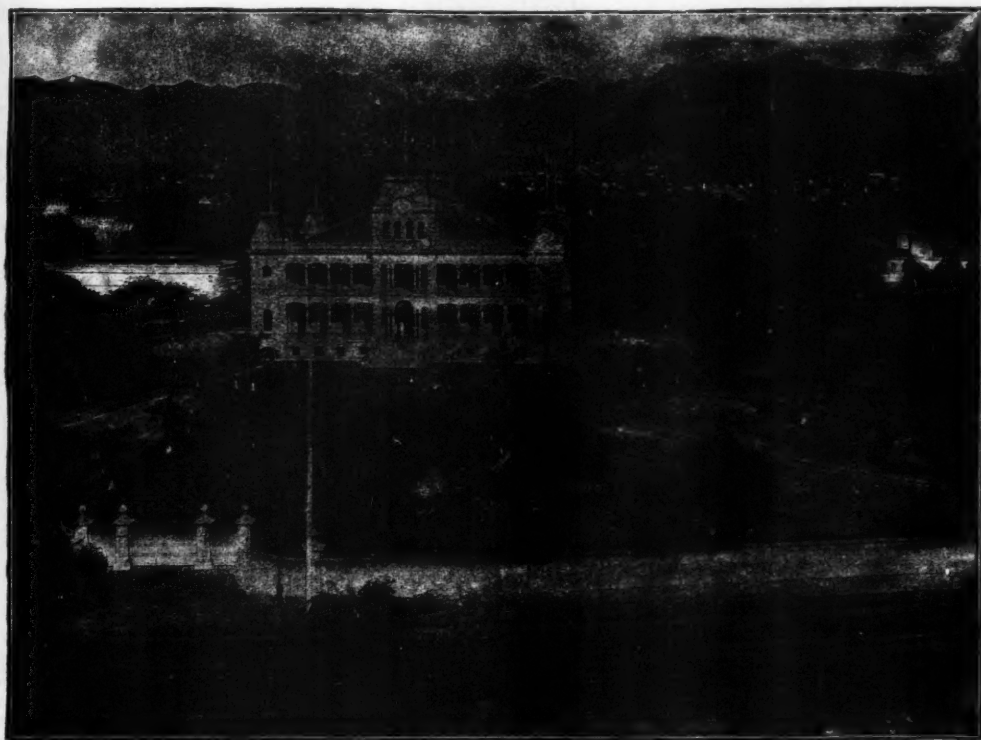
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rounded Diamond Head, presenting a singular aspect, with yards aslant, the white hull draped with black, and the royal flag at half-mast. The admiral signalled the painful news to a sister ship in the port, which at once telephoned them to the Government House. The adornments of streets and palace quickly gave place to drappings of black. Much honest sorrow filled the city for the gay and good-natured king so suddenly removed.

The Regent was promptly attended by the Cabinet and the Privy Council. The disturbing question was, "Will not Liliuokalani decline to take the required oath to maintain the constitution?" This was the hope of the Wilcox faction, and the serious fear of the whites and of

Court. A majority of the bench decided that in the absence of an explicit provision applying to the case of a new sovereign, the old practice must prevail, and she must appoint a new cabinet. This was done, and while her course accentuated her disposition to insist to the full upon her prerogatives, it is known that she had reliable advice that she was acting within the limits of the constitution.

Since then the Queen has in private avowed her serious purpose to stand by her oath. Wilcox and his associates believe this to be her intention, and are enraged thereby, and utter futile threats against her. There seems to be no reasonable doubt that she has



THE ROYAL PALACE, HONOLULU.

the more thoughtful natives, who all perceived that such an attitude on her part would be revolutionary, and would create the most serious issues in the government. The Princess was well guided, and promptly solved the doubt by taking the oath and assuming the position of sovereign. Many doubted the sincerity of the act. Some may still doubt it, and look for the Queen to seize an early opportunity to reclaim the ancient powers of the crown. After the obsequies of the deceased king were completed, this apprehension was revived, by her insisting upon her right as a new sovereign to appoint a cabinet of her own choice. The constitution expressly debars the sovereign from removing the ministers except after a vote of want of confidence by the legislature. After a contest of three weeks, the cabinet referred the case to the Supreme

honestly accepted the situation, and intends to abide by the constitution. It is not supposed that she feels entirely contented with its restrictions upon her power. She is perhaps not unlikely to exert influence to have those restrictions modified in the legal way, by two-thirds majorities of successive legislatures. She is credited with persistent determination, unlike her late brother, who was sure to succumb to vigorous pressure. But not being unscrupulous like him, her good sense and sound principles may be expected to keep her within the limits of her accepted obligations.

The present cabinet are men of moderate views, and likely to yield much to her personal wishes. Such fair weather days as their administrative abilities may be competent to meet are liable to be of transient continu-

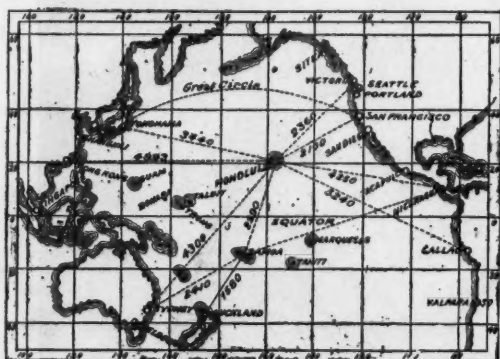
ance. The Queen will inevitably come under a more or less severe pressure of events to put herself into the hands of the most capable advisers obtainable. In any case a new legislature is to meet next May, and may be expected to take affairs into their own hands. What the political complexion of the majority will be is altogether uncertain. Probably no one party will be in the ascendancy. Many causes, including the change in the throne, have increased the already existing confusion of parties.

So much, then, as to the Queen personally and politically. The royal family is now reduced to the person of the young lady recently proclaimed by the Queen as her heir presumptive, the Princess Kaiulani (Kye-you-lanny) Cleghorn. She is the only child of the late Princess Likelike (lik-ay-lik-ay), only sister of Liliuokalani.

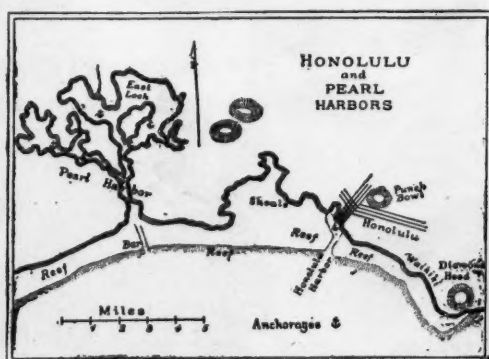
Her father is the Hon. Archibald Cleghorn, long collector-general. Mr. Cleghorn has very judiciously placed his daughter under suitable instruction in England. She is a very attractive young lady of nearly sixteen. There are a few other persons of native or mixed blood, of more

commerce impending in the immediate future which lends the most serious importance to the political relations of the Hawaiian kingdom. Every ship from the Atlantic crossing the Pacific to Asia will naturally sight the Hawaiian Islands, and every steamer will be likely to replenish her coal-bunkers at Honolulu. This fact will render the political condition and international relations of Hawaii of importance.

It is further seen upon the accompanying map that, although not upon the shortest or "great circle" route between California and China, Honolulu is practically a convenient port of call for steamers upon that line, as many of them now do call. This tendency will increase with the coming growth of Honolulu as a general calling and coaling station. It is also a natural port of call and supply for ships to China from Callao and Valparaiso. Honolulu is thus seen to be the great cross roads of the Pacific commerce. It is the only cross roads of the North Pacific, and the North Pacific will be the chief region of commerce. This port is wholly alone in its



A HALF-WAY-HOUSE OF CALL.



A PROBABLE AMERICAN NAVAL STATION.

or less noble birth, but none of such merit or prominence as to be considered distinctly in the line of possible succession.

Obvious facts make it plain that the personal character and policy of any sovereign of the little Hawaiian kingdom must be of minor account in determining the course of affairs therein, confronting, as Hawaii does, the gigantic sweep and stress of commercial and political currents which are gathering around it. Indeed, it is only these which lend to this long isolated group any interest claiming present discussion in this review.

CENTRAL POSITION OF HAWAII.

The essential public interest attaching to Hawaii grows out of its central position in the commerce of the Pacific Ocean. Honolulu is exactly in the track of all steamers sailing to Australasia from San Francisco or Puget Sound. Even more precisely is Honolulu in the direct route of one part of that enormous traffic from Atlantic to Pacific ports which eagerly awaits the cutting of the Nicaragua Ship Canal to burst in an impetuous tide through the Isthmus. All the trade with China and Japan from American ports on the Atlantic must take the Nicaragua route. It is this large movement of ocean

commanding position. It has absolutely no competitor. From the Marquesas to the Aleutians, Hawaii is the only land in that tremendous ocean expanse west of America where a ship can call within a space of 4,500 miles from San Francisco and 6,200 miles from Nicaragua. And the favourable position of Honolulu will be materially enhanced by the absolute necessity of using those islands as the intersecting point for telegraphic cables across the Pacific.

POLITICAL CHANGE FORESHADOWED.

Such extensive commercial change and development as is thus foreshadowed must involve serious political changes for Hawaii. The vast commerce about to traverse the Pacific will imperiously demand adequate shelter and protection at the common port of supply, Honolulu. A government must exist there so strong as to assure complete security from disturbers within or aggressors without. Such government must possess sufficient enterprise and ability to furnish and maintain the largest conveniences and facilities of every kind to the ships calling there. The great Hotel of the Pacific must be in charge of some party who knows "how to keep a hotel."

The certain coming preponderance of British shipping

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will tend to increase the number of British residents, and to enlarge British political influence in Hawaii. There will grow up a pressure, not now existing, for Great Britain to take possession of the Islands, in order to provide for the security of her growing commerce across the Pacific. At the present time the United States has a thorough and pleasant understanding with England that Hawaii is to be regarded as rightfully falling to the United States, rather than to any other power. Germany and France fully concur in this view. None of the great powers would, at the present time, think of imposing obstacles to any amount of domination the United States might seek to exercise in Hawaii. These are well ascertained facts.

AMERICAN POLICY IN HAWAII.

Successive steps have been taken by the United States towards securing a dominating influence in Hawaii. The first of these was the Treaty of Reciprocity with Hawaii, established in 1876 and still in force. By this treaty Hawaiian rice, and the lower grades of Hawaiian sugars, were admitted duty free into the United States. Under the late high tariff on sugar this was of immense advantage to Hawaii, she being able to realise from forty to fifty dollars a

ton in San Francisco more than other countries could do. The product of sugar steadily increased from 13,000 tons in 1876 to 130,000 tons in 1890, thus placing Hawaii as eighth in the list of cane-growing countries. The total valuation of sugar plantations in 1890 was about 35,000,000 dols., of which nearly four-fifths are owned by American citizens, of whom a large number, having made fortunes in Hawaii, now reside in the United States. Under the working of this treaty for fifteen years, Hawaii has become, socially and commercially, to a predominant degree, an American colony. At the same time, through reciprocal free-trade in American products, a very large commerce has grown up

between the Pacific Coast and the Hawaiian Islands, which derive thence their entire supplies of lumber, flour, potatoes, salmon, live hogs, mules, horses, with the multifarious products of orchard, dairy and farm, besides machinery, furniture, carriages, shoes, clothing, dry goods, hardware, etc. This trade is a leading item in the business of San Francisco. The large number of American ships engaged in it is a very important element.

CESSION OF PEARL HARBOUR.

In 1897, under President Cleveland's administration,

supplementary provisions to the Treaty were agreed to by both parties, whereby the duration of the Treaty was extended, and duties were remitted upon a larger number of products, in return for which Kalakaua ceded to the United States the exclusive right to establish and fortify a naval station in the Hawaiian Islands. Pearl Harbour was designated as the station. The continuance of this exclusive right was limited by the duration of the treaty.

In 1889, Mr. Blaine, dissatisfied with the imperfect cession of Pearl Harbour, and with the very limited influence of the United States in Hawaii, proposed to make the treaty permanent; to create absolute free

trade between the two countries in all articles except intoxicants; to make the cession of a naval station permanent as well as exclusive; and to pledge to Hawaii full participation in any bounties to be given to American producers of sugars. In short, Hawaii, in all its commercial and productive interests, was to enjoy all the privileges of one of the United States.

In return for these privileges, besides the cession of Pearl Harbour, Mr. Blaine asked a pledge from Hawaii to enter into no treaty engagements with other powers, without the full previous knowledge of the United States. At his request another provision was appended to the draft of the treaty forwarded to Honolulu by Mr. Carter,



THE LATE KING, KALAKAUA.

to the effect that the United States Government should have the right to land military forces in Hawaii whenever deemed necessary for the preservation of order.

The Cabinet submitted the proposed treaty to the king with the clause about the landing of troops expressly disapproved. Kalakaua was, however, anxious to defeat the Reform party in the coming election, and communicated the offensive clause to the Reactionary leaders, who effectively used it to fire the native mind. They hoped to secure such a majority of Reactionary members in the Legislature as to put in a new Cabinet who should join the king in resisting the old Constitution, or, failing that, should proceed with reactionary amendments in the legal method. In that result they failed for lack of a united majority, although scoring some success otherwise.

CANADA DEFEATS MR. BLAINE'S NEW TREATY.

While England is comparatively indifferent to American domination in Hawaii, it is quite otherwise with Canada, which is habitually sensitive about her great neighbour's ascendancy. While the negotiation of the new treaty was pending, Mr. Attorney-General Ashford, who was a Canadian, got leave of absence to visit home. While in Canada he was in close conference with Sir John Macdonald, and became a special guest of President Stephen, of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Upon his return to his post, he at once astonished his colleagues in the Cabinet by throwing his utmost influence with the king against them and the treaty, with the result that the king refused to agree to what Mr. Blaine had been at so much pains to arrange. The reason subsequently given in the legislature by Mr. Ashford for his course, was that to surrender the right to make treaties with other powers without United States supervision was a surrender of independence unworthy in itself, and especially detrimental as precluding some very probable advantageous commercial arrangements with Canada, which he would communicate upon suitable occasion. The Canadian propositions are still unknown to the public; but Canada secured the defeat of Mr. Blaine's new treaty, by refusing which, Hawaii has forfeited her right to share the valuable bounties given to American sugar growers.

AMERICA AVERSE TO ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.

According to present information any movement towards the annexation of Hawaii as a State or as a Territory would be unpopular with the American people, and would encounter a great weight of opposition in the Senate. At the Islands, a pleasant ideal, and one much and hopefully entertained, has been that of a permanently independent State under the friendly protection of the Great Powers unitedly, or of the United States singly. America has hitherto been to Hawaii a friend of unexampled generosity and indulgence. But they may most naturally distrust any respect being paid to Hawaii in time of war, however capable and efficient the little kingdom may prove itself to be in time of peace. It will not be strange if an early date witnesses a change of policy when efforts to secure a mere lodgment for naval supply and security will be exchanged for more positive action. The present rapid enlargement of the United States navy points strongly in that direction.

PEARL HARBOUR.

Honolulu possesses a very accessible and excellent harbour, but of small dimensions. In the close vicinity of the city, however, is "Pearl Harbour," which in security, area, and general convenience, belongs to the class of larger and better havens, like New York and

Rio Janeiro. Its entrance is as yet unfortunately closed to large vessels by coral obstructions in the outer passage through the barrier reef one mile from the shore. After passing this, vessels enter a kind of deep river nearly half a mile wide, bordered by low coral bluffs. About two miles inland this river opens into wide reaches or lochs, which are separated by islands and peninsulas. In these riverways and lochs are about 1,500 acres of water, of from four to fifteen fathoms, which is in many places close to the coral bluffs, so that the largest ship might run a plank ashore. In the upper reaches there is an equal amount of water, shoaling from four fathoms to nothing. The least depth in the passage is thirteen feet. To excavate the whole to a depth of thirty feet, with a width of five hundred, for fifteen hundred feet in length, wholly through soft coral or sand, is estimated to cost £100,000 as a minimum. Pearl Harbour being the only secure and spacious harbour between North America and the vicinity of Asia, it is clear that its occupancy by the United States will admit of no delay as the cutting of the Isthmus approaches. Some prominent central part of the harbour will doubtless be occupied by the naval station. The excavation of the bar with proper appliances need take less than two years. The prevailing trade-winds blow directly athwart the passage, so that ships sail out or in on a free wind. The whole region, like all parts of the islands, is perfectly healthy, without miasm or malaria of any sort.

PHYSICAL FEATURES.

There are eight inhabited islands, occupying a line of about three hundred and fifty miles beginning at Hawaii and running west-north-west to Kauai and Niihau. They receive a cool ocean-current from the northeast, with the trade-winds from the east-northeast.

At the time of discovery in 1779, there were undoubtedly 300,000 natives in the group, and not improbably 400,000, as estimated by Cook. It is quite possible that with the skillful and patient culture of the Chinese, one million persons might subsist upon the products of the soil. The population of the group was, last December, about ninety thousand, since when have been added several thousand labourers direct from Japan. The following is the result of the recent census:—

Nationalities.	Males.	Females.	Totals.
Pure Hawaiian	18,630	16,390	35,020
Mixed do.	4,460	4,080	8,540
Foreigners, Hawaiian born ...	3,860	3,550	7,410
Americans	1,320	650	1,970
British	980	360	1,340
Germans	515	185	700
Scandinavians	145	65	210
French	50	25	75
Portuguese	4,680	3,650	8,330
Chinese	13,790	770	14,560
Japanese	9,700	2,080	11,780
Other races	200	25	225
Totals	58,330	31,830	90,160

Eliminating the 11,780 Japanese, the 14,560 Chinese, and the 225 of various races, chiefly heathen, as not being properly members of the body politic, we have left a population of 63,595, who belong to Christendom, and possess much of the best ethical, social, and political ideas of Christendom; 35,020, or over 55 per cent., are pure Hawaiians; 8540, or 13·4 per cent., are mixed Hawaiians, mostly sharing white blood, but partly Chinese, and nearly all writing and speaking English. The remaining 20,035 are mostly of pure white blood, constituting over 31 per cent. of citizens proper to the kingdom. If we add

to these the people of three-fourths white blood, whose tastes and tendencies mainly follow those of their white kindred, we find fully one-third of the people to be white or Caucasian. Comparing the males of each class, we find nearly one-half the males to be white. Since, however, on account of illiteracy, large numbers of Portuguese lack the franchise, the number of white voters is far below that of the natives.

CAUSES OF DEPOPULATION.

Meantime the race has been rapidly decreasing, and continues to do so. The causes of decrease are obvious enough, but difficult to reach. A large contributor to it has been defective social morality. A chief cause and

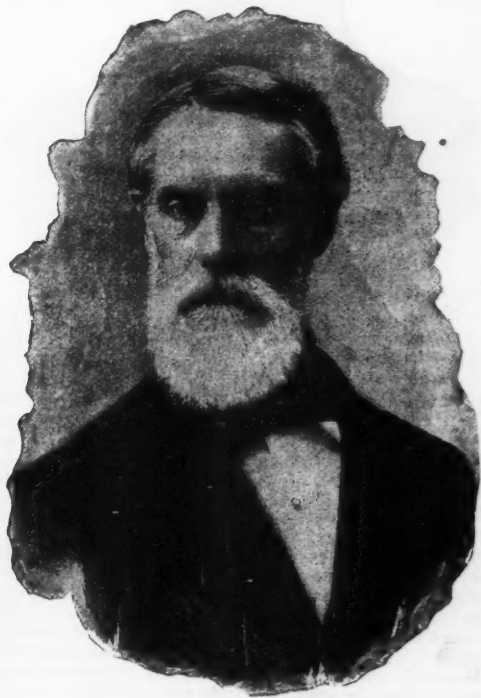
It is also pleasant to learn that liquors have been excluded from the royal entertainments. Drunkenness is a great bane of Hawaiians. It has greatly increased of late years, royal influence having secured the repeal of the prohibitory laws relating to supplying liquors to natives. With the present royal disapproval of Kahunas and drunkenness, the outlook for an increase of the native race assumes aspects of hope.

LEADING PUBLIC MEN.

It is somewhat difficult to specify men of distinctive leadership in public affairs. During the constant and capricious changes in cabinets under the late king, and the later confusion in political parties nearly every pro-



PRINCESS BERNICE PANATI BISHOP.

HON. CHAS. R. BISHOP.
(President of the Board of Education.)

promoter of other lethal influences is heathen superstition. The Kahunas, who are sorcerers and medicine-men, dealing in deadly witchcraft and its antidotes of propitiation of demons by incantations and sacrifices, are ubiquitous and busy, to the ruin of life and health and the subversion of moral influences. The labours of the numerous physicians employed by the Board of Health for the natives are mostly nullified by the influence of the Kahunas, the fear of whom rests heavily upon the people. This poisonous influence is far greater now than it was thirty years ago, before Kamehameha V. revived and organised Kahuna practice. It is most gratifying to record that the Queen excluded heathen exercises from the Palace during the late obsequies, and that she banished them during her recent royal progress. Considering how saturated the Palace circles have been with this element, Her Majesty has shown remarkable decision.

minent man in the country has either been a cabinet minister or has had the position offered to him.

The Hon. Charles R. Bishop has long been eminent in public service. He is head of the powerful banking house of Bishop and Co. Without children, and somewhat advanced in life, he is quietly administering his own estate in a manner that greatly commends itself for wise and thoughtful munificence. His last gift was one of £10,000 to Oahu College, in view of its Jubilee Anniversary. Mr. Bishop's counsel is held in the highest regard in all public affairs. He has long been the President of the Board of Education.

Lorrin A. Thurston, grandson of the pioneer missionary Thurston, is a gifted young lawyer of thirty-five, a leader in the Honolulu bar and in politics. He took a prominent part in the Reform movement, and was practically at the head of the Cabinet of 1889-90.



LORRIN A. THURSTON.

He gives more promise of future prominence than any other man in Honolulu, although he failed to keep the Reform party together, a task calling for more of the peculiar gifts and graces of the politician than he has yet acquired. He is a man of the purest character, and of great industry.

HONOLULU CITY.

Honolulu is a town of about 24,000 inhabitants. It is so much embowered in trees that most of the houses are hidden from a distant view. The business blocks are substantial, but only two stories. The dwellings, including many fine mansions, are scattered over great spaces of ground. The lawns and gardens are often exquisitely beautiful. Water is supplied by the government pipes from mountain streams. It is probable that Artesian wells with steam pumps will be the main source of supply for the future. There are some fine avenues, but in the more central parts the streets are very narrow. There is no municipal government, all public works being conducted by the central government. Good roads extend for a few miles out of town, and vehicles can drive nearly around the island, a circuit of over a hundred miles. The streets are lighted by arc lights.

Transportation is afforded by some twelve miles of tramway, with American cars. Hacks ply at about one shilling a mile. The most interesting rides for visitors are—first, Pali, six miles, suddenly opening a grand panorama from a height of 1,200 feet; secondly, by rail around Pearl Lochs, to a sugar plantation of the first class; thirdly, up Punch Bowl, a singular height in the centre of the city, of five hundred feet, with exquisite panoramic views on all sides, like an Eiffel tower; fourth, to Waikiki Beach and Kapiolani Park, four miles by tramcar. These are the favourite seaside and bathing resorts of Honolulu.

Domestic architecture is characterised by broad verandahs and absence of chimneys. The average dwelling is of one story, and often has a large Lanai (lah-pai) or covered porch on one or more sides. A half out-door room, for lounging. Excessive heat is unknown, day or night. Honolulu abounds in noble trees, gorgeous flowers, and masses of brilliant-coloured foliage. The palms are magnificent, especially the royal palms. At Waikiki, the long dark sinuous stems of the ancient cocoa palms stand in acres of groves, their huge fronds swaying far aloft. The chief objects of a tourist's interest are the live crater of Kilauea and the extinct one of Haleakala. The former is reached by steamer and stage. An advertisement of a new hotel at Kilauea concludes as follows:—

By taking this ticket an entire week may be spent at the Volcano, in a cool, bracing climate, with invigorating steam sulphur baths at hand, and the greatest Volcano on earth in constant action in the front yard of the hotel.

A rather large front yard. You look out of the front door into a black pit five hundred feet deep and nine miles in circuit. In this front yard, two miles away, lies another and inner pit, of 150 acres, smoking like Gomorrah. This is called Halema-uma'u (Hally-mah-oo-mah-oo) or Fern-hut. After lunch you descend to spend the evening in Old Red-Hot's headquarters, where the lady of the place, "Madam Pele," will entertain you with a fearsome lake of belching, plunging fire-waves, and where you may peer down white-hot shafts into under-running rivers of lava. About nine you trudge back with lanterns over the rugged lava-knobs, and climb the wooded height to supper and a bed.

The summit of Haleakala, on Maui, at 10,000 feet, is reached with facility on horseback from the fine sugar plantations below. It is extinct, but evidently active not long ago. This crater is seven miles long and 2,500 feet deep, a vast treeless aerial Yosemite. On account of its accessibility and exquisite clearness of atmosphere, the summit is nearly certain to become the site of a first-class astronomical observatory.

The islands abound in the most varied and noble scenery. The steamers are comfortable. As tourists multiply and country hotels increase, Hawaii, with its mild, glorious climate, will become the choicest resort for invalids and seekers of comfort.

Divine Acrostics in the Book of Esther.—Dr. Pierson, writing in the *Homiletic Review* for August on the "Hiding of God in the Book of Esther," calls attention to a discovery by a distinguished Biblical scholar, Dr. E. W. Bullinger, at the Congress of Orientalists lately held in Stockholm.

The attentive reader of this book has been able to see in it the evidence of Divine interposition, especially at the turning points of the history, and overruling for good the devices of the wicked; but while the Persian king is mentioned or referred to 190 times, his name twenty-nine times, and his kingdom twenty-six times, God's name does not once appear. A closer examination, however, shows the name Jehovah inwoven or inlaid in the most ingenious manner in the very structure of the book, and we design to call the attention of the readers of the *Homiletic Review* to this remarkable discovery.

Dr. Bullinger has awakened much interest among Orientalists by the disclosure of the fact that the name of Jehovah is found no less than four times in this book, and is introduced in the form of an acrostic; and, what is more notable, we are impressed that this is no accident, for the four cases in which this occurs mark the turning points in the history.

CHARACTER SKETCH: SEPTEMBER.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL:

HIS MESSAGE, AND HOW IT HELPED ME.

O Lowell! I first gave to thee
My boyhood's love and loyalty.
My youth took fire at thy words,
And thou my manhood's spirit stirred
To lofty faith and noble trust.

—MINOT J. SAVAGE.



"ELMWOOD," THE POET'S HOME.

WHEN James Russell Lowell died on August 12th, the greatest of contemporary Americans passed away.

He had no compeer since Emerson died; he has left no successor. On this side the Atlantic there still linger veterans not unequal to him whom we have just lost. But neither on one side of the Atlantic nor on the other is there any poet left us whose verse is instinct with so much inspiration, or one who has in him so much of the seer of these latter days.

Out rushed his song, like molten iron glowing
To show God sitting by the humblest hearth.
With calmest courage he was ever ready
To teach that action was the birth of thought.

And still his deathless words of light are swimming
Serene throughout the great deep infinite
Of human soul, unwaning and undimming,
To cheer and guide the mariner by night.

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE.

It is idle for me to try to do a Character Sketch of such a man. He was many-sided. Those who knew him intimately have written much, and will yet write more, about the personal characteristics, about his genial humour, of his wide and varied culture, and also, no doubt, about his after-dinner speaking, and his services as diplomatist at Madrid and at London. But all these things are but as the mere carving on the pediment of

the Pharos from which streams far and wide over the troubled and turbid waters the light of his Divine message. This man was one of the prophets of the nineteenth century—the Milton of an epoch which had in Lincoln no unworthy representative of Oliver Cromwell. That was and is his supreme significance, and it would almost favour of the profane to devote this article to anything but a humble and reverent attempt to explain, so far as I can, what his message is and wherein, from my own experience, consists its helpfulness to the present generation.

A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

In what I write there is an autobiographic note that is not to be avoided, for this article is simply the fervent outpouring of the gratitude of one among the thousands whom he has helped—a thanksgiving and an experience rather than a criticism or a biography. In some of the critical moments of my life I found in Lowell help such as I found in none other outside Carlyle's "Cromwell" and Holy Writ. And it may be that I can best help others to find help there by telling faithfully and gratefully how in Lowell's verse and prose I found that which I sorely needed, and which became an abiding possession and a strength for evermore.

I was little more than a boy of fifteen when first I felt the inspiration of Lowell's word. In those days, which seem far away down the vista of nearly thirty years, I chanced at a country house upon a yellow-backed shilling edition of the "Biglow Papers," lying side by side with a well-thumbed copy of Artemus Ward, as a specimen of American humour. But it was not the humour of the delicious verse that made a dint on my life. In those days the ambitions of my boyhood took anything but a journalistic bent. My father used sometimes to quote Thomas Binney's saying that if the Apostle Paul were alive to-day he would edit a daily paper; but most editors seemed to have but little of the Pauline inspiration and none of the glowing enthusiasm of humanity calculated to kindle the imagination or stir the sympathy of a lad full of daydreams from the poets and high imaginings drawn from the traditions of the Puritan and Covenantant struggles of the seventeenth century.

I. HIS IDEAL OF JOURNALISM.

It was not till several years later that I ever bethought myself of journalism as a profession; but I think I can trace the first set of my mind in a journalistic direction to reading the preface to the Pious Editor's Creed, which, as many of my readers may never have seen it, I make no scruple about quoting almost entire:—

I know of no so responsible position as that of the public journalist. The editor of our day bears the same relation to his time that a clerk bore to the age before the invention of

printing. Indeed, the position which he holds is that which the clergyman should hold even now. But the clergyman chooses to walk off to the extreme edge of the world, and to throw such seed as he has clear over into that darkness which he calls the Next Life. As if *next* did not mean *nearest*, and as if any life were nearer than that immediately present one which boils and eddies all around him at the caucus, the ratification meeting, and the polls! Who taught him to exhort men to prepare for eternity, and for some future era of which the present forms no integral part? The furrow which Time is even now turning runs through the Everlasting, and in that must he plant, or nowhere. Yet he would fain believe and teach that we are going to have more of eternity than we have now. This *going* of his is like that of the auctioneer, on which *gone* follows before we have made up our minds to bid—in which manner, not three months back, I lost an excellent copy of Chappelow on Job. So it has come to pass that the preacher, instead of being a living force, has faded into an emblematic figure at christenings, weddings, and funerals. Or, if he exercises any other function, it is as keeper and feeder of certain theologic dogmas, which, when occasion offers, he unkennels with a *staboy!* "to bark and bite as 'tis their nature to," whence that reproach of *odium theologicum* has arisen.

Meanwhile, see what a pulpit the editor mounts daily, sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within reach of his voice, and never so much as a nodder, even, among them. And from what a Bible can he choose his text—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priestcraft can shut and clasp from the laity—the open volume of the world, upon which, with a pen of sunshine or destroying fire, the inspired Present is even now writing the annals of God! Methinks the editor who should understand his calling, and be equal thereto, would truly deserve that title which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century; and whereas the old Sinai, silent now, is but a common mountain stared at by the elegant tourist and crawled over by the hammering geologist, he must find his tables of the new law here among factories and cities in this Wilderness of Sin (Numbers xxxiii. 12) called Progress of Civilisation, and be the captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order.

THE ORIGIN OF "THE NEW JOURNALISM."

I feel to-day, as I transcribe these words, as if all my life long, ever since I read them, I had been doing little else but trying as best I could to circulate and propagate the ideas contained in this preface. All that is real and true in what Matthew Arnold called the "New Journalism," which he said I had invented, is there in germ. That great ideal of the editor as "the Captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order" still glows like a pillar of fire amid the midnight gloom before the journalists of the world. But, alas! it may still be asked, as it was when the Rev. Homer Wilbur preached the sermon which led the editor of the *Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss* unaccountably to absent himself from the meeting-house, of the thousands of mutton-loving shepherds who edit our newspapers, "How many have even the dimmest perception of their immense power and the duties consequent thereon? Here and there haply one. Nine hundred and ninety-nine labour to impress upon the people the great principles of Tweedledum, and other nine hundred and ninety-nine preach with equal earnestness the gospel according to Tweedledee."

HOW I FIRST GOT LOWELL'S POEMS.

It was three or four years before I again felt the kindling touch of Mr. Lowell's genius. Like many other youths in those days, I was in the habit of competing for the modest prizes offered for essays in the *Boys' Own Magazine*, which was then published by S. O. Beeton.

I wrote several, always under the name of W. T. Silcoates, and only succeeded once in gaining a prize. My solitary success was an essay on Oliver Cromwell, in compiling which I took a great deal more pains than in writing any book that I have since published, so at least it seems to me looking back twenty years and more, and I certainly enjoyed much more keenly that first triumph than any literary successes achieved in later years. The prize was one guinea, which had to be taken out in books published by the proprietors of the *Boys' Own Magazine*. I remember, as well as if it were yesterday, carefully going through the little catalogue making up my guinea's worth, and after selecting books valued at twenty shillings, I chose "The Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell" to make up the guinea. That little volume, with its green paper cover, lies before me now, thumbled almost to pieces, underscored, and marked in the margin throughout, and inside there is written, "To W. T. Silcoates, with Mr. Beeton's best wishes." It was one of "Beeton's Companion Poets," and bore on its cover "Books of Worth." With the exception of the little copy of Thomas à Kempis, which General Gordon gave to me as he was starting for Khartoum, it is the most precious of all my books. It has been with me everywhere. In Russia, in Ireland, in Rome, in prison, it has been a constant companion.

II. HIS PASSION FOR HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

That little book reached me at a somewhat critical time. I was saturated with the memories of the Puritans, and filled with a deep sense of the unworthiness of my old literary ambitions. My health, impaired by overstudy, affected my eyes, and for some terrible months I was haunted by the consciousness of a possible blindness. I had to give up reading at night-time and in the train, and by way of occupation I committed to memory long screeds of verse—Byron, Longfellow, Coleridge, and Campbell being special favourites. All chance of literary success seemed to fade and disappear with my dimming sight, and I looked out on life in a sadder and more serious mood than any I had formerly entertained. It was then that I came upon Mr. Lowell's little-known poem, "Extreme Unction," which I find marked in pencil—"This poem changed my life."

Go! leave me, Priest; my soul would be,

Alone with the consoler, Death;
Far sadder eyes than thine will see

This crumbling clay yield up its breath;
These shrivelled hands have deeper stains

Than holy oil can cleanse away,
Hands that have plucked the world's coarse gains
As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

Call, if thou canst, to these gray eyes
Some faith from youth's traditions wrung;

This fruitless husk which dustward dries
Has been a heart once, has been young;

On this bowed head the awful Past
Once laid its consecrating hands;

The Future in its purpose vast
Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

But look! whose shadows block the door!
Who are those two that stand aloof?

See! on my hands this freshening gore
Writes o'er again its crimson proof!

My looked-for death-bed guests are met;
There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,

And there, with eyes that goad me yet,
The ghost of my Ideal stands!

God bends from out the deep and says,
"I gave thee the great gift of life;

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Wast thou not called in many ways?
Are not my earth and heaven at strife?
I gave thee of my seed to sow,
Bringest thou me my hundredfold?"
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, "Father, here is gold?"

I have been innocent; God knows
When first this wasted life began,
Not grape with grape more kindly grows,
Than I with every brother-man:
Now here I gasp; what lose my kind,
When this fast ebbing breath shall part?
What bands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad heart?

Christ still was wandering o'er the earth
Without a place to lay His head;
He found free welcome at my hearth,
He shared my cup and broke my bread:
Now, when I hear those steps sublime,
That bring the other world to this,
My snake-turned nature, sunk in slime,
Starts sideways with defiant hiss.

Upon the hour when I was born,
God said, "Another man shall be,"
And the great Maker did not scorn
Out of Himself to fashion me;
He sunned me with His ripening looks,
And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,
As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
Am exiled back to brutish clod,
Have borne unquenched for four score years,
A spark of the eternal God;
And to what end? How yield I back
The trust for such high uses given?
Heaven's light hath but revealed a track
Whereby to crawl away from heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that drear voyage from whose night
The ominous shadows never lift;
But 'tis more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once; I flung away
Those keys that might have open set
The golden sluices of the day,
But clutch the keys of darkness yet;
I hear the reapers singing go
Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious Youth, that once was mine!
O high Ideal! all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine
Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
The snake nests in the altar-stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near,
The image of the God is gone.

REPENTANCE AND REMORSE.

It may seem somewhat fantastic that a lad of eighteen should have appropriated to himself the reproaches which the poet placed in the mouth of an octogenarian. But youth is a rare self-torturer. With my enfeebled health and failing eyesight, an oppressive sense of having lived for myself and my own ambitious daydreams, it did not seem unnatural then; it seemed only too terribly

real. I don't think any four lines ever printed went into my life so deeply as these:—

Now here I gasp; what lose my kind,
When this fast-ebbing breath shall part?
What bands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad heart?

These questions used to ring in my ears night and day. And the only answer that came was Richard's bitter death cry—

There is no creature loves me,
And if I die no one will pity me.

All this, I dare say, was very morbid. Probably few lads of eighteen had more relatives and friends to love and pity him. I was one of a large and singularly united family, and I had my Sunday-school class besides. But there was that guilty sense of having lived for myself, of having had my ideal of life on the plane of personal literary success, and I felt I deserved to feel all that Lowell's octogenarian felt.

INSPIRATION AND HOPE.

At the same time this remorseful horror would sometimes abate somewhat, probably owing to occasional better health, and then an immense inspiration thrilled me from the lines:—

On this bowed head the awful Past
Once laid its consecrating hands
The Future in its purpose vast
Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

If I recovered and my eyesight did not fail, perhaps, after all, I might yet live to better purpose. To what purpose? The answer came in the next verse:—

God bends from out the deep, and says,
"I gave thee the great gift of life;
Wast thou not called in many ways?
Are not my heaven and earth at strife?"

The idea that everything wrong in the world was a divine call to use your life in righting it sank deep into my soul. And there, in the darkness and the gloom of that time of weakness and trial, I put away from me, as of the Evil One, all dreams of fame and the literary ambitions on which I had fed my boyhood, and resolutely set myself there and then to do what little I could, where I was, among those who surrounded me, to fulfil "the trust for such high uses given." It was one of the decisive moments in my life. Since then I can honestly say that I have never regarded literary or journalistic success as worth a straw, excepting in so far as it enabled me to strike a heavier blow in the cause of those for whom I was called to fight.

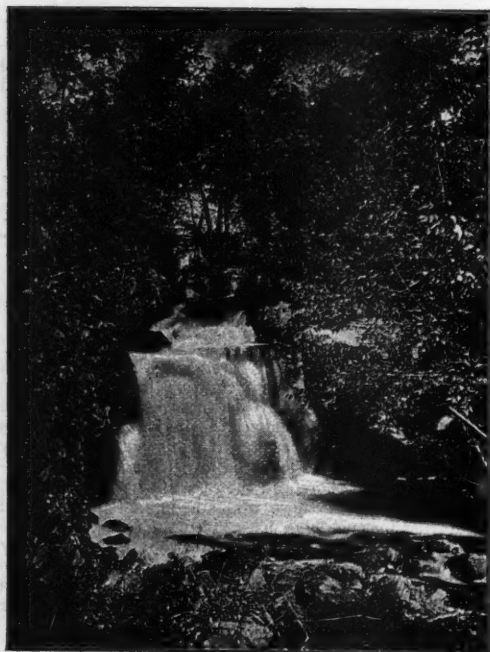
A PASSION FOR HELPFUL FELLOWSHIP.

The yearning for helpful fellowship with my fellows grew under Lowell's influence to control my life. Living in a village where you knew every one, and every one knew you, it was almost with a sense of positive pain I would find myself in a great city, and feel that of all the hundred thousands around me I did not know one. To meet and mingle with hurrying myriads and to know that of all those multitudes you knew none, had helped none, and that not a human being cared in the least whether you lived or died, maddened into despair or broke your heart in solitude, was appalling to me. There seemed something unnatural about it. How well I remember, night after night, looking down from the Manors railway station over the house-crowded valley at the base of All Saints' Church, Newcastle, which towered above them all, all black and empty, like the vast sepulchre of a dead God, and thinking that behind

every lighted window which gleamed through the smoky darkness there was at least one human being whose heart was full of all the tragedies of love and hate, of life and of death, and yet between them and me what a great gulf was fixed! How could bands of love and service be woven between these innumerable units so as to make us all one brotherhood once more? There they sat by lamp and candle—so near, and yet, in all the realities of their existence, as far apart as the fixed stars. And there grew up in me, largely under Lowell's influence, a feeling as if there was something that blasphemed God in whatever interposed a barrier impeding the free flow of the helpful sympathy and confident intercourse between man and man.

LIKE THE BLAST OF A TRUMPET.

But how could anything be done? It was hard to say, beyond endeavouring, each in his own sphere, to be as



"BEAVER BROOK," NEAR ELMWOOD.

helpful, as lovingkind, and as sympathetic as he knew how. Yet how trivial seemed everything you could do; how infinitesimal the utmost that any individual could achieve! But when in this desponding mood, Lowell's memorial verses to W. Lloyd Garrison inspired me as with the blast of a trumpet:—

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean;—
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

Help came but slowly; surely no man yet
Put lever to the heavy world with less:
What need of help? He knew how types were set,
He had a dauntless spirit, and a press.

Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,
The compact nucleus, round which systems grow;
Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith,
And whirris impregnate with the central glow.

O Truth! O Freedom! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed!
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendours of the New Day burst?

What! shall one monk, scarce known beyond his cell,
Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?
Brave Luther answered YES; that thunder's swell
Rocked Europe, and disarmed the triple crown.

Whatever can be known of earth we know,
Sneered Europe's wise men in their snail-shells curled;
No! said one man in Genoa, and that No
Out of the dark created this New World.

Who is it will not dare himself to trust?
Who is it hath not strength to stand alone?
Who is it thwarts and balks the inward must?
He and his works, like sand, from earth are blow

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!
See one straightforward conscience put in pawn
To win a world; see the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?

We stride the river daily at its spring,
Nor, in our childish thoughtlessness, foresee,
What myriad vassal streams shall tribute bring,
How like an equal it shall greet the sea.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

That is good healthy teaching, which helps to stiffen the backbone and encourage one to persevere. It is also a stepping-stone that brings us into the heart of the great Abolitionist campaign, which practically saved the soul of the American people.

III. THE CHRISTIANITY FOR OUR DAY.

Mr. Lowell was a Puritan by heredity, and the moral fervour of the men of the *Mayflower* was wrought into the inmost fibre of his being. But his Puritanism was a living force applied to the living issues of to-day. That is what constitutes his peculiar helpfulness to the present generation. There is a constant tendency in creeds to petrify. The living faith of one century becomes a mere sarcophagus in the next. To prevent this only one specific is known to man, and that is to be constantly in campaign against the evils of the world. One of the great uses of the devil is to keep the Church from the lethargy that ends in death. If there is but a sufficiently resolute warfare kept up against the wrongs, the abuses, and the miseries of the world, the living Spirit will perpetually renew, reshape, and revolutionise the methods adopted to achieve success. The Puritan revolt against ritual, the Quaker revolt against sacraments, were natural and necessary. But the same law of combat led in time to a revolt against the worship of the doctrine of the Puritans. Men are always prone to bow down and worship their nets and their bows and their spears, forgetting that they were fashioned not to be worshipped but to be used. It is not necessary to be disrespectful to the discarded rites or the suppressed doctrines. It is not necessary to prove that they are

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false; it is only obvious that they have become obsolete. To hear some good people talk you would imagine that it was necessary to denounce the inventor of the bow because Armstrong forges rifled cannon. The bow was very good in its day, but no degree of respect for the first bowmen would justify our substituting bows and arrows for the magazine rifle.

CHRISTIANITY OUT OF GEAR.

Mr. Lowell's poems are all instinct with help in this direction. There is nothing in his writings that repudiates or disowns any of the vital doctrines of the men of the *Mayflower*. He reverences his spiritual ancestry. But he refuses in his own phrase to make their creed his jailer, and protests against making

Their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee

The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them
across the sea.

The great, the central doctrine of the Christian religion, belief in Christ, with its development in the doctrine of justification by faith, is constantly getting out of gear. That is to say, it is, under the stress of circumstances, always exposed to the danger of being held in such a way as to make it of none effect as a practical motive force in life. Against this falsification of Christ's teaching I know no more effective, no more inspiring protest than is to be found in Mr. Lowell's poetry.

A SCENE FROM THE OLD SLAVERY TIMES.

We talk glibly about slavery, and few of us realise what it means. But if we want to understand the extent to which the Christian creeds, as interpreted by the Christian Church, have been harmonised with the most damnable negation of everything that Christ came to teach, it is necessary to recall such a scene as this, which I take from a remarkable little book, just published in America, by the Rev. Calvin Fairbanks, a stout old Abolitionist, who for his zeal in cause of the oppressed passed seventeen years in gaol, where he received no less than 37,000 lashes. It was a scene which he himself witnessed, and which fortunately did not terminate as most scenes of the kind did. But let him speak for himself:—

Early in May 1834, my sympathy and patriotism were roused on behalf of one of the most beautiful and exquisite young girls, only one sixty-fourth African. She was self-educated

and accomplished, and her jealous mistress doomed her to be sold, hating her for her beauty and accomplishments. There were 2,000 people at the sale, representing the wealth and culture of America. A short, thick-necked, black-eyed Frenchman from New Orleans was determined to secure her. Upon the block stood the auctioneer by his victim, who seemed ready to drop to the earth. He directed attention to the valuable piece of property, calling particular attention to her exquisite qualities as a mistress for any gentleman. This he kept prominent in the vilest manner, outraging all decency. Bids began at 250 dollars and ran up to 1,400. The Frenchman from New Orleans alone bid against me. I bid 1,450. My contestant stood silent. The hammer rose, trembled, lowered, rose, fell, and the fiend flushed and quick as thought dropped his hammer.

"Look here, gentlemen! Who is going to lose such a chance as this? Here is a girl fit to be the mistress of a king!"

A suppressed cry of shame rose through that throng. Southern women blushed. Bids rose to 1,475. There was again a lull.

Then the auctioneer turned his victim's profile to that excited crowd . . . exclaiming, "Ah, gentlemen, who is going to be the owner of this prize? Whose is the next bid?"

The Frenchman bid 1,480. The hammer rose high, quivered, lowered. Eliza gave me an appealing agonised look.

"Are you all done? Once, twice, do I hear no more, three," and the hammer quivered as the Frenchman's face flushed with triumph, three, and the hammer fell down.

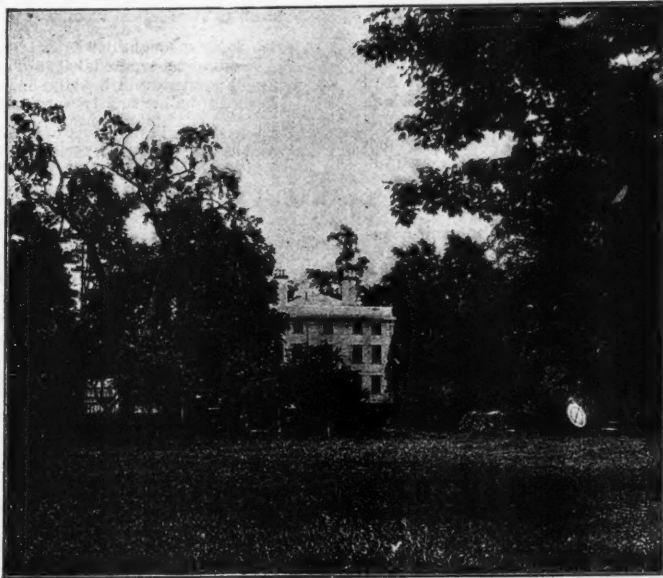
"Fourteen hundred and eighty-five!"

The Frenchman turned away. The hammer fell. She was mine. She fainted.

"You've got her d—d cheap, sir. What are you going to do with her?"

"Free her, sir," I cried.

That scene took place in a Christian State. All those who were present had probably been baptised. The auctioneer was in all probability a Church member. And throughout half the Union nearly every Christian church and Christian minister denounced those who protested against slavery as if they were the very worst of criminals. Every one sees to-day that the doctrines of grace, of the atonement, and of justification by faith had got sadly out of gear before such an infamy could be perpetrated in broad daylight in a Christian land. And the worst of it is that as soon as these doctrines get out of gear, they operate absolutely in an opposite direction



THE POET'S GARDEN AT ELMWOOD.

to that in which they were instituted to work. It is not that they are false. They are only applied the other way on, and instead of acting as spurs to urge men to redress wrong, they act as opiates to their consciences, and hell is tolerated on earth because Christians imagine that they have secured themselves against hell hereafter.

"GOD'S NEW MESSIAH."

Against this hideous perversion of God's truth Mr. Lowell took up his parable, and in one pregnant line he pierced the hollow sham of a Christianity which maintained such horrors. It occurs in the "Lines on the Present Crisis":—

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide

In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,

And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

The only objection to make to this verse is that the choice does not come once only. It is of constant recurrence. Whenever a duty is shirked, there Christ is rejected. Whenever we act knowingly and deliberately as we know that Christ would not have acted had He been in our circumstances, then we proclaim our disbelief in Him. And whenever we refuse to try to remedy wrongs which degrade our brother or our sister, and render it impossible for them to lead a divine or even a decently human life, there also we deny Him, and crucify Him again in the person of the least of these His brethren.

A PREACHER OF THE LIVING CHRIST.

It was in thus harmonising the broadest humanitarianism with the strictest orthodox theories of the divine mission of Christ that Mr. Lowell was most helpful to me. For he enabled me to hitch on all that was best and noblest in human endeavour to the old, old doctrine of Calvary. He has been, and long will be, the most potent preacher of the living Christ that this century has produced. There is no denial of any of the older theories of the atonement in its supernatural invisible side. There is no questioning of the sacraments. They are all left just where they were. But the test is applied with loving but unsparing severity: "What are you doing with the least of these My brethren?" Doctrine, ritual, sacrament—all these may be unimpeachably correct; but if these "little ones" are being crucified, what does it avail? Nay, worse still, if they who were made in the image of God are being made again in the image of the brute and the fiend, what avails it? This is admirably put in Mr. Lowell's "Parable":—

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, My brethren, believe in Me."
He passed not again through the gate of birth,
But made Himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers and kings,
"Behold, now, the Giver of all good things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace-chambers lofty and rare
They lodged Him, and served Him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him;
And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall
He saw His image high over all.

But still, wherever His steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head,
And from under the heavy foundation stones
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced My sheep from their Father's fold
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt;
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold Thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our land.

"Our task is hard—with sword and flame
To hold Thine earth for ever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as Thou ledest them, Thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-hem
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said He,
"The images ye have made of Me!"

SERVING GOD BY HELPING MAN.

The last two stanzas are texts which should be preached upon in every pulpit in Christendom, at least on one stated occasion every year. But their echo should never be absent from any Christian congregation. That is the Christianity that is wanted for our day, for every day—a Christianity that refashions the character of the individual and makes him feel and see in every departure from the divine ideal in his fellow-man or woman, a concrete blasphemy against God and His Christ. The helping of man is the best serving of God.

He's true to God who's true to man; whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base
Where love of right is for themselves and not for all their race.

It is the constant vibration of the same idea in all his more serious verse that will make Lowell the poet-prophet of the Christian Democracy. We may apply to him the observation he applied to another poet when he said:—

Wordsworth was not a great artist in the technical sense of the word, neither was Isaiah; but he had the gift, in some respects rare, of being greatly and suddenly inspired.

There is much in his poetry that is not poetry at all. There is a good deal of his artistic work which, although graceful and pretty, is mere filigree and polish. The real abiding power which dwelt in him when he was "greatly and suddenly inspired" lies in those poems where he reveals the Christ still wandering among men, seeking to help and to save.

THE SEARCH FOR CHRIST.

There are two other poems of his besides "The Parable" which express this thought very clearly and beautifully. One is "The Search," the other, "The Vision of Sir Launfal." In "The Search," Lowell tells us how he went to seek for Christ, "for Christ, I said, is King." He searched for Him in the solitude of nature, and found Him not; and then mid power and wealth I sought, but found no trace of Him. The churches had become the mere sepulchre of their risen Lord, and divine service a mere formal mustering as for roll-call of men in the empty tomb.

And all the costly offerings I had brought
With sudden rust and mould grew dim:
I found His tomb, indeed, where, by their laws,
All must on stated days themselves imprison,
Mocking with bread a dead creed's grinning jaws,
Witless how long the life had thence arisen;
Due sacrifice to this they set apart,
Prizing it more than Christ's own living heart.

The poet-seeker then turned to the heedless city, where he came, led by fresh-trodden prints of bare and bleeding feet, and found his quest—

I followed where they led,
And in a hovel rude,
With nought to fence the weather from his head,
The King I sought for meekly stood;
A naked hungry child
Clung round His gracious knee,
And a poor hunted slave looked up and smiled
To bless the smile that set him free;
New miracles I saw His presence do,—
No more I knew the hovel bare and poor,
The gathered chips into a woodpile grew,
The broken morsel swelled to goodly store.
I knelt and wept; my Christ no more I seek,
His throne is with the outcast and the weak.

THE TRUE VISION OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

In "The Vision of Sir Launfal," a longer poem, which Lowell is said to have dashed off in a kind of inspired ecstasy of forty-eight hours, during which the subject of his work held a sort of spiritual possession of the poet, the same thought is worked out more fully. The poem is a great Christian parable, which should be read once a year in all the churches. Sir Launfal was a knight of the North Country, who made a vow to travel over sea and land in search of the Holy Grail. Before he departs he sleeps, and in the dreams of the night he sees a vision of what is and what will be. As from the proudest hall in the North Countree Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail, he saw a leper crouching by his gate, "who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate." A loathing came over Sir Launfal; for this man, so foul and bent, seemed a blot on the summer morn. "So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn." Years seemed to pass. Sir Launfal, old and gray, returns from his weary quest, to find his heir installed in his place. The seneschal rudely turns him away from his own hand-gate.

Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross;
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

As Sir Launfal sits down in the snow outside and muses of summer chimes, he hears once more the leper's voice, "For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms." Sir Launfal turns to the sound, and sees again "the gruesome thing," the leper cowering beside him, lone and

white "as the ice isles of the northern seas, in the desolate horror of his disease."

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorn—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

So he parted in twain his single crust, and broke the ice on the streamlet's brink, and gave the leper to eat and drink. Then, lo, a wondrous transformation!

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes without avail
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me."

The sequel tells how Sir Launfal woke from his dream exclaiming that "The Grail in my castle here is found." His armour is hung up on the wall, and the reign of an ideal socialism is established.

The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command.
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

SPIRITUALISING THE OLD FORMULAS.

This method of interpreting the sacraments, of sublimating the outward and visible into the inner and invisible, is scouted by many on the same general principles that the Jews in the Gospel objected to the teachings of Jesus. Lowell's poems are full of this spiritualisation of the old formulas. Here, for instance, is "All Saints," new style:—

One feast, of holy days the crest,
I, though no Churchman, love to keep,
All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep;
The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street;
And stairs, to Sin and Famine known,
Sing with the welcome of their feet,
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
 An aureole traced in tenderest light,
 The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
 In dying eyes, by them made bright,
 Of souls that shivered on the edge
 Of that chill ford repassed no more,
 And in their mercy felt the pledge
 And sweetness of the farther shore.

Like unto this is "Godminster Chimes," in which "The ages one great minster seem, that throbs with praise and prayer."

All the way from Calvary down
 The carved pavement shows
 Their graves who won the martyr's crown,
 And safe in God repose;
 The saints of many a warring creed,
 Who now in heaven have crested,
 That all paths to the Father lead
 Where Self the feet have spurned,

Is this not the essential principle of Christ's Gospel freed from the confused and often confusing tangle of many dogmatic theologies, the soul alike of the Westminster Confession, the Prayer Book, and the Catholic Missal?

A REAL GOSPEL WITH GRIP IN IT.

The usual objection made to these sublimated essences of religious belief is that they have no grip on the soul and heart of man, that they are as misty as they are ethereal, and that they are a miserable substitute for the rugged but substantial doctrines of the orthodox creeds. But is this so? Has not the Gospel according to Lowell a closer grip on the heart, a more close realising sense of the immanence of God and the presence of Christ, to say nothing of the brotherhood of man, than the older creeds which, as they have too often been taught, made Christianity consist primarily in the utterance of theological shibboleths, the performance of certain rites, or the conscious acceptance of a plan of salvation? I have no quarrel with the older creeds. They served their turn, and contain, no doubt, much saving truth. But if you try to save the soul of one of your sceptical friends by bringing him to Christ, you will probably find you can get more directly at your object by way of Lowell than by way of Calvin or Thomas a Kempis.

It is not orthodox! Perhaps. But is that not an argument in its favour? There is more truth than is generally recognised in the jesting couplet about Theodore Parker—

He's seized the idea, by his martyrdom fired,
 That all men—not orthodox—may be inspired.

Mr. Lowell was never weary of satirising the complacent conceit of those who "think the great God is theirs alone"; nor would he ever listen patiently to those who declare that the Good Shepherd is more careful for the fashion of His crook than for the salvation of His flock.

HIS PROTEST AGAINST IRRELIGION.

But he was not unmindful of the great services rendered to mankind by the narrowest and most intolerant of the Churches. No man ever paid a more eloquent tribute to the greatness of the Puritans. On one occasion the newspapers reported an outburst of his—provoked by the disdainful tone in which some agnostics of the sniffingly superior school had alluded to Christianity—which shows how far he was from sharing the supercilious attitude of many modern Liberal thinkers. The report says

that after listening with some indignation to the sneers of the scornors, Mr. Lowell rose and spoke as follows:—

The worst kind of religion is no religion at all, and these men, living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without a religion, may be thankful that they live in lands where the gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads, and tanned their hides, like the monsters of the French Revolution. When the microscopic search of scepticism, which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man may live in decency, comfort, and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted—a place where age is revered, infancy respected, manhood respected, womanhood honoured, and human life held in due regard—when sceptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the gospel has not gone, and cleared the way and laid the foundations and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the sceptical literati to move thither and ventilate their views. So long as these men are dependent upon the religion which they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob the Christian of his hope, and humanity of faith in that Saviour who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable and society possible, and robs death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom.

THE IMMANENCE OF GOD.

At the same time he had but scant sympathy with those who blow old altar coals with the sole desire to weld anew the Spirit's broken chains. In "Rhœcus" he says:—

God sends His teachers unto every age,
 To every clime, and every race of men,
 With revelations fitted to their growth
 And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
 Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
 Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
 The life of man, and given it to grasp
 The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
 Infolds some germs of goodness and of right.

And again in his "Bibliolates":—

God is not dumb, that He should speak no more;
 If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
 And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
 There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,
 Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends,
 Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
 Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
 And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone,
 Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
 Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
 While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
 While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
 Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

IV. THE RELIGION OF POLITICS.

I suppose every young person on making his first entry into active political life feels chilled and disheartened at the contrast between the mean banalities of wire-pullers and his visions of heroism and self-sacrifice. It is a far cry from the pages of Plutarch to the proceedings of a caucus. Nor is it always easy to hear the far-off thunders of Sinai in the lobbies of the House of Commons. But the lesson which every one has to learn is that the

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heroic and the divine are still present with us, and that the issues which confront us at the polling booth and in the committee-room offer opportunities for serving God and man not less noble than those which have afforded our ancestors the means of making glorious the history of our race. Lowell helped in enabling English-speaking men to realise the inner soul of the great agitation against slavery which culminated at Gettysburg and Richmond. The abolitionist movement was ridiculed. It was unpopular. It was next door to seditious. Respectable society would have nothing to do with it. It was scouted by statesmen of both parties. It had, in short, all the credentials of Divine origin. Longfellow and Whittier, with clear true note, spoke much and well on the right side. But Lowell was the prophet-bard of the great cause. His poem, "On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves near Washington," and his "Lines on the Present Crisis" approach as nearly the prophetic fire of Isaiah and Ezekiel as any writing in prose or verse of modern time. They have all the insight of the seer, and blaze with the indignant passion of outraged humanity.

IN WAR TIME.

The uprising in Eastern Europe, which began in 1875 and culminated in the treaty of San Stefano of 1878, was one in which I reaped continuous benefit from Mr. Lowell's poems.

The analogy between the war of liberation in the East and the war of emancipation in the West was so close that there were few of Lowell's spirit-stirring poems which were not equally applicable to the crisis which led Russia to the walls of Constantinople as to that which ended in the fall of Richmond before the advance of General Grant. For slaves read Slavs, and the fiery appeals of the American abolitionist fit to a nicety the mood of the champions of Bulgarian independence. The English Government in those days played the same unworthy part which her ruling classes played in the days of the slaveholders' rebellion. I remember reading aloud most of his later war poems to Madame Novikoff when the fate of Plevna still hung in the balance, and the Russians were almost as indignant with Lord Beaconsfield for his support of the Turk as the Americans were with England at the time when the *Alabama* was destroying their mercantile marine; and we both marvelled to find how exactly the circumstances of the war in the West were reproduced in the East. The end fortunately was also identical. The protégés of the British jingo, alike in the Balkan peninsula and the Southern States, went down before the irresistible advance of the liberating hosts from the North. And in all the varying vicissitudes of the great struggle I found in Lowell's verse at once consolation and inspiration. When the *Daily Telegraph* and its allies were harping upon the "atrocities" of the Slav insurgents, sufficient answer lay ready in the first stanzas of the "Ode to France, Feb. 1848":—

THE REVOLUTIONISTS' EXCUSE.

So grew and gathered through the silent years
The madness of a People, wrong by wrong.
There seemed no strength in the dumb toiler's tears,
No strength in suffering; but the Past was strong:
The brute despair of trampled centuries

Leaped up with one hoarse yell and snapped its bands,
Groped for its right with horny, callous hands,
And stared around for God with bloodshot eyes.

What wonder if those palms were all too hard
For nice distinctions,—if that Menad throng—

Whose chronicles were writ with iron pen
In the crooked-shoulder and the forehead low.

Set wrong to balance wrong,
And physicked woe with woe?

They did as they were taught; not theirs the blame
If men who scattered firebrands reaped the flame:

What wrongs the Oppressor suffered, these we know;
These have found piteous voice in song and prose;
But for the Oppressed, their darkness and their woe,
Their grinding centuries,—what Muse had those?

"MAN IS MORE THAN CONSTITUTIONS."

When appeal was made to the letter of the treaties guaranteeing the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, there was the ready reply:—

Though we break our father's promise, we have nobler duties first;
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God!

While to those who trembled at the emancipation of Bulgaria as if it portended the general overthrow and the end of all things, there was the cheery confidence of the words Lowell placed in Cromwell's mouth:—

The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change;
Then let it come: I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind;
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.

"ON THE PRESENT CRISIS."

For me at least Lowell supplied the psalms of the Crusade of 1876-8, and for nearly four years my leading articles—and in those days I had to write a leading article every day six days a week—all had as their constant refrain the substance of these familiar stanzas:—

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust
against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through
Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet
earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath
passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

It was in that faith we fought and in that faith we conquered, and the verse which had rung as a clarion across the American continent was not less inspiring when it sounded on the ear of the Older World.

V. HIS FAITH IN HUMANITY.

There was another phase of Lowell's teaching which was not less helpful, and that was his inexhaustible faith in the inextinguishable "spark of God" in the human heart. In this he resembles Victor Hugo, whose novels are long treatises on the "never completely out-trampled divine." He ever sees "beneath the foulest faces lurking, One God-built shrine of reverence and love."

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all—
The angel heart of man.

Evil, he insists, its errand has as well as good, and he proclaims that—

Art's fittest triumph is to show that good
Lurks in the heart of evil evermore,
That love, though scorned, and outcast, and withstood,
Can without end forgive, and yet have store;
God's love and man's are of the selfsame blood,
And He can see that always at the door
Of foulest hearts the angel nature yet
Knocks to return and cancel all its debt.

But the love of God is infinite, that of man is too often circumscribed and limited. That is the refrain of his touching poem, "The Forlorn." It is a simple tale of "One poor, heart-broken, outcast girl" who dies on the doorstep of a house on a wintry night where she heard a woman's voice within singing sweet words her childhood knew. "From out the want and cold, That song had borne her soul in peace"—

For whom the heart of man shuts out
Straightway the heart of God takes in,
And fences them all round about
With silence 'mid the world's loud din.

HIS FEALTY TO WOMANHOOD.

And here I may note, in passing, how uniformly true Lowell always was to womanhood. No woman, however "polluted or forlorn," is beyond the pale of sympathy. Nor did he hesitate to condemn the fragrant injustice of the social ban which crushes the woman who yields and suffers while the man who exults and triumphs escapes scot free. In "The Legend of Brittany" occur these noble stanzas:—

Grim-hearted world, that look'st with Levite eyes
On those poor fallen by too much faith in man
She that upon thy freezing threshold lies,
Starved to more sinning by thy savage ban,
Seeking that refuge because foulest vice
More godlike than thy virtue is, whose span
Shuts out the wretched only, is more free
To enter Heaven than thou wilt ever be!

Thou wilt not let her wash thy dainty feet
With such salt things as tears, or with rude hair
Dry them, soft Pharisee, that sitt'st at meat
With Him who made her such, and speak'st Him fair,
Leaving God's wandering lamb the while to bleat
Unheeded, shivering in the pitiless air:
Thou hast made prisoned virtue show more wan
And haggard than a vice to look upon.

"What hope of grace," he asks, "may the seducer win?" When Sir Charles Dilke ended his career in the Divorce Court, Mr. Lowell remarked to Mr. Julian Hawthorne, "The Dilke case did not greatly surprise me. I knew Dilke, and he had great ability, but there were traits in his character which prepared me even for what happened. As for Mrs. Crawford, one of the counsel for the defence told me she was the most remarkable witness who ever

went on a stand. It was impossible not to believe every word she said."

This, however, is by the way. Mr. Lowell's sympathy for the masses was such that he would not even tolerate an aristocracy of the elect. God is on the side of the masses:—

Believe it, 'tis the mass of men He loves.
And, where there is most sorrow and most wail
There most is He, for there is He
Most needed.

The most extreme of all his writings is that revolutionary poem, "Hunger and Cold":—

You're not clogged with foolish pride,
But can seize a right denied;
Somehow God is on your side,
Hunger and cold!

But I have said enough to show why I regard Lowell as one of the prophets of the Latter Day. He has gone from amongst us, but, like his own Prometheus, he will be—

A great voice,
Heard in the breathless pauses of the fight
By truth and freedom ever waged with wrong,
Clear as a silver trumpet, to awake
Huge echoes that from age to age live on
In kindred spirits.

VI. PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

Although I had been a fervent disciple of Mr. Lowell from my boyhood, I only met him once. It was at his house in Lowndes Square, whither I went as a pilgrim to offer, with humility and gratitude, my tribute to my teacher. He received me with that simple cordial hospitality which characterised him, and I rejoiced to have an opportunity to thank him for all he had done for me. I had written him once before briefly in the same sense, and he had replied kindly, but saying that he did not care much for his own handiwork. It was a relief to me to find that he did not speak in that strain, although it was impossible not to be impressed by the difference between "His Excellency" the Minister and the fervid seer of the Abolitionist movement of 1840.

The later Lowell was more cultured and critical. He was an essayist rather than a poet, and he had exchanged his prophet's mantle for a court dress. He had troops of friends, and he made after-dinner speeches which filled those who heard them with despairing envy; but, with one exception, nothing of his later work left any deep impression on the public mind. The solitary exception, however, was very important, for it related to the greatest of all political problems before the world to-day—the reconciling of the two great branches of the English-speaking world.

THE PROPHET OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNITY.

Eight years ago, or more, I ventured to send Mr. Lowell the first article in which I had ventured to air the idea of the establishment of a permanent tribunal which would form the first substantial nexus between the Empire and the Republic. Mr. Lowell in reply wrote, saying, "It is a beautiful dream, but is none the worse on that account. Most of the best things in the world began by being dreams." He had written long before of another:—

And if it be a dream,
Such visions are of morning,
There is no vague forewarning;
The dreams which nations dream come true,
And shape the world anew.

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No one has done more than Mr. Lowell to make the dream a reality. He is the author of the only title by which the unity of the race can be described. British is even more objectionable than English. Anglo-Saxon drives the Irish wild, but English-speaking covers all. And in a score of speeches he drove home to the mind and heart of the English-speaking world the idea, first, of its unity and, secondly, of the fact that London is the natural and historic centre of the new race.

ON ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

I will only make one extract from one of the best known of all his speeches, that which he delivered in 1888 to the Society of Authors:—

I also sympathise most heartily with what has been said by the chairman with regard to the increasing love for England among my countrymen. I find on inquiry that they stop longer and in greater numbers every year in the old home, and feel more deeply its manifold charms. They are also beginning to feel that London is the centre of the races that speak English, very much in the sense that Rome was the centre of the ancient world; and I confess that I never think of London, which I love, without thinking of that palace which David built for Bathsheba, sitting in hearing of one hundred streams—streams of thought, of intelligence, of activity. One thing about London impresses me beyond any other sound I have ever heard, and that is the low, unceasing roar one hears always in the air; it is not a mere accident, like a tempest or a cataract, but it is impressive, because it always indicates human will, and impulse, and conscious movement; and I confess that when I hear it I almost feel as if I were listening to the roaring loom of time. We, as well as you, have inherited a common trust in the noble language which, in its subtle compositeness, perhaps is the most admirable instrument of human thought and human feeling in cunning hands that has ever been unconsciously devised by man. Let our rivalries be in fidelity to that trust. We have also inherited certain traditions, political and moral; and in doing our duty towards these, it seems to me we shall find quite enough occupation for our united thought and feeling.

"Nothing can be more important," he was always saying, "than to preserve the friendliest relations between the two greatest representatives of this conquering and colonising race," and in this, although dead, he still speaketh. He, more than any man, has helped to undo the consequences of the great mistake of George III. Let it be for us who come after him to carry on the good work to its full completion.

A SPECIMEN DESPATCH.

Of the man of letters as ambassador much might be said if I had not exhausted my space with weightier matters. But I cannot resist giving one characteristic specimen of Mr. Lowell's despatches. It was written from Madrid in July, 1878, as a despatch to the Secretary of State at Washington:—

One of the devices of Fourcade which came within M. Silvelo's own knowledge when in another department of the Government is so ingenious and amusing as to be worth recounting. The Frenchman's object was to smuggle petroleum into Madrid without paying the octroi. To this end he established storehouses in the suburbs, and then, hiring all the leanest and least mammalian women that could be found, he made good all their physical defects with tin cases filled with petroleum, thus giving them what Dr. Johnson would have called the pectoral proportions of Juno. Doubtless he blasphemed the unwise parsimony of Nature in denying to women in general the multitudinous breasts displayed by certain Hindoo idols. For some time these seemingly milky mothers passed without question into

the unsuspecting city, and supplied thousands of households with that cheap enlightenment which cynics say is worse than none. Meanwhile, M. Fourcade's pockets swelled in exact proportion to the Quaker breastworks of the improvised wet-nurses. Could he only have been moderate! Could he only have bethought him in time of the *ne quid nimis*? But one fatal day he sent in a damsel whose contours aroused in one of the guardians at the gates the same emotions as those of Maritornes in the bosom of the carrier. With the playful gallantry of a superior he tapped the object of his admiration, and it tinkled. He had "struck oil" unawares. Love shook his wings and fled. Duty retired frowning, and M. Fourcade's perambulating wells suddenly went dry.

If there were many such despatch writers Blue-books would be as popular as three-volume novels.

MR. LOWELL AS MINISTER.

When Mr. Lowell was in England as Minister, he was quite irascibly touchy in asserting his rights, not as an individual but as Minister for the American Republic. While he was being abused in the States as unduly British, in England he was notorious for the excessive punctiliousness with which he insisted upon due respect being paid in the smallest affairs to the majesty of the Republic which he represented.

Mr. Lowell read classical literature four hours a day, and, like Mr. Balfour, paid little attention to the newspapers. At one time the only English newspaper that he ever read was the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a journal which in those days he was wont to say "edited England." He was always a keen politician, a convinced believer in democracy, but quite alive to its defects. Like most Americans, he was utterly unable to see why Ireland should be refused Home Rule, and unlike most Americans, he was a declared Free Trader.

A POET-SEER OF OUR TIMES.

But Mr. Lowell, however admirable as a man of letters, a diplomatist, a wit, and a diner-out, will live in the memory of the English-speaking race by virtue of his vision and faculty divine as the seer. He recognised that the serious moral element contributed by the Puritans and their descendants was the saving salt of the States where English is spoken, and as long as that element exists it will regard Mr. Lowell as one of the most vigorous and faithful of its exponents.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;—

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

VII. A LAST INTERVIEW.

BY MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

This in no way professes to be anything more than a desultory conversation with the dead poet, but as the personal reminiscence of possibly the last Englishman with whom he really talked, it cannot fail of interest.

interest. It is only a few short weeks since I walked up the pretty garden pathway that led me to the door of Mr. Lowell's simple, old-fashioned, quaintly English and home-like residence near Boston. A maid-servant opened the door and admitted me to the presence of the poet-ambassador himself. At the very first glimpse I saw how ill he was—the transparency of his complexion, the weak voice, the trembling hand, telling me the sad truth all too plainly. But he would not hear of my calling again. "On no account, Mr. Blathwayt," said he, "I want to hear the latest about England. You know the English and I are great friends."

THE DECAY OF DIPLOMACY.

I replied very heartily in the affirmative, adding that no ambassador had ever done so much in his own person to establish and to maintain an *entente cordiale* between two nations as he. We then discussed the duties and the office of an ambassador. I cannot forget his smiling remark, "But after all, it is a very 'clerkly' office nowadays. What with railways and telegraphs and steamboats, all the romance and much of the responsibility of the position of an ambassador has passed away. It may have its good side, it doubtless has; but now that a Minister is in such easy distance of his superiors, he never feels his own master; he is at every beck and call from the people at home; he has little or no chance of distinguishing himself; there is nothing now to call forth his dash and energy, no means now by which he can show the world what a nation, in the person of her ambassador, can do. Many a bold stroke of policy is left undone nowadays which in the old time would have electrified the world. It may be all for the best," said Mr. Lowell, with a slow, doubtful smile, "but too many cooks, you know, spoil the pudding, and I am quite sure they spoil the ambassadorial temper."

SCOTT, DICKENS, AND JOURNALISM.

An open volume was lying on the table. "You see," said he, taking it up, "one goes back to one's old loves as age creeps on. Scott is always fresh and new to me. I have been dipping into Dickens, too, but I don't like him as well even as I used to, and he never was a great favourite of mine. His humour always struck me as being forced, and his style was not always as refined as it might have been." We then fell into a discussion as to the influence of journalism upon literature—literature, that is, pure and simple—which most affected the other, and so on; the respective merits of English and American journalism. "Your papers," he said, "would be far too stately for us. In one respect you have borrowed from us, and I may add, improved upon us. Your 'interviews' are vastly superior. It strikes me that an English interviewer does take the trouble to know something at least of the life and works of the man he is interviewing. And certainly you are much more discreet. I suffered once myself very severely, and at the hands of the son of a dear old friend. However, that is an old tale."

HIS EXCEEDING GENTLENESS.

At this moment the maid brought in his very simple luncheon—an egg beaten up in milk, I think it was, which he told me was almost the only thing he could take. He made many gentle apologies for dieting himself before a stranger. I rose to take my leave, but he would not hear of my doing so. "Oh, no! I have not nearly finished with you yet; you must have a cigar with me, and we will go on with our chat," and he handed me one of his special brand, remarking, as he did so, "you will find that most like your own English cigars." His

gentle courtesy, his bright smile, were very winning; indeed, with an experience of many of the best-known people of the day, I can recall no one with such grace and exceeding gentleness.

IN MR. LOWELL'S STUDY.

As I write, a mental picture of the whole scene rises up before me. He is seated in an arm-chair with his back to that far-famed "study window," out of which he has so often gazed. He sits there and looks quietly at his visitor, now and again raising a delicate hand to stroke his beard and moustache, or to press down the tobacco ashes in the very small pipe he is smoking, and which he tells me is an old favourite. The room is very untidy: papers lie scattered about, there is a little bust in the corner, a dog lies sleeping on the hearth-rug. The great simplicity impresses me forcibly. I can scarcely realise to myself that I am sitting quite alone with one of the most famous of living men. The quaint, homely, farm-like surroundings, scholarly and refined though they be, do not strike me as carrying out the general idea of the surroundings of a poet of world renown. I recall but dimly the pictures on the wall. A portrait of Tennyson he specially valued. I commented upon the portrait of his own brother-in-law, the celebrated orator, George William Curtis, who is also the editor in *Harper's* "Easy Chair," and with whom I had very recently been lunching. "Ah," said Mr. Lowell, "I am glad you have met him; he is a man in a thousand, you ought to have had him and not me at St. James's."

GORDON, SALISBURY, AND BEACONSFIELD.

I asked him something about his English friends and the best known men he had met over here. He spoke very highly of Gordon. "Oh, why did you let him die?" said he; "he was a very Galahad." He was exceedingly enthusiastic in his praises of Lord Salisbury as a politician. "He always reminds me of Tennyson's still strong man in a blatant land; not that I mean," he added with a smiling bow, "that yours is a blatant land." "I never really knew Lord Beaconsfield," he went on, "and I regret it. I met him once shortly before his death. I am always sorry that I was unable to accept the invitation of Lord Cranbrook, who was then Gathorne Hardy, to spend a week at Hemsted Park, where Disraeli was a guest. It always seemed to me that 'Dizzy' was laughing in his sleeve at everything and every one. He was an Oriental to his finger tips. He used to give me the idea that he was living a chapter of one of his own novels, a perpetual incarnation of one of his own characters. He might have been an ancient Egyptian or a Roman Augur, or even an American, but never an Englishman."

THE CARDINAL AND CATHOLICISM.

"Cardinal Manning, again, he is a perpetual puzzle to me. An English gentleman, an Italian Cardinal, a prince and a courtier, a Radical reformer—there is a curious mixture—and yet one of the most winning of men." He was much interested in my telling him of some conversations I had had with the Cardinal.

"I asked his Eminence once," I said, "if he was not now and again conscious of the old leaven of Protestantism," and Mr. Lowell laughed heartily when I told him that the Cardinal smiled and laid his hand on my knee, and said, "Do you know that that is a very home question indeed?"

"I quite believe it," replied Mr. Lowell. "I can distinctly trace Puritan influence here in America in Roman Catholics."

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He was evidently pleased when I told him that only a few days previously the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, Dr. Corrigan, had been regretting to me that the old spirit of Puritanism was dying out in America. "Did he, indeed?" said my host, "that is very interesting, and a very noble remark for him to make. But the decay of our Puritanism is only in creed; its influence amongst all classes is strong and healthy still. Referring to the Roman Catholics, it is essential to remember that we influence Rome quite as much as she influences us; it is perhaps a delicate political matter for me to discuss, but I must say that I think their demands as to the religious education of their children are not only natural but reasonable."

Drifting on in a conversation which in a very sketchy and "impressionist" manner included, amongst other things, a reference to Baron Hirsch and his scheme for the colonisation of the Jews, and his choice of Mr. Arnold White as a commissioner, a choice of which Mr. Lowell much approved; "Mr. White," said he, "seems to have done some very earnest work for your poor and destitute"—drifting on, I say, in such a manner, I happened to make a remark on the respective attitudes of the Southern whites and blacks, and I am afraid I more than half hinted that perhaps both parties were happier and more contented in the old days.

ENGLAND AND THE SOUTHERN SLAVEOWNERS.

"Oh, but," Mr. Lowell replied, "however that may have been, and I think you are quite wrong, you must not forget the principles involved. Nothing on earth can condone slavery. I never understood the preference of the English aristocracy for the Southerners, although living in England explained much to me that used to be quite incomprehensible. Your social differences, with their exact parallel religious inequalities, Church and Dissent, solved much of the mystery. But nowadays there would be much less of that very wrong sympathy with the South than there was thirty years ago."

"YOU CAN'T CHEAT OLD AGE."

I asked him, knowing well his love for England, which nation was dearest to him. "Well, my own land, of course." And yet I have more friends on your side than I have here. I can never pass Longfellow's house, which, as you know, is close by here, without a thrill. Then Emerson has gone too. We are all going, you know; the old order changeth, giving place to new, and yet it is all as it should be—all for the best. Oliver Wendell Holmes, gay youth that he is, often comes over to chat with me." I remarked that I had spent the previous afternoon with the old autocrat. I told him what he had said to me about his age: "There are times when I don't feel it, but you must catch the old man asleep, you must watch him come down the stairs. You can't cheat old age." "No," replied Mr. Lowell, "that is true, of course. I am many years his junior, but yet I don't feel old; I don't feel my age as I am told by books I ought to feel." I ventured to ask him how old he was. "I could scarcely believe him when he replied, 'Seventy-two years.'" His bright, easy manner, especially his voice, quite untouched by the influence of time—all these things pointed, despite his manifest delicacy, to the very prime and not to the sunset of life. I rose to take my leave. "Oh, must you really go? I am so glad to have seen you; try and come again on Friday."

ELMWOOD AND ITS MEMORIES.

As we stood a moment in the sunshine—for he himself came to the door with me—I commented on the very

English aspect of his little home. "I am glad you think so, but it is easily explained. We have lived here for some generations. At the back of the kitchen fire-range you will find the Royal Arms of England and the monogram G. R. My grandmother, you know, was a loyalist to her death, and whenever Independence Day (July 4th) came round, instead of joining in the general rejoicing, she would dress in deep black, fast all day, and loudly lament "our late unhappy difference with his most gracious Majesty."

The strains of a distant waltz floated by on the summer air. Mr. Lowell smiled. "Dear me, that does remind me of England! I think I heard that last at Lady Kenmare's. How music can link the present with the past!"

It was a curious reflection—a reflection that lost none of its interest as I looked at him who had uttered it—the then and now linked by a passing strain of music.

As I passed down the little path I turned once again to look at the gentle figure, standing frail and delicate, with fast whitening hair and beard, illumined by the light of the westering sun. An unerring presentiment stole upon me that even then he was fast passing "to where beyond these voices there is peace"; and alas that now it is so.

MR. LOWELL'S LAST POEM.

The last poem of Mr. Lowell's, which was published in an American journal, is called "My Brook." It appeared in the *New York Ledger's* Christmas issue, December 13th, 1890. Mr. Lowell wrote the poem while he was in England, in the summer of 1890, and subsequently revised it on seeing the proofs. The amount paid for it was £200. Here is part of it:—

It was far up the valley we first plighted troth,

When the hours were so many, the duties so few;

Earth's burden weighs wearily now on us both—

But I've not forgotten those dear days; have you?

Each was first-born of Eden, a morn without mate,

And the bees and the birds and the butterflies thought

'Twas the one perfect day ever fashioned by fate,

Nor dreamed the sweet wonder for us two was wrought.

I loitered beside you the whole summer long,

I gave you a life from the waste-flow of mine;

And whether you babbled or crooned me a song,

I listened and looked till my pulses ran wine.

Ah, that was so long ago! Ages, it seems,

And now I return sad with life and its lore.

Will they flee my grey presence, the light-footed dreams,

And Will-o'-wisp light me his lantern no more?

* * * *

You are mine and no other's; with life of my life

I made you a Naiad, that were but a stream;

In the moon are brave dreams yet, and chances are rife

For the passion that ventures its all on a dream.

Leapt bravely! Now down through the meadows we'll go

To the Land of Lost Days, whither all the birds wing,

Where the dials move backward and asphodels blow;

Come flash your tomanauns again, dance again, sing!

Yes, flash them and clash them on ankle and wrist,

For we're pilgrims to Dreamland, O Daughter of Dream!

There we find again all that we wasted or mist,

And Fancy—poor fool!—with her baubles supreme.

As the Moors in their exile the keys treasured still

Of their castles in Spain, so have I; and no fear

But the doors will fly open, whenever we will,

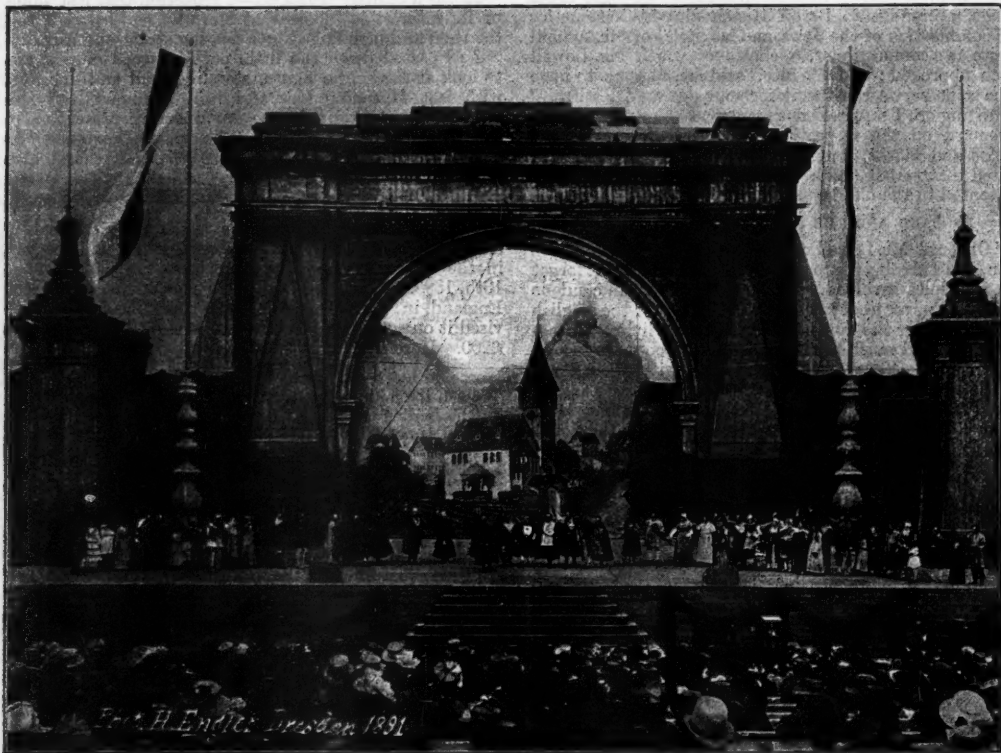
To the prime of the Past and the sweet of the year.

THE TWO SWISS FÊTES.

NEXT month Switzerland, by its celebrations in honour of the first of the beginnings of Federation among the Cantons, and later of the birth of the Federal town of Berne, drew the attention of the whole world to its interesting political conditions. August 1 and 2 witnessed the fêtes in connection with the 600th anniversary of the foundation of the Confederation, for it was on August 1, 1291, that the men of Schwytz combined with the men of Uri and Unterwalden and formed a league for their common protection against the encroachments of the Austrian oppressor. The document drawn up by the alliance, the Magna Charta of the Swiss, is still treasured up among the archives of Schwytz, in the picturesque district of the Vierwaldstättersee, or Lake of the Four Cantons. The chief feature of the recent celebrations was of course the historical play illus-

quent writer on Swiss subjects, suggests that Europe could not do better than reconstitute the Continent on the model of the Swiss republic. A great deal might be said in favour of such a suggestion, and no doubt the Swiss offers the oldest example of a federation of free states.

With regard to the German magazines, no topic could have called forth articles of greater interest in the minor periodicals, for the leading reviews have let the subject stand over for a month or two. Space will only permit brief mention of the chief notices. So far back as Heft 9, *Alte und Neue Welt* began a study of the Confederation, concluding it in Heft 11. Now, in Heft 12, the same magazine describes the recent fêtes. Another Catholic periodical, *Deutscher Hausschatz*, Heft 16, has a paper on the Confederation, while *Velhagen* gives particulars



THE FESTIVAL AT SCHWYTZ.—"THE OATH OF 1291."

trating the struggle for Swiss independence. Another interesting item was the pilgrimage on the Sunday to the Rütli, a piece of historic ground on the shores of Lake Uri, and now belonging to the Confederation. Rütli is supposed to be the scene in 1307 of the patriotic oath of Walther Fürst of Uri, Werner Stauffacher of Schwytz, and Arnold von Melchthal of Unterwalden, and not the least impressive of the ceremonies was the choral rendering of the act from Schiller's "William Tell," set to music by Dr. Arnold, of Lucerne, and performed by a choir of 750 male voices, with three soloists to represent the patriots.

The magazines, as might be expected, vie with each other in telling the history of the Confederation and in describing the fêtes. In an interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly* of August, Mr. W. D. McCrackan, a fre-

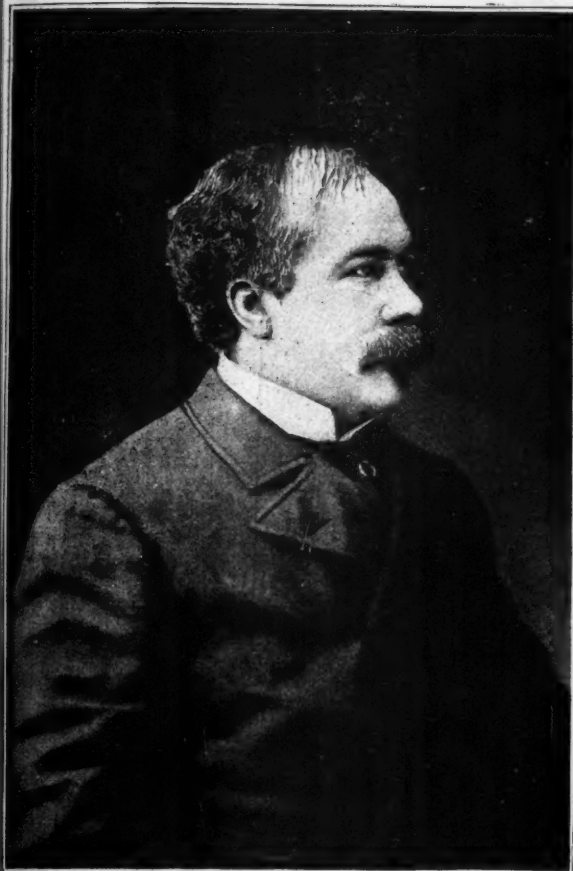
quent writer on Swiss subjects, suggests that Europe could not do better than reconstitute the Continent on the model of the Swiss republic. A great deal might be said in favour of such a suggestion, and no doubt the Swiss offers the oldest example of a federation of free states.

The seventh centenary of the foundation of the city of Berne is also of historic interest. The main features of this second fête, which lasted from August 14 to August 17, were the great street pageant and the festival play, setting forth turning points in the history of the town. Dr. Weber, a Swiss priest, is the author of the historical play, which was most successfully performed in an open-air amphitheatre overlooking the Aar. But the historical procession proved the most attractive feature.

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CARICATURES OF THE MONTH.



From a photograph by

MR. ALFRED BRYAN.

[London Stereoscopic Co.

tempting subject of the Franco-Russian *rapprochement*. The two Italian cartoons are fairly typical of the kind of comment Admiral Gervais' visit has elicited on the Continent. The German caricaturist is more subdued. The French cartoon, representing France and Russia as outweighing all the other Powers, even with Holland thrown in, is not a bad illustration of the foolish hopes that have been excited by the Tzar's civilities.

The artist of the Tory print that portrays the Catholic priesthood in the person of a pig in clerical guise, hits off what seems likely to be for some time to come the favourite fallacy of the Unionist platform. *Punch* has done so much harm in the past by this kind of malignant lampoon that it is much to be regretted his ill example should be followed by the penny comics.

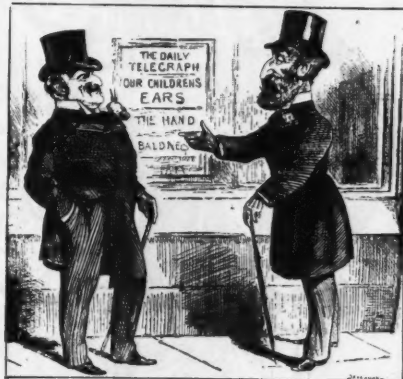
I am glad to welcome the South African caricaturist to our pages. The artist of the new *Cape Magazine*, who depicts Mr. Rhodes trying to disperse the wild cattle of South African States, hits off the situation very happily. "Wait a bit," says the Transvaal; "Natal is turning wild; it will take all Mr. Rhodes's time to disperse that team."

The following suggestion for Plimsoll's disc marking the loadline reaches us from the Antipodes. There is a gruesome truth about the picture.



SUGGESTION FOR A NEW "PLIMSOLL MARK."

From Melbourne Punch, June 18, 1891.



From Moonshine.]

SIR HY. ISAACS TO MR. LAWSON: "You tell us what to do for our children's ears, and for our hands and our heads, but even you cannot tell us what to do with our noses."

IN our last issue appeared the portraits of the leading *Punch* cartoonists. This month I publish the portrait of Mr. Alfred Bryan, of *Moonshine*. The following notes are by an old familiar:—

"A. B.'s method is not that of other men, for when surveying the faces which supply him with subjects, he gives no outward or visible signs of his scheme; he makes no notes at the time. The results of his observations are committed to wood or paper, as the case may be, when he gets home. Mr. Bryan is not a trained artist—I suppose he never received a drawing lesson in his life; but after looking at his achievements for the last twenty years, and knowing that some of these have been performed under the most trying conditions, I am persuaded that 'A. B.' can do more good work in his particular line and in a given time than any man of his generation. He is as modest, too, as he is gifted."

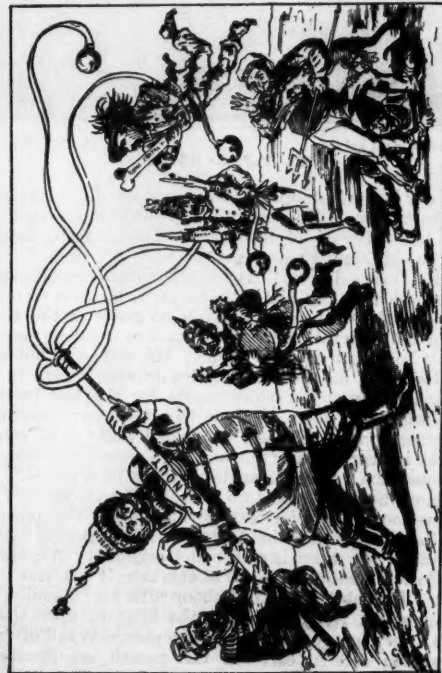
The most notable caricature that is reproduced this month is the marvellously powerful cartoon illustrating the present phase of the Labour question in Australia. The drawing leaves much to be desired, but there is power and originality in every line. If the *Melbourne Punch* progresses at this rate, it will beat the *Sydney Bulletin*. The substitution of Labour with his hobnailed boots for the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king set up in the plain of Shura, is a very happy conceit, and the picture is full of rude force. Most of the foreign cartoons this month are devoted to the



From *Uk*.
NEW RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM
Allons enfants de la patrie,
En jours de gloire nous arrivés,
Contre nous de la tyrannie, etc.



From *Il Fischietto*.
THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN UNDERSTANDING.
[August 15, 1891.]



From *Il Papavero*.
AN ITALIAN VIEW OF THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.
[August 22, 1891.]



From *La Silhouette*. [August 2, 1891.]
THE BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE.
 We shall equal you, whatever be your number.



From *La Silhouette*. [August 16, 1891.]

THE RECEPTION AT PORTSMOUTH.
 How I love the French Navy!



From *Il Pupogello*. [August 22, 1891.]
 AN ITALIAN VIEW OF THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.





[from Melbourne Punch.]

[June 20, 1891.]

"BOW OR BURN!"

("Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, set up an image, and commanded all people to bow down and worship it when certain musical instruments should give the signal. Those who did not obey were cast into a fiery furnace."—*Historical Fact.*)

WORKING-MAN REX (to the Ministry).—"Now make up your minds, gents; do as I tells yer or in yer goes. Which is it to be—grovel or grill?"

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From the Melbourne Punch.

MAKE HIM KING—OF THE RING.

[June 18, 1891.]

Jo: "Yer H'y'l 'ighness. I abdicate gladly, and herewith chuck yer the bloomin' dollar—excuse me—I mean Crown. 'Bre it is; wear it, and be as good and great and 'appy a king in Australia as I 'ave been."



From the Sydney Bulletin.

[June 20, 1891.]

H.R.H.'S RENUNCIATION.

THE OLD UN: "Be good, my dear friend, and you will—miss a lot of fun."



From Moonshine

[August 20, 1891.]

WHILE RUSSIA DOES THE FIDDLING!



From Ariel.]

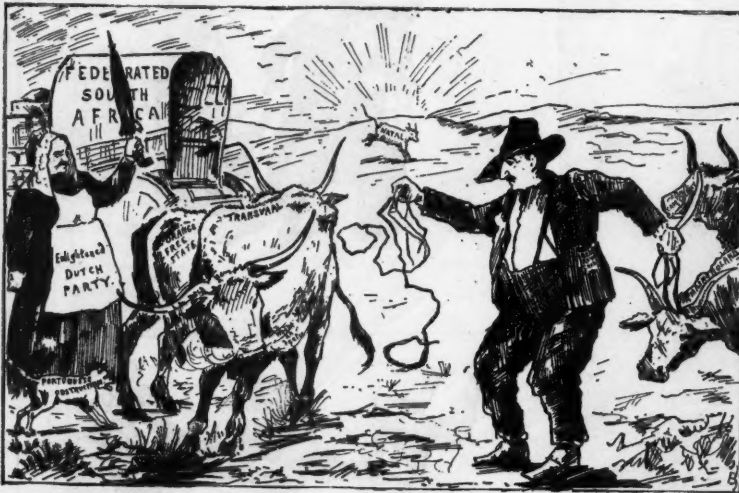
IN DARKEST AFRICA.
Ex Africa semper quid novi.

[August 1, 1891.]



From the Melbourne Punch, June 18, 1891.

"General Booth has started a match factory," says the cable. Why, we thought he always ran one.



From the Cape Illustrated Magazine.]

INSPANNING.

VROUW HOFMEYER: "There's that young bull Natal looped it."

MYNHEER RHODES: "Oh, he'll come round as soon as I inspan these two; but kick that snarling cur away."



A TRANSVAAL PORTRAIT OF LORD R. CHURCHILL.

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NATIVE CHORISTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

I BRIEFLY referred in last month's issue to the South African Choir, who are now visiting this country for the twofold purpose of calling attention to the condition of the Christianised native population of South Africa, and for raising funds for the foundation of a Technical College which will supply industrial training to the aborigines of Cape Colony. A deputation from the Choir came down to Mowbray House to say "Thank you," and report progress. There were four of them: a Basuto, a native of Tembuland, a

Boer, which so fascinates Mr. Froude, Dr. Clark, and others, seems to present itself in quite another guise to those who suffer from its disabilities. My visitors reported that throughout the Cape Colony the race antipathy was much stronger than in this country. They were overwhelmed with gratitude at the unwonted sensation of being treated as human beings on a footing of perfect equality with white men. In Cape Colony they had frequently been denied lodging in any of the boarding-houses of the towns. There is hardly an hotel in the Cape Colony which will open its doors to a coloured man;



From a photograph by

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CHOIR.

[The London Stereoscopic Co.]

Butlapin, and one smart little lad who would be a jewel of a page-boy for any fine lady who wanted a curiosity for her hall. They were accompanied by Mr. Letty, who is managing the party, and we had a very pleasant little gossip together over subjects common to both black and white in our South African Empire. As they are almost the first South African natives who have ever visited this country, they possess more than ordinary interest. Upon one point they are quite unanimous, and that is in preferring the rule of the Englishman to that of the Boer. In the Transvaal, and even in the Free State, they say that the black man is not regarded as a human being. He is denied the right to hold land, is ordered about with kicks and blows, and besides paying rent for permission to live on the land, from which the Boer has dispossessed him, he is compelled to render so much free labour to the Boer that he is unable to cultivate his own crops at the time they most need his care. The benevolent and patriarchal administration of the Transvaal

and even Mr. Letty, who has not a drop of coloured blood in his veins, was sometimes denied shelter because he was travelling with natives. The prejudice against them was least in Cape Town, where they were treated in a much more reasonable manner than in the back country, where the white settler feels bound to put on any amount of "side" in order to hold his own against the encompassing and overwhelming majority of coloured people.

The Choir, after fulfilling several engagements in London, were about to make a tour through England, and before these pages will see the light they will have appeared at Peterborough, Bradford, and other places in the North. Wherever they have gone they have succeeded in creating widespread interest, and have produced a perfectly new sensation, which in itself is no small service to have rendered to the somewhat wearied public of the old country. Their concert, in which, clad in the costume of their ancestors, they go through the native

dance, and "warble their native wood-notes wild," has proved very attractive, and is likely to prove one of the staple features of the coming season in the provinces. On Sunday they attend the ordinary services, habited like Europeans, and their singing attracts larger congregations than the preaching of the most eloquent minister. The damsel who came to see me is an expert linguist, speaking no fewer than four or five languages. The men were interesting and intelligent, one of them especially so. One day he wandered away from their lodgings, and was missing for some time. After some hours, however, he turned up safe and sound, and announced that he had not been able to rest until he had found his way to Paternoster Row and seen with his own eyes the place where our Bibles came from. The same pilgrim had gone off by himself, when the Choir was visiting Dover, to see the battlefield of Hastings, and he was much interested on being shown by the guide the exact spot where King Harold fell pierced by the Norman arrow. What material there is here for a poem, in this woolly-headed, swarthy-skinned Basuto making his pilgrim way to Paternoster Row, and then musing on the battlefield where eight centuries ago our ancestors had fled before the sword of the invader! Since the Jubilee Singers, of Fisk University, Tennessee, there has been no troupe to compare with them in interest, and compared with the South African Choir, the Jubilee Singers are nowhere. It may be mentioned that the proprietors of the Alhambra Music Hall offered the Choir £180 a week if they would consent to take part in the variety entertainments given in that well-known establishment. Considering that each member of the Choir has been trained in the strict Puritanism of the Presbyterian or Wesleyan missionary, it is easy to imagine with what horror the overtures of the music-hall manager were rejected. Mr. Letty, who has the management of the Choir in his own hands, is now travelling in the country, but letters addressed to him at 1, Endeleigh Gardens, London, N.W., will have immediate attention.

"Tell me," I said to the Kaffir maiden, who is black but comely, "tell me what you would like to say to the English people on behalf of your race?" She replied, "I have long wished for a chance to say my thought, and now, behold, it has come. This is what I would say: 'Let us be in Africa even as we are in England. Here we are treated as men and women. Yonder we are but as cattle. But in Africa, as in England, we are human. Can you not make your people at the Cape as kind and just as your people here? That is the first thing and the greatest. But there are still three other things that I would ask. Help us to found the schools for which we pray, where our people could learn to labour, to build, to acquire your skill with their hands. Then could we be sufficient unto ourselves. Our young men would build us houses and lay out our farms, and our tribes would develop independently of the civilisation and industries which you have given us. Thirdly, give our children free education. Fourthly, shut up the canteens, and take away the drink. These four things we ask from the English. Do not say us nay."

Justice, education, and deliverance from the temptation of strong drink: these are all they seek, and of the three, justice is at once the most important and, alas, the most unattainable. For they may as well attempt to carry St. Paul's to the Karoo as to attempt to make the Boer and the English colonist regard the coloured man with the respect that, from Her Majesty downwards, has been everywhere paid in this country to the South African Choir.

WHO WANTS A LIFE?

ONE of my Helpers, a young man of facts and energy, sends me the following remarkable appeal. I shall be glad to receive any communication from any one who, in my correspondent's phrase, "Wants a Life":—

The world sadly wants *men* of thought, sympathy, and action. Though the idea presented by the present writer seems nothing but a gigantic self-advertisement, it is offered in all earnestness and forethought, and selfish considerations are sunk in the desire for the general good. The writer is one who, having long and deeply studied the problems of human life with its lights and deep, deep shades, offers himself for endowment in the service of humanity, one whose pulses are throbbing to aid in a large way in making this earth better and brighter, by combating poverty and sin, sickness and sadness, weariness and misery.

The people's conscience is dawning to its duties as largely responsible for the wellbeing, body as well as soul, of the common brotherhood of humanity. Communities rise or fall together, learned and ignorant, rich and poor. The duties of position and riches are being preached on all sides, and practical Christianity requires much from those to whom have been lent talents. And what are the saints more than the sinners if they do not get more goodness and a firmer footing for their less fortunate brethren out of their trusts?

Hundreds—nay, doubtless, thousands—of poor, desolate men and women—rich in stores of this world's goods, yet *very* poor in that which makes life so endurable, so bright even, to the poorest—are going down to their graves uncomfortable and unmourned, oppressed with an awful sense of the responsibility of their riches and advantages, desiring honestly to *do something* for others, yet deterred by distrust born of bitter disappointment, and justly fearing the common methods of charity and testamentary disposition. Others, it may be, *are* at work, but they sadly see that the work will outlast them, and want someone to take up their task and see it to a successful issue. Or again, some want men—*young*, with arms and heart and brains to do that for the world they themselves have not now the strength, the heart, or the time to do.

But, alas, the men are not to be had, and in default their wishes, ideas, riches—immense possibilities for good—go to waste. Their wishes or ideas are lost to themselves and to the world, and their riches, perhaps either run through in a few years, revert to the Crown, unclaimed and comparatively useless, or goes exclusively to some who have no greater claim to it, possibly less, than "the man in the street."

Here is waste, or folly, or worse.

Seeing and feeling thus, is there not here a field for intelligent men and women to give their lives in the service of others—to fulfil trusts, to complete works of charity or self-sacrifice, to utilise and turn into right channels the best instincts of our age and country? Some perish within sight and sound of deepest sympathy and human kindness, while yet there are—

Beautiful words never spoken,
Whispers of cheer that might save
Hearts drifting, weary and broken,
Down to the night of the grave.

Well, I, for one, offer myself to this work—I, who have served six long, toilsome, studious, lesson-learning and trouble-bearing years to man's estate, and yet am young, enthusiastic, experienced, healthy, not uneducated, possessing something of the insanity of noble minds, unfettered by conventionality in creed or habits, and willing to work hard and long, anywhere, in a cause to which I can give my heart, all the more heartily the wider its sphere or the narrower its reception. *Is this a life worth losing? Dare any one trust the strong man's heart that is offering itself?*

WANTED, A CENSUS OF GHOSTS!

AN APPEAL TO OUR READERS FOR STATISTICS OF HALLUCINATIONS.

I HAVE interviewed most sorts and conditions of men and women in my life, but I have never yet had the pleasure of interviewing a ghost. I spent most of my youth within a mile of one of the most famous haunted houses in the three kingdoms; but in those days I was not ambitious of spiritual acquaintances, and the chance having been lost returns not again. But so many of my friends and acquaintances have seen ghosts of one kind or another, that I feel somewhat solitary in the midst of the world of spectres, and I continue to live in hope that, sooner or later, I may have a *bonâ fide* straightforward interview with a ghost.

GHOSTS AND THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT.

Of course at this time of day it is supremely unscientific not to believe in ghosts. Such incredulity is practically impossible to any one who admits that the unbroken testimony of mankind in all lands and at all times can possess any weight. There is more evidence to establish the reality of ghostly apparitions than there is to convict most of the murderers who are ever hanged; and while it is right and proper to regard every fresh tale of spectral wonder with a wholesome scepticism, the more sceptically you weigh the evidence, and the more rigorously you reject nine-tenths of the tales of the countryside, the more irresistibly you will be driven to the conclusion that the truth of what are called supernatural visitations is as well established as any fact whose occurrence is occasional and intermittent. To reject all the mass of testimony upon which this assertion rests, out of deference to a preconceived theory, is absolutely opposed to the scientific spirit, and is on all fours with the superstition which scouted the true theory of astronomy because it seemed at variance with the popular theory of the universe.

WANTED: FACTS FIRST, THEORIES AFTERWARDS.

Taking it, therefore, as conclusively established that such apparitions do appear, we are still as far off as ever from knowing the laws of their being. In the present condition of our fragmentary and imperfect knowledge of these shadowy and impalpable entities, it is too soon to attempt to formulate any theory of ghosts. Theories of ghosts have done immense mischief. They are at this moment the chief obstacle in the way of the calm scientific investigation of a mass of intensely interesting but very obscure phenomena, which of all others demand examination in the calm clear light of impartial reason. Hence the first duty of the inquirer is resolutely to put out of his head all questions as to theories, and confine himself strictly and judiciously to the collection and observation of facts. Afterwards, when a sufficient number of facts are collected, collated, and compared, we shall have the foundation upon which to construct some working hypothesis which may pave the way to the discovery of the true theory of ghosts. This is the principle on which the Psychical Research Society has for several years pursued its most interesting labours; and while we seem to be as far off as possible from the elaboration of a scientific theory of ghosts, the Society has at least succeeded in establishing beyond all gainsaying—first, that

apparitions really appear, and, secondly, that they are at least as often apparitions of persons living at a distance from the place where the apparition is observed as they are apparitions of those who have died.

LATENT POSSIBILITIES IN MAN.

This discovery of the reality of what the Society calls Phantasms of the Living opens up such a fascinating field of inquiry, fraught with such awe-inspiring suggestions as to the nature and latent possibilities of human beings, as to occasion some marvel that the subject has not become a universal topic of discussion and of speculation. For while there may be some degree of creepiness about all discussion concerning the ghosts of the dead, there can be no nervousness about the ghosts of the living. If Mr. Smith at Madras can be proved to have appeared in actual bodily shape before Mr. Jones in his counting-house in Leadenhall Street, who can say to what development this latent capacity of the Ego may not attain if it is frankly recognised and intelligently cultivated? There may be here the clue to almost inconceivable triumphs of mind over matter, time and space. These fitful apparitions may be to the development of the faculty to which they are due what the lifting of the kettle-lid, which set Watt a thinking, was to the steam-engine. The fact can be no longer disputed by reasonable men. Let us, then, collect and observe facts which will help us to discover the law of the fact.

THE FEAR OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

It will be well at once to dismiss as misleading and confusing the term supernatural as applied to these apparitions. The savage who, when he first saw fire, declared that it was a god who bit those who touched it, constructed for himself a theory which was of all others most calculated to prevent him ascertaining the real nature of fire. It frightened him; and fear is one of the most disturbing influences that can affect the mind. It had a tendency to keep him at a distance, and to excite in him that sentiment of veneration and awe which would have for ever prevented the profanation of the use of a lucifer. As there is nothing sacred to a sapper, so there is nothing in the shape of phenomena that is sacred to the investigator in the sense of being tabooed as too holy for careful handling and vigilant examination. As long as men and women cannot rid themselves of the preconceived idea that any apparition is necessarily the spirit or soul of some defunct person, it is vain trying to get them to observe it coolly or examine it critically. Ghosts, like other things in this world, must bear looking at, and if they revisit the pale glimpses of the moon in these later days, they must take the chance of being subjected to all the methods of the scientific period.

AN APPEAL TO THE READER.

This being so, I want to help the Psychical Research Society in their most useful and suggestive inquiries, and to that end I make an appeal to the half-million readers whose eyes will fall upon this page in all parts of the habitable world. Will you help those who are patiently

accumulating and sifting evidence on this vast and abstruse subject, by taking the trouble to write out and to send in to me, with such verification as is possible, in the shape of exact names, places, dates, and whatever confirmatory evidence there may be available, of any apparition known to you, which has not yet, so far as you know, been recorded in the Reports of the Psychical Research Society? In cases where the facts have been published, the reference to any accessible publication would suffice. But when the phenomena have never been recorded, it will be well to write it in full and send it in to "REVIEW OF REVIEWS, London," marked *Ghosts*.

HOW TO REPORT A GHOST STORY.

For the guidance of those who may be willing to assist the work of the Society by collecting and preparing evidence on such spontaneous phenomena as phantasms of the living and dead, disturbances in haunted houses, clairvoyance, provisions and premonitions, the Council of the Psychical Research Society offer the following suggestions:—

(1) A written statement, dated and signed with the full name (not necessarily for publication) should be procured from the actual witness; or each of them, where more than one shared the experience. In the latter case it is important that, where possible, the several accounts should be written without previous consultation.

(2) Similar statements should be obtained from all persons in a position to give corroborative evidence, either as (a) having been present at the time of the experience, or (b) as having been told of it shortly afterwards, or (c) as having been witness to any unusual effect produced on the percipient by the experience. Where contemporary documentary evidence is in existence, in the shape of letters, diaries, notebooks, etc., it is important that this should at least be referred to; and we should be grateful for an opportunity of seeing the actual documents.

(3) It is further requested that all dates and other details may be given as accurately as possible; and that, where the experience relates to a death, the full name of the deceased may be given, together with that of the locality in which he died, in order that the occurrence of the death as stated may be independently verified.

(4) Lastly, in all cases where the percipient has experienced some unusual affection—such as a sensory hallucination, vivid dream, or marked emotion—he should be requested to state whether he has had any similar experience on any other occasion, whether coincidental or not.

Hallucination in this connection, it should be understood, signifies any impression made on the senses which was not due to any external physical cause.

Intending informants should in all cases be assured that no name or other particulars will be published without the express permission of the persons concerned.

THE CENSUS OF HALLUCINATIONS.

At the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, which met in Paris in 1889, it was resolved to collect as widely as possible answers to the following question:—

Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing, or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?

For the general purposes of the census, negative answers are required as much as affirmative ones, since one object is to ascertain approximately what proportion of persons have the experiences described. Another object is to obtain details as to the experiences, with a view to examining into their cause and meaning.

These experiences are what psychologists would call casual hallucinations of sane persons, but it is desired to

include in the census phantasmal appearances which many people would deny to be hallucinations because they believe them to represent spiritual realities.

The inquiry in England has been entrusted to Professor Sidgwick, of Cambridge, who is anxious to obtain as many answers as possible before making his report to the next meeting of the Congress, which will take place in London in August, 1892. He will be very glad if any one willing to assist him by putting the question to twenty-five friends and acquaintances will send him his or her name and address, when the necessary forms, with instructions to collectors, will be forwarded.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Having taken up this subject, I do not mean to abandon it with the mere publication of this appeal. I am now busily engaged in preparing the Christmas extra number of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, which, with the exception of the necessary notices of Christmas literature, will be devoted to the publication of real ghost stories.

Of these there is already good store, but with the kind assistance of my readers, I hope to make that Christmas number one of the most interesting, as well as one of the most suggestive and useful, that has ever issued from the press.

I like to think of the innumerable readers of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* as constituting, in a very real sense, a vast, world-wide Association of Helpers, to most of whom life is more interesting and more alive because of the monthly appearance of this familiar visitor.

What the readers of this *REVIEW* don't know—if only we could pool all their knowledge—is not worth knowing; and if amongst them there are not many who have seen beyond all doubt an authentic apparition, then all the data hitherto collected on this subject are misleading. I had almost abandoned the hope of ever interviewing a ghost. The possibility of appealing to my readers has, however, revived the expectation that I may some day be privileged to meet a phantasm of the living or the dead face to face. In the meantime, next to seeing a ghost yourself is hearing at first hand from those who have had the opportunity hitherto denied to me, and I earnestly appeal to all such to send me as promptly as possible carefully authenticated narratives of their experience.

A Money-making Dream.—Somewhere in the last century, says a writer in the *Strand Magazine*, a Bristol mechanic named Watts, who was employed in cutting up strips of lead into small pieces for the purpose of shot, is said to have imbibed a little too freely. He went to bed in a muddled state, and as is, we should imagine, not improbable, dreamt various dreams. Having taken too much strong drink and too little water, he would naturally conjure up visions of the only ale with which Adam was acquainted. He saw it rain heavily, and as he watched, to his surprise the rain became lead, and the earth was covered with shot. Awaking to his sound senses, Watts is pictured dwelling on his dream until he came to believe there was something in it. He determined to make an experiment, and proceeded forthwith to the tower of St. Mary Redcliff in Bristol. He is said to have proved the correctness of the idea of the dream. Shot could best be made by dropping the lead from a great height. Watts by this discovery made, according to the chronicler, £10,000.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WALSALL ELECTION.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.



ALDERMAN E. T. HOLDEN, M.P.

(From a photo. by Mr. J. A. Draycott.)

has, however, not been told by either. The facts are as follows:—

Walsall is one of the few Liberal constituencies which were not contested in 1886. In 1885 the Liberal majority was 1,677. In 1886 Sir Charles Forster was permitted to retain his seat without a contest. Last month the Liberals returned Mr. Holden, but their majority was only 538, showing a falling off in the Liberal majority of 1,139. Hence great jubilation on the part of the Unionists, which is not altogether without justification.

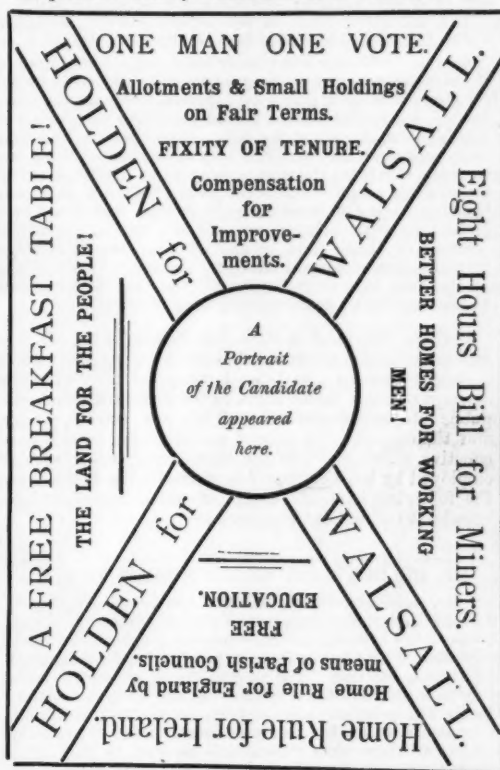
The first cause of this falling away from the Liberal high-water mark of 1885 is simple and obvious. Walsall was not contested in 1886. No constituency which votes on Home Rule for the first time ever polls up to the 1885 standard. It seems necessary that every constituency should show a Liberal decrease on the first occasion it votes on Home Rule. It is the second election that shows a reversion to the figures of 1885. This rule is almost universal, and Walsall was no exception.

The second cause, which is equally potent, is the fact that in the Midlands, in Birmingham, and in the area within which the Birmingham papers have the field to themselves, Liberalism is at a disadvantage, from which it is not likely to recover until there is a Liberal paper in the field. As long as the Birmingham district is served solely by Unionist journalists, so long will it fail to show any reversion to the figures of 1885.

A third cause is to be found in the fact that Walsall, in 1885, voted for Sir Charles Forster, not so much because he was a Liberal as because he had become in the course of years a kind of established institution. The personal element dominated the political. The Liberals profited by that in 1885, the Unionists in 1891.

To these general causes must be added local considerations upon which I have the advantage of a series of careful and interesting reports from my Helper in Walsall, who has kept me informed of every phase in the election. My Helper, although a stout Liberal, who worked energetically for his party, is yet too true to the Association of Helpers to allow his party predilections to blind him to the facts. From his reports I extract the following passages, which may be read with profit by the leaders of both parties. First, as to the issues on which the election turned. On this point our Helper is quite positive. The election, so far as the electors are concerned, did

not turn upon Home Rule, but almost entirely upon personal questions. The following electioneering card issued by the Liberal candidate illustrates pretty clearly the position held by Home Rule in the contest:—



On the reverse of the card was printed—

The poor man's tea pays threepence in the shilling for taxation.

The rich man's tea pays a penny in the shilling for taxation!

The poor man's tobacco pays tenpence-halfpenny in the shilling for taxation.

The rich man's cigars pay a halfpenny in the shilling for taxation!

A shilling's worth of cheap beer pays threepence in taxation!

A shilling's worth of champagne pays a penny in taxation! Landlords get sixty-one millions per year from agricultural land!

The average wages of the labourers who till the land are 12s. a week!

Does any working man suppose he will help to right these wrongs except by voting Liberal?

On the Tory side the whole brunt of the attack was directed against the Liberal candidate, who, having been an active local public man, had of course his enemies, and

was assailed most unsparingly on purely personal grounds. Our Helper writes:—

Politics proper were a very small factor in the contest. Home Rule, except as regards the Irish vote (which may be reckoned at 500) was a still less important factor, in spite of what may have been said or written on either side.

The "Unionists" proper in the borough, although we heard a great deal about them during the election, do not amount to more than fifty at the outside, and they had *nothing whatever* to do with the great decrease in the Liberal majority.

The undoubted cause of the reduction is that *Walsall is not so Liberal as people have been accustomed to regard it.*

Sir Charles Forster was greatly respected and honoured by the constituency, and so long as he remained people voted for him, not because they were Liberals, or because he was a Liberal, but simply because he had been their member for so long, and out of respect for him. Now that he is no more many people felt they were at liberty to vote as they liked, and therefore supported the most popular man. The truth is that the Walsall people, take them as a whole, are politically ignorant. Many of them have no politics, and do not even understand what politics are. All the talk of the Liberal speakers on Home Rule, or the various other items of the Liberal programme, was literally thrown away. Personalities on the Tory side went far further than all the arguments which the Liberals could and did bring forward.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in the election was the evidence which it afforded of the mischief which is being done to the Liberal cause by the impudent attempt of Sir Charles Dilke to thrust himself back into public life, in defiance alike of his own solemn pledges and the disgust of all decent people. One of the most effective, although one of the most unscrupulous, methods employed by the Tory party to discredit Mr. Holden was the following hand-bill, copies of which were circulated broadcast throughout the town:—

MR. HOLDEN'S INSULT TO NONCONFORMISTS.

Mr. Holden has openly insulted the Nonconformists of Walsall. Nonconformists at all their annual congressional assemblies have emphatically protested against the readmission of Sir Charles Dilke to public life; have declared it impossible that Christian men should consent to associate with him. Quite recently, at the Wesleyan conference, the president laid emphasis on the fact that while "public morality has been prominently before the country of late," there were "thousands resolved to put moral questions high above party." Mr. Holden is determined, so far as he dare, to prostitute politics by the introduction of a man utterly condemned in public estimation as supremely immoral—Sir Charles Dilke. He is too shrewd to place the name of Sir Charles on his placards, or engage him to speak at any of his big meetings; but, with his sanction, Sir Charles Dilke is holding informal meetings with the miners at Bloxwich, is staying at the principal hotel in the town, and has been brought to Walsall to try to catch a few miners' votes. NONCONFORMIST.

VOTE FOR FRANK JAMES,
"The Popular Candidate."

On this point our Helper reports as follows:—

Sir Charles Dilke had had an engagement of six months' standing to address the miners at Pelsall, three miles from Walsall, and outside of the Parliamentary borough. This engagement Mr. Holden or the local Liberals knew nothing about till the morning after his visit, when they saw the report of the meeting in the papers, and the only ground for the serious charge made by the Tories that Mr. Holden had invoked Sir Charles Dilke's assistance among the miners was

that, as was natural, some of the speakers at the meeting urged those of the Walsall election present to support Mr. Holden, as pledged to the eight hours' day for miners. All the rest of the *Walsall Gazette's* charges are sheer falsehoods. I can state on the very best authority that Sir Charles Dilke had no communication whatever with Mr. Holden or his agents. He did not stay in the town at all, and as far as any one to whom I have spoken knows, he was not even *seen* in the town. The matter was mentioned at the executive meeting on the morning that the charge appeared, and satisfactorily explained as above, and had there been the slightest truth in it, there were many on the committee (including two or three Nonconformist ministers), who, like myself, feel very strongly on this matter, who would have demanded that the Liberal candidate should have purged himself from any connection with Sir Charles Dilke on pain of losing our support.

The moral of this is that if the Liberal leaders wish to prevent their cause being tainted by this sinister influence they will urge Sir Charles Dilke not to come within fifty miles of any constituency in which a contest is going on for at least three weeks before the polling day.

Both the candidates replied to all the questions submitted to them by our Helper on behalf of our Association. It is noteworthy that both candidates declared themselves in favour of a Bill subjecting convicted adulterers to the same political disqualifications as fraudulent bankrupts.

The following is a brief analysis of their answers:—

Mr. Holden accepted the whole programme with only two limitations. As to the removal of the Irish members, he said, "I am in favour of Home Rule which should not impair the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament." He also demurred to the proposed establishment of municipal club-houses for social intercourse as a substitute for the taproom or the bar parlour. He thinks that the time is not ripe for this. To every other proposal he assents—the Irish Land question being struck out, as the Land Act has just been passed.

Mr. James, the Conservative candidate, is less satisfactory in his answer. He is opposed to the extension of full citizenship to women which Mr. Holden supports. He is only in favour of penny postage throughout the English-speaking world, if it can be carried without loss to the revenue. As to the opium question, he thinks the Chinese Government should prohibit the importation of poison from anywhere. He would reduce the representation of Ireland in the House of Commons. He opposes free meals for destitute scholars; thinks a six-days week law unnecessary, and evades the question as to the proposed Royal Commission to inquire into the means of promoting the civilisation of the common people. As to poor-law reform, all that he says is, "I am of opinion that a scheme for insurance or self-help can be formulated, by which every one would become entitled to a weekly allowance, not parish relief. I have long advocated some scheme of this sort in connection with friendly societies. I think, as a rule, every one should justify the necessity of his own existence."

With which enigmatical sentence I take leave of Mr. James.

The moral of Walsall is clear: (1.) Every seat should be contested at every election. The unopposed return of members leads to political lethargy. (2.) The Midlands must have a Liberal paper if they are to be kept or won back for the Liberal party; and (3) the political education of Walsall should be vigorously taken in hand this winter. The Liberal Magic Lantern Mission could not find a more prosperous field.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE CAUSE OF THE NEXT GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

A PROPHECY BY M. DE BLOWITZ.

IN *Harper's Magazine* for September there is a remarkable article entitled "Germany, France, and General European Politics," by the *Times* correspondent in Paris. M. de Blowitz begins by telling us that he is not going to prophesy, and finishes by making a very remarkable prophecy, which, whether correct or not, is at least interesting, and has much plausibility about it.

WHY FRANCE HATES GERMANY.

M. de Blowitz tells us, what is undoubtedly true, that the open sore between France and Germany is not Alsace-Lorraine. If Germany were to give back Alsace to-morrow, France would hate her all the same, and still be determined to revenge the overthrow of 1870. But it is not in that direction that war will break out. Germany will not make war, because she has nothing to gain and everything to lose; and France will not make war because, victorious or vanquished, the Republic would disappear. From what quarter, then, must we look for the great European war which all anticipate but which may be indefinitely postponed?

AUSTRIA THE DANGER POINT.

M. de Blowitz answers his own question by asserting that the lawless love of Prince Rudolph, which hurried him into suicide, was the final act which made inevitable the coming war. The Emperor Franz Joseph is only sixty-one, and he may live some time. When he goes he will be succeeded by a man who seems to have been created for the express purpose of destroying the empire. M. de Blowitz says—

Francis Joseph has a brother, Charles Louis, who is the father of Francis Ferdinand Charles Louis

Mary of Este, now considered presumptive heir of the Austro-Hungarian throne. Francis Ferdinand is twenty-eight years of age. He is unmarried. He is not known to have any friend of either sex. He is almost always seen alone. He has the long wan face of the Hapsburgs, sheepish, and without character; a leaden eye, a thin and expressionless mouth, a slow and tired gait. His physiognomy is at once timid, sly, and malicious. He hunts, he rides, he drives a four-in-hand, and that is about all he does. He is one of the most ignorant princes of the day. He can scarcely write even German; he writes meagre and worse than ordinary French; he has never been able to speak a word of English; and he is ignorant of all the various languages spoken on the soil of Austria. At eighteen, when he was emancipated, and when his professors bade him adieu, he burnt all his books, vowing that he would never touch another book in all his life, and he has so far kept his word. While in garrison at Linz one day, after a hearty lunch, he galloped across the fields, followed by a few officers who had been his guests. On the way he met a coffin carried by

four peasants. He ordered it to be set on the ground, and made his horse leap over it, indulging in this horrible steeplechase in the presence of the bereaved family. The Bishop of Linz was angry, and went to complain to the Emperor. The latter sent for his nephew, struck him, and fined him 2,000 florins for the benefit of the outraged family, and the same sum for the Church, and banished him from court for twelve months.

A PAIR OF BROTHER BRUTES.

He was then eighteen. His brother Otho, who is younger than Ferdinand, but already married, is even worse. He, too, following the example of his elder brother, burnt his books at eighteen, vowing not to touch them again, and he too has kept his word. Of Otho this story is told: After a dinner, followed by the officers of his regiment, he wanted to enter the room where his wife was in bed to have tea made there. The commandant of the town objected to this unmannerly invitation. Otho complained. The Emperor approved the general. Thereupon Otho seized a dish of spinach and poured it over the bust of the Emperor which was in his dining-room. Summoned before the Emperor, he received the same treatment as his brother—the Emperor struck him, and banished him from court.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

Such are the two brothers, the elder of whom is to ascend the throne of the Hapsburgs, while the younger stands next in succession. I will not dwell on the anecdotes just related, notwithstanding their perfect accuracy. The Archduke Charles Louis, the father of these princes, has had three wives. He had no children by the first. By the second, Maria Annonciata, Bourbon of the Two Sicilies, he had three sons, Francis Ferdinand and Otho, already spoken of, and Ferdinand Charles, who at twenty-three is superior to the others, but has no prospect of the succession, Otho having already a son four years old. By his third marriage, with Maria Theresa, Duchess of

Braganza, Charles Louis has two sons. This Maria Theresa has been anything but a good step-mother to the second wife's children. She is ambitious, and since the Crown Prince's death she dreams of the throne, and makes no secret of it. Her husband is a bigoted Russophile, two centuries behind his age, and the only maxim which he inculcated in his sons was this:—"Middle-class morality does not apply to you; you need take no account of it; the only opinion which you have to study is that of your family."

Attempts have been made recently to give Francis Ferdinand the demeanour of an heir to the crown; but his nature, refractory to all constraint, disheartens the most persevering; and the Emperor Francis Joseph, who tried to educate him politically, after a year's heroic persistency had to abandon the task.

PUPILS OF THE JESUITS.

In the face of these nullities, antipathetic and apathetic, ignorant and retrograde, unpopular and scornful, incapable and haughty, imagine this Austro-Hungarian Empire, a



PRINCE FRANCIS FERDINAND.

mosaic of eighteen or twenty provinces, districts, kingdoms or duchies, in which one hostile race elbows another—Magyar and Czech, Transylvanian and Carinthian, Illyrian and Tyrolian, German and Croatian—differing more widely than the poles in aspect, manners, habits, and language—and you will be able to form an idea of the outburst which will be imminent the day when Francis Joseph, the only now recognised symbol of unity, who ascended the throne at the eleventh hour of feudalism, shall have disappeared from this confusedly composed monarchy.

Finally, it may be added, these three princes were educated by the Jesuits. In such conditions—namely, Jesuit education, paternal precepts such as the one just quoted, the harsh treatment of a step-mother, and the influence of an extremely Russophil father—were these three young men brought up, and developed into princes who would make even the firmest throne totter; and yet these are the princes who will be called upon to maintain a throne which for forty years has been threatening to collapse amid a general break-up of the empire.

Is it not evident that Russia, Germany, and Italy will immediately constitute a formidable band and league for dividing among themselves the spoils of the Hapsburgs?

LET GERMANY SEIZE ARGENTINA.

A SCANDALOUS PROPOSAL BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

UNDER the title "Possibilities" the Marquis of Lorne publishes an article in the *Deutsche Revue* for September which Britons will read with amazement not altogether unmixed with indignation. It is hardly the duty of the son-in-law of our Queen, an ex-Governor-General of Canada, to go out of his way to spur the Germans into a policy of annexation, aimed avowedly at the seizure of territory which must inevitably gravitate into the hands of the English-speaking peoples. The Marquis of Lorne, not satisfied with the trouble and danger entailed upon us by the recent awakening of German colonial ambitions, devotes the greater part of his article to an attempt to goad the Germans into further efforts in the same direction.

GERMANS ABROAD CEASE TO BE GERMANS.

Here is the way in which he addresses himself to this mischievous task:—

Is it not surprising that the German nation, which has colonised half of the world, does not possess any colonies worthy of the name? Does it not sound something of a paradox when one considers this fact? On the whole east coast of England and Scotland the population is so Germanised by the mixture with Saxon blood that to-day many words and whole phrases are still in use just as they were brought over by the Angles and Saxons, and as they have been in use in Germany ever since that time. And our Anglo-Saxon language is now the language of intercourse for some 120 millions of persons who are scattered over the whole world, but of all this English-speaking territory not a single acre belongs to the German Fatherland. The Germans themselves are scattered about all over the United States. There are places there in which the Germans are so numerous that one may speak of German cities; but their descendants in the second or third generation speak nothing purely historical fact without practical value, and for which but English. Nay, more. As long as the German is at home he prefers to live under an energetic leader, to whom he gives every possible respect. How is it now that the Germans, when they emigrate from Fatherland, never take a leader with them, and that they prefer to leave their beloved officials quietly at home? All this is extraordinary and difficult to explain. As soon as the Germans turn their backs on their old country, their old governments, and their old officialdom, they go under as Germans.

THE FAILURE OF GERMAN COLONISATION.

This may, perhaps, be deplored by a German, but surely it is a consummation devoutly to be desired by

every English-speaking man. This apparently is not Lord Lorne's opinion:—

I am quite certain that the German Empire is still capable of acquiring fame and advantage by its conquests, warlike or diplomatic. If other nations can protect their traders with the force of arms, and send soldiers after the advancing merchant, till a new country has been added to the empire, Germany can do the same. But where? it will be asked. Where can such an attack be made with success and with honour? Can the colonies in New Guinea be further extended? Yes, if nothing more than disappointment is wanted. Or in Africa? There is nothing there but fever, midgets, and Portuguese. Or in the southern seas? There you would clash too much with your jealous cousins, and half a hundred South Sea Heligolands would not suffice to calm the rising wrath. Where then?

WHY NOT SEIZE THE ARGENTINE?

There is a country—which after recent events cannot easily be forgotten—the one country in which there is nothing but men to despise, the one country in which many citizens live who are not only of your blood, but who will also help you to cast your little crown, as our heralds say when a new throne is to be mounted. Yes, there is a country, of whose needs in every department of administration and finance we have heard enough lately, a country whose climate is pleasant and healthy, whose people have no self-consciousness and no eternal unity, and whose welfare depends on a foreign Power preventing them from knocking off each other's heads every few years, a pleasure they always take whenever they are left to themselves. There is a country with a beautiful capital, a splendid harbour, a good soil, in which everything is excellent except the government. This country—which only requires a European Protectorate to bring into it the long-desired order, and to make it an Eldorado—is Argentina. Here German rule, established in the form of a Protectorate or in any other form, would be welcome, because it would be capable of helping the country out of its distress. Now, I will be told that for that object it is too soon for Germany, and that we should of necessity be involved in a war; that it is work for volunteers, but not for the Empire, and so on; and that it is all good and beautiful, but then it is to be regretted if the Germans have not the means to enter upon the work to their advantage. One day another Power will come and do what must one time be done there, and the Germans at home, as well as our solitary friend on the Kilima-Njaro, will be angry; but then it will be too late.

Before a German flag is hoisted at Buenos Ayres, both England and the United States would have to be heard. And when they put their foot down the German flag would not go up.

In curious contrast to this article by the Marquis of Lorne in the *Deutsche Revue*, there is his brief paper, entitled "The British in East Africa," in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, the gist and object of which is to urge the English to exert themselves diligently in supporting the British East African Company for the sake of East Africa. More than four thousand slaves have been freed by the East African Company in eighteen months, and he asks whether it is manly or just to throw obstacles in the way of the regeneration and improvement of the natives among whom we have already established the *pax Britannica*. Lord Lorne says:—

The British Africa that will give our people another market for their goods will extend, for the purposes of commerce, from the Cape to Alexandria, from Zanzibar and Mombassa to the settlements at the mouth of the Congo. It will not be all under our flag; but our flag will fly on a continuous series of stations from south to north, whether our friends like the prospect or not, before another generation has come and gone.

FIRST STEPS TO ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNITY.

A SUGGESTION BY MR. CARNEGIE.

OF all the articles that are published in this month's magazines, the most helpful and hopeful is that which Mr. Andrew Carnegie contributes to the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "An American View of Imperial Federation." Mr. Carnegie's paper consists of two parts. The first part, in which he attacks the programme of the Empire Trade League and generally vindicates the policy of unrestricted free trade for England, although clearly and forcibly written, is not the part of the paper that will do most good. The important part is the latter half, with which we are glad to find ourselves in very hearty concurrence.

A WIDER IDEAL THAN THE EMPIRE.

Mr. Carnegie objects to Imperial Federation on the very natural and sufficient grounds that the unity of the English-speaking races is a much higher and better ideal than that of the Imperial Federation of Great Britain and her colonies. In other words, Mr. Carnegie states, with his customary courage and lucidity, the great truth that—as we are accustomed to phrase it—very little will be done until the mischief that followed from the obstinacy of George III. has been counteracted by the establishment of an alliance between England and the United States. The English-speaking people outside the United Kingdom and the United States only number eleven millions, whereas the United States added twelve and a half millions to its population in the last ten years. Mr. Carnegie calculates that the child is born who will see more than four hundred million English-speaking people in the United States. Therefore any proposal to unite the English-speaking peoples which leaves the United States out is to attempt to play "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out.

What kind of federation is that which leaves the Republic out? There is no obstacle to forming any tie with the Republic that can possibly be formed with the Commonwealth of Australia or the Dominion of Canada.

A RACE ALLIANCE.

Mr. Carnegie therefore asks all Imperial Federationists to consider some of the ideas that have been forced upon him from his study of the question. The first of these ideas is that Imperial Federation and Empire Trade Leagues should give place to Race Alliances, the only test being "if Shakespeare's tongue be spoken there, and songs of Burns still rend the air." Secondly, Mr. Carnegie thinks—and from this, of course, we shall all dissent heartily—that the parent land should urge her colonies to declare their independence. He thinks that we can do much to hasten the union of Canada with the United States by constantly reminding the Dominion of the union between England and Scotland and the happy results that have arisen therefrom. Thirdly—and here Mr. Carnegie is quite right—it would be well if English people would not continue to speak and act as if any State that did not adopt a policy of free trade was a fitting subject for an inquiry in lunacy. Fourthly, everything should be done to promote the assimilation of the political institutions of all English-speaking countries. That is to say, the nations enjoying the same language, literature, religion and laws, should also have the harmonising blessings of common political institutions.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Having thus cleared the ground, Mr. Carnegie proceeds to explain how he would give practical effect to the movement for the confederation of all the nations that have sprung from the race nurtured in these isles.

The first fruits of this movement would probably be seen

in the appointment, by the various nations of our race, of international commissions, charged with creating a system of weights, measures, and coins, of port dues, patents, and other matters of similar character which are of common interest. If there be a question upon which all authorities are agreed, it is the desirability of introducing the decimal system of weights, measures, and coins; but an international commission seems the only agency capable of bringing it about.

CANADA THE LINK.

After this stage has been reached, and Mr. Carnegie curiously enough, fails to insist upon the obvious point in his own favour that would be supplied by the merging of Canada in the United States, he sees clearly enough that it would remove a barrier, but he does not see that it would necessitate the establishment of a closer tie. Canada has grown up as part and parcel of the British system. Its law courts look up, not to Washington but to London, and when the shifting of allegiance comes, there will be endless chaos unless some court common to both countries can be established that will harmonise the difficulties that would otherwise be almost insuperable. Although he ignores this aspect of the case, Mr. Carnegie is fully alive to the necessity of establishing such a court on general grounds. War between English-speaking countries would now be regarded as fratricidal civil war, and therefore not to be thought of.

WANTED: A SUPREME COURT.

From this point Mr. Carnegie goes on as follows:—

Is it too much to hope that after this stage has been reached and occupied successfully for a period, another step forward would be taken, and that, having jointly banished war, a general council should be evolved by the English-speaking nations, to which may at first only be referred all questions of dispute between them? This would only be making a permanent body to settle all differences instead of selecting arbiters as required—not at all a serious advance—and yet it should be the germ from which great fruits should grow.

The Supreme Court of the United States is extolled by the statesmen of all parties in Britain, and has just received the compliment of being copied in the plan for the Australian Commonwealth. Building upon it, may we not expect that a still higher Supreme Court is one day to come which shall judge between the nations of the entire English-speaking race, as the Supreme Court at Washington already judges between States which contain the majority of the race?

The powers and duties of such a council once established may be safely trusted to increase; to its final influence over the race, and, through the race, over the world, no limit can be set; in the dim future it might even come that the pride of the citizen in the race as a whole would exceed that which he had in any part thereof; as the citizen of the Republic to-day is prouder of being an American than he is of being a native of any State in the Union.

A SECURITY FOR FUTURE PEACE.

This is a far look ahead, but Mr. Carnegie looks farther and sees in the federated English speakers a power that will be able to veto war throughout the world. Ours is the only race that is soon to become so much stronger than any other race or possible combination of races as if united to be omnipotent upon the earth. Mr. Carnegie's article concludes by declaring that—

Each member must be free to manage his own home as he thinks proper, without incurring hostile criticism or parental interference. All must be equal. Allies—not dependents.

But however numerous the children, there can never be but one mother of the English-speaking nations, and that mother, the great, honoured, and beloved by all her offspring, is: "This sceptred isle, my native island: God bless her."

HOW LARGE A MAJORITY SHALL I GET?

A CALCULATION BY MR. GLADSTONE.

In "Electoral Facts—No. III," Mr. Gladstone discusses the question of what will be the Home Rule majority in the next House of Commons from the data supplied by the by-elections of this Parliament. He reminds us that in November, 1878, on similar data he calculated that the Liberal majority of 1880 would be from 56 to 76. When the election came, it was proved that he had underestimated his majority, which rose to 115. Without claiming that he has underestimated his figures as much to-day, he subjects the 89 by-elections that have taken place in the present Parliament to four different methods by which their political significance can be estimated. These methods are all applied to Great Britain alone. The first is by comparing results of the by-elections solely with the results of the elections of 1886 in the same constituencies. By this method the Liberal majority for Great Britain in 1892 will be 46. By another computation on the same basis, by getting rid of the inconvenient fraction he raises the figure to 53. But by a third method, in which the standard of comparison is the result in these constituencies arrived at in the general election of 1885 he fixes the probable British majority at 85. His fourth criterion is the aggregate superiority at the polls which would bring the figures of the probable majority up to 97. To this solid working majority, varying from 46 to 97 in England, Scotland, and Wales, must be added the certain Home Rule majority in Ireland. At present that majority is 67, but supposing only a net 50 in the representation of Ireland, then the Home Rule majority in the next Parliament will be 96 or 147. Mr. Gladstone, of course, goes into particulars with his figures, and any one who demurs to the justice of his conclusions will find that he has his work set to answer them. For my own part, seeing the condition of the Midlands, and the fact that many constituencies were not contested in 1886, it would be unsafe to predict that the Liberal majority in 1892 will be much over 120 votes, but that it will be over 100, supposing that Mr. Gladstone lives, and that the baneful shadow of Sir William Harcourt is kept well out of sight, is about as certain as any electoral prophecy that has ever been made.

Mr. Gladstone's figures are worth while quoting. The total number of bye-elections from the end of August, 1886, to the end of August this year, excluding Lewisham, the result of which Mr. Gladstone did not receive in time, is 123—25 of which occurred in Ireland, and in nine of the constituencies there were two by-elections. This leaves Mr. Gladstone 89 constituencies which in 1886 returned 62 Unionists and 27 Home Rulers; in 1886, 45 were Liberal and 44 Tory. The result of the by-elections has been to bring back exactly to the figures of 1885, that is to say, the 62 Unionists have fallen to 44 and the 27 Home Rulers have increased to 45. Ministers, therefore, have lost two-sevenths of their seats in Great Britain since the general election. As they hold 389 seats altogether, they stand to lose, if the analogy of the by-elections holds good, at the general election, 107 seats, which will give the Liberals a majority of 46. Mr. Gladstone's second method of calculating is based on the rule of three sum. If 89 seats give the

Liberals a gain of 18, how much will the 567 give them? Answer, 114; in that case the Liberals will have a majority of 53. Mr. Gladstone's method of calculating from the total polls is somewhat curious. The aggregate polled by the Unionists in 1886 was 75,182—this gives them a majority of 175; the Liberals on the 89 elections had a majority of 10,916 votes. If the electors poll at the General Election as they have polled at the by-elections all down the line, instead of there being a majority of 75,000 for the Unionists, there will be a majority of 68,501 for the Liberals. If a majority of 75,182 gives the Tories a majority of 175, what will the majority of 68,501 give to the Liberals? Answer, according to the rule of three sum, 157. Mr. Gladstone, however, thinks that there will be a total of 63 uncontested seats for the Unionists at the General Election. Deducting these 63 seats from the Liberal majority of 157, he arrives at his majority of 97. Mr. Gladstone claims that each of his calculations is like a separate strand of a rope—no one singly may be able to bear the stress, but when taken as a whole they come as near to demonstration as the subject matter will allow.

MODELS AND COSTUMES.

In the *Art Amateur*, an American magazine devoted to art in the household, and published in London also by Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Co., there is an interesting chat on "Models and Costumes." According to Mr. Lamarche—

Artists living in cities or towns where it is impossible to obtain costumes that have been worn, and are not only correct in cut, but toned down and mellowed in colour by exposure to sun and air, should, before they paint them to represent the garments of the poor, put them on a dummy and set them in the sun, out of doors if possible. If they have no dummy, they can hang them in the sun; but in this way the draperies are more apt to fade in streaks, and not in the way they would if worn. The dummy is the best plan, as no free-born American or transplanted Hans or Bridget will put on a peasant's dress and fade it for you while he or she is hanging out clothes or weeding your flower beds.

On the other hand, Mr. J. G. Brown, in his careful study of the American gamin, has triumphed over the matter of costume, and in making his boys so much more interesting than their clothes, has become the recognised interpreter of one of the national types of the lower stratum. When asked how he got his subjects, he said he had to go out in the streets and look for them.

I find the most of them on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirty-second Street. When you have picked out your boy you don't always get him. Sometimes when you broach your business, he puts his thumb to the end of his nose, wags the fingers and jocosely remarks that you can't come that on him. When you tell him you will pay him a dollar a day for his services, he answers knowingly, "What er you givin' me?"

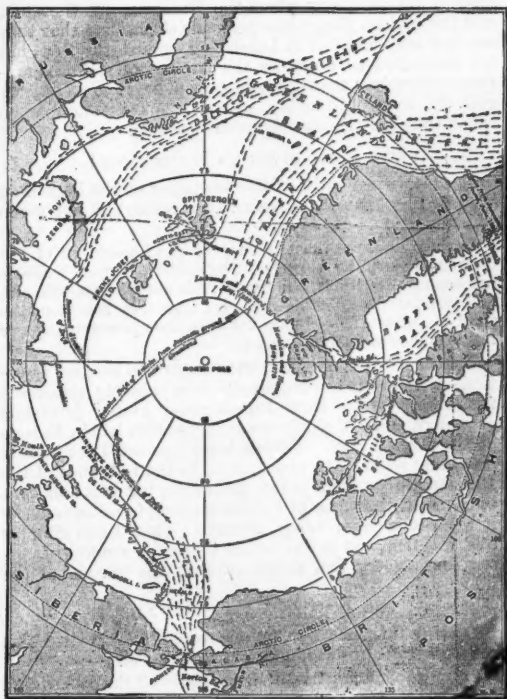
Some of my street boys are as good as old professionals at the business. They are obedient, pliable, will keep a difficult pose for a long time, and seem to be impressed with the seriousness of the work. But one I had very nearly drove me distracted. Arguing, coaxing, threatening were all utterly without effect; he would smile and smile and be a villain still. Finally, when worn out and exhausted with trying to do something with him—for the boy's face just suited the character I had in mind—I told him to get out; and he got out with the same smiling unconcern that had characterised his other feats during the day.

I never keep any costumes for such models; I want their clothes to look as if the models had lived in them. Besides, if I kept them in the studio, I should have to move out. I often have to leave the windows open when the boys are posing.

HOW I SHALL START FOR THE NORTH POLE.

BY DR. NANSSEN.

DR. NANSSEN, who is well known on account of his journey across Greenland, has got an idea that he knows a way to the North Pole. Being young, comparatively inexperienced, and very courageous, he is going to put his theory to the test of experience, and next summer he intends to start for the North Pole *via* Behring Straits. His theory is an ingenious one, based chiefly upon the existence of a great polar current which runs southward along the east coast of Greenland. This current is at least 250 miles broad, and runs at least at the rate of two miles a day. Now, as this water runs out of the polar basin it must suck in water from the shores of Siberia and



Behring Straits; that is to say, this east Greenland polar current drains the polar basin, carrying off the principal part of its current from Behring Straits, the Siberian rivers, the Nova Zembla current, and the rainfall of the region. The Nova Zembla current runs eastward and the Behring Straits current westward. These two currents unite in the neighbourhood of the New Siberian Islands, near the mouth of the river Lena, and then run the shortest way to the coast of Greenland. If so, this current will pass across or near the North Pole. This theory is supported, he thinks, by the direct evidence of the drift of the *Jeanette*, which, after having been abandoned north of the Behring Straits, drifted north-west for nearly two years, and ultimately sank north of the New Siberian Islands, near the place where the Greenland current is supposed to originate. Not only so, but a number of objects believed to belong to the *Jeanette* were found three years after she sank on the

south-west coast of Greenland. Further, a "throwing-stick," of the fashion of Alaska, was found in Greenland, which must have drifted there in the same way as came the relics from the *Jeanette*. Another proof upon which he relies is the constant arrival of quantities of Siberian and American wood on the coast of Greenland. The accompanying map, reproduced from the *Forum*, will enable the reader to follow Dr. Nansen's speculations. Now, what Dr. Nansen is going to do is to have a wooden ship built as strong as it can be made, about 200 tons burden, with an engine strong enough to steam six knots an hour, and a hold capacious enough to carry food and coals for twelve men for five years. With this ship, which is to be steel sheathed, and so constructed as to be lifted out of the water when she is squeezed by the ice, he will proceed through Behring Straits to the New Siberian Islands, then he will push northward as far as he can in order to strike the current which carried the *Jeanette* to the north-west. By this means he hopes he will drift across the North Pole, and even if his ship is crumpled up he thinks they can live on the drift ice, and in any case a current must bring them out somewhere.

WHY DR. NANSSEN WILL NOT REACH THE NORTH POLE.

General Greeley, of the Greeley Expedition, explains in the *Forum* that Dr. Nansen is all wrong in his data, that he will never get to the North Pole by the route which he suggests, and concludes by declaring that the latest North Pole Expedition is simply a scheme of self-destruction. Dr. Nansen's scheme, says General Greeley, seems to me to be based on fallacious ideas as to physical conditions within the polar regions, and to foreshadow, if attempted, barren results, apart from suffering and death among its members. After quoting twelve of the best authorities on Arctic navigation, General Greeley says he has no hesitation in asserting that no two of these believe in the possibility of Nansen's first proposition—to build a vessel capable of living or navigating in a heavy Arctic pack, in which it is proposed to put his ship. The second proposition is even more hazardous, involving as it does a drift of more than 2,000 miles in a straight line through an unknown region.

Further, General Greeley scouts the idea that the so-called *Jeanette* relics are genuine. Melville, who was the only surviving officer of the *Jeanette*, entirely denies their authenticity, and even if they were authentic there is no proof that they would come across the North Pole; they were much more likely to have come by Smith's Sound and Baffin's Bay. Further, General Greeley thinks that so far from there being open water across the North Pole, there is a cap of land which is covered with flat-topped icebergs. Nansen's ship also cannot be built strong enough to stand the nipping of the tremendous polar icebergs, which are 25 ft. thick and crumple up with a force measurable only by millions of tons. Not even if she were built solid could she escape destruction. As for the condition of her unfortunate crew, General Greeley says:—

Imagine, if one can, the horrors which a drift-journey in boats would entail, even in latitude 84 deg., with five months of unbroken night and continuous cold of extreme severity. Even if the travellers were spared by the ice-pack, disability of a single man from frost-bites, scurvy, or other disease would, in a critical situation, necessitate, as in De Long's case, sacrifice of the main party, or the heartless abandonment of a comrade.

The moral of the paper is that unless Dr. Nansen wishes to commit suicide, he had better remain at home.

THEOSOPHY MADE EASY:

OR, MILK FOR BABES. BY ANNIE BESANT.

In *Lucifer* for August 15 Mrs. Besant begins a series of papers entitled "The Seven Principles of Man," in which she promises to explain Theosophical doctrine in such a way that even the ordinary reader can understand it. For, as she says quite truly, "Inquirers attracted to Theosophy by its central doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man, and by the hopes it holds out of wider knowledge and of spiritual growth, are apt to be repelled when they make their first attempt to come into closer acquaintance with it, by the (to them) strange and puzzling names which flow glibly from the lips of Theosophists in conference assembled." Here is her introduction:—

Man, according to the Theosophical teaching, is a sevenfold being, or, in the usual phrase, has a septenary constitution. Putting it in yet another way, man's nature has seven aspects, may be studied from seven different points of view, is composed of seven principles. Whatever words may be used, the fact remains the same—that he is essentially sevenfold, an evolving being, part of whose nature has already been manifested, part remaining latent at present, so far as the vast majority of humankind are concerned. Man's consciousness is able to function through as many of these aspects, on as many of these planes, as have been already evolved in him into activity. A "plane" is merely a condition, a stage, a state; so that we might describe man as fitted by his nature, when that nature is fully developed, to exist consciously in seven different conditions, in seven different stages, in seven different states; or, technically, on seven different planes of being. To take an easily-verified illustration: a man may be conscious on the physical plane, that is in his physical body, feeling hunger and thirst, the pain of a blow or a cut. But let the man be a soldier in the heat of battle, and his consciousness will be centred in his passions, his emotions, and he may suffer a wound without knowing it, his consciousness being away from the physical plane and acting on the plane of passion and emotion: when the excitement is over, consciousness will pass back to the physical, and he will "feel" the pain of his wound. Let the man be a philosopher, and as he ponders over some knotty problem he will lose all consciousness of bodily wants, of emotions, of love and hatred; his consciousness will have passed to the plane of intellect, he will be "abstracted"—i.e. drawn away from considerations pertaining to his bodily life, and fixed on the plane of thought. Thus may a man live on these several planes, in these several conditions, one part or another of his nature being thrown into activity at any given time; and an understanding of what man is, of his nature, his powers, his possibilities, will be reached more easily and assimilated more usefully, if he is studied along these clearly defined lines, than if he be left without analysis, a mere confused bundle of qualities and states.

It has also been found convenient, having regard to man's mortal and immortal life, to put these seven principles into two groups—one containing the three higher principles and therefore called the Triad, the other containing the four lower and therefore called the Quaternary. The Triad is the deathless part of man's nature, the "spirit" of Christian terminology; the Quaternary is the mortal part, the "soul" and the "body" of Christianity. This division into "body, soul, and spirit," is used by Paul, and is recognised in all careful Christian philosophy, although generally ignored by the mass of Christian people.

Mrs. Besant then briefly describes Principle I, *Sthula Sarira*, the Physical Body. As Western science is almost ready to accept the Theosophical view that the human organism consists of innumerable "lives," which build up the cells, she dwells at more length on the second principle of the Astral Body or *Linga Sarira*, which supplies a working hypothesis that accounts for ghosts, clairvoyance, and other phenomena. Mrs. Besant is going to India in the autumn.

THE ETERNAL JEW ONCE MORE

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH AND OTHERS.

THE magazines still reek with the odour of the Ghetto. The first place unquestionably belongs to Professor Goldwin Smith's paper in the *North American* for August, in which he sets forth the other side of the case, of which very little has been heard for some time. Most of the papers that appear on the persecution of the Jews leave the impression that 200,000,000 of more or less civilised and Christianised Europeans have lost their senses, and in a lunatic sort of way, without even any plausible pretext, are persecuting the noblest and the best members of the community because they worship in the synagogue and not in the church. Professor Goldwin Smith's paper is valuable if only because it affords the ordinary reader some glimmering idea of the kind of arguments by which the Russians, the Germans, and the eastern Europeans persuade themselves that they are not only justified in legislating against the Jew, but are compelled to do so by the instinct of self-preservation. However mistaken they may be, it is at least a gain to have intelligently stated the conviction upon which they are almost unanimously acting.

RUSSIA NOT GIVEN TO PERSECUTION!

Mr. Goldwin Smith vitiates his paper at the beginning by asserting that the Russian Government is not given to persecution. He says:—

Persecution is not the tendency of the Russian or of the Church to which he belongs. The Eastern Church, while it has been superstitious and torpid, has always been tolerant, and, compared with other orthodox Churches, free from the stain of persecution. It has not even been proselytising, nor has it ever sent forth crusaders.

That is all nonsense, and with regard to the last assertion—that about the crusaders—it is palpably ridiculous nonsense. So far from Russia never having furnished crusaders, she is the only crusading nation left in Europe at the present day. All her wars against Turkey were crusading wars. The assertion as to the tolerance of the Russian Government is less grotesque, but it is sufficient to mention the name of Pobedonostzeff, in order to show how far it is from being correct. What Dean Stanley said was true, but it was before that dark shadow of persecuting bigotry had fallen athwart the throne of the Tzar.

THE JEWS AS A PARASITIC RACE.

Leaving this, however, on one side, Mr. Goldwin Smith has a good deal to say, and says it very well:—

In Germany, in Austria, in Roumania, in all the countries of Europe where this deplorable contest of races is going on, the cause of quarrel appears to be fundamentally the same. It appears to be economical and social, not religious, or religious only in a secondary degree. That the Jews have had liberty of worship and education, the existence of 6,319 synagogues and of 77 Jewish schools supported by the State, besides 1,165 private and communal schools, seems clearly to prove. A Roman cardinal, before he flings his stone at the Russian Church for persecuting the Jews, should think of the records of his own Church and look into the Encyclical which he holds in his hand.

What, then, is the explanation of the mystery? Why are the Jews persecuted, if it is not on account of their religion? Professor Goldwin Smith answers the question from the reports of British Consuls on the persecution of the Jews, 1881:—

The explanation of the whole trouble, and of all the calamities and horrors attending it, past or to come, is that the Jews are, to adopt the phrase borrowed by Vice-Consul Wagstaff from natural history, a parasitic race. Detached

from their own country, they insert themselves for the purpose of gain into the homes of other nations, while they retain a marked and repellent nationality of their own. The Jew is now detested, not only because he absorbs the national wealth, but because, when present in numbers, he eats out the core of nationality.

Mr. Smith reminds his readers that statements as to Russian atrocities should be accepted with a considerable grain of salt. Even as to the prisons and prison system he invokes the work of Mr. Lansdell—

an apparently honest and sober writer, who, after thorough inspection on the spot, depicts the Russian prison system as simply like other things in Russia, below the level of advanced civilisation, while he vastly reduces the number and sufferings of political exiles. Of these exiles, many, it must be remembered, are members of a murder-club which assassinated the emancipator of the serfs. When the quarrel is Jewish, more than usual caution is required, since the press of Europe is to a great and increasing extent in the hands of Jews.

What, then, must be done? Mr. Smith has no hesitation in giving us an answer. The Jews must be derabbinised and denationalised, and they must cease to be circumcised:—

The derabbinisation is far advanced, but the denationalisation will not be complete, or anything like complete, till the Jew gives up the tribal rite of circumcision, which must always carry with it tribal sentiment and a feeling of separation from the rest of mankind.

It is in eastern Europe and in Russia, where the Jews are massed and where they are still thoroughly Talmudic, that the trouble arises, and the end of it does not seem near. If the quarrel were religious, the preaching of religious toleration might allay it; but we have seen that it is not religious, but economic, social, and national. What the peasant wants is not that Jews should be forcibly converted, or that they should be prevented from worshipping in their own synagogues after their own fashion, but that they shall be freed from alien usury and domination. He would hardly desire anything so cruel as the expulsion of the Jews from the land which has long been their home, if it were possible that their habits and bearing should be changed. But it is not likely that the yoke of the Jew will become less galling, or that the suzerainty of the people will increase.

In the *Forum* the Jews have it all their own way. Dr. Geffcken prophesies evil things concerning Russian finance. A Russian Hebrew barrister of the name of Hourwitch describes the severity and extent of the persecution in

an article in which he indignantly denies almost every statement which Mr. Goldwin Smith makes. Among other assertions, he says that in the seventeenth century the Cossacks massacred 900,000 Jews in Little Russia, an assertion which causes us to receive with a considerable degree of caution the other statements of the writer. His theory of the action of the Russian Government is thus stated:—

Thus it appears clear that the persecution of the Jews is a constituent part of a calculated and well-planned scheme on the side of the government. By instigating the Ests and Lettonians against the Baltic Germans, the latter and the Poles against the Jews, and the orthodox Russian "nation" against all, the government intends to put one half of the population of the empire—the orthodox Russians—in the position of a "predominating nation" prevailing over all the rest through their all-powerful national autocratic government. *Divide et impera!*

But this does not account for the anti-Semitic move-

ment in countries outside the Russian pale. There is almost as much detestation of the Jew at Berlin and at Rome as at St. Petersburg and Bucharest.

Baron Hirsch has another paper, in which he repeats what he has said before, but adds, however, one or two new facts, as this, for instance:—

In the lands where Jews have been

permitted to acquire landed property, where they have found opportunity to devote themselves to agriculture, they have proved themselves excellent farmers. For example, in Hungary they form a very large part of the tillers of the soil, and this fact is acknowledged to such an extent that the high Catholics in Hungary almost exclusively have Jews as tenants on mortmain properties, and almost all large landholders give preference to the Jews on account of their industry, their rectitude, and their dexterity.

Anti-Semitism, he proclaims, is dying out in Hungary, and will die out in France for want of combatants. He says:—

Wealth has its obligations as well as its privileges. No class has ever been more ready to recognise and discharge those obligations than the Jews, who, in all countries where they have amassed sufficient property to free themselves from absolute want, have been foremost in works of philanthropy, irrespective of creed or race.

The Rothschilds and others have a good deal to do before they can make any adequate impression upon the human misery which exists among their poor compatriots.



From America.]

IS THERE NO SAFE REFUGE ON EARTH FOR THE WANDERING JEW?

DIAMOND DIGGING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL KNOLLYS.

ONE of the brightest and most interesting papers in the September magazines is Lieut.-Colonel Knollys' account of diamond digging in South Africa, which appears in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September. I do not remember to have ever read a vivid picture of that extraordinary treasure trove, the possession of which enabled the De Beers Company in 1887 to produce over £4,000,000 sterling worth of diamonds from four mines of a total area of 111½ acres. Such a crop was never before harvested from so small an area. The whole process of the harvesting is carefully but brilliantly described by Lieut.-Colonel Knollys. Fifteen hundred white men at £1 a day, and 12,000 natives at 5s. for twelve hours' labour, find constant employment at the diamond mines. They work in the diamondiferous region, which is enclosed and screened by means of high barbed wire-fencing and lofty corrugated-iron hoarding, as skilfully disguised as one of Vauban's fortresses; and is further safeguarded externally at night by numerous armed patrols, and by powerful electric lights casting a glare on every spot otherwise favourable to intending marauders.

IN A DIAMOND MINE.

At the bottom of a long incline, in tunnels nearly 800 feet below the surface of the earth, the mine runs through the very heart of the diamond-bearing stratum. It is hot, stifling, and intensely dark. The natives work as nude as statues, and as unconscious of their nakedness as Adam and Eve before the fall. The mine is sloppy and dirty, and every now and then a deafening roar announces that dynamite blasting is going on in a neighbouring chamber.

Almost the only fatal accident of magnitude recorded in the annals of these mines occurred three years ago, when some timber caught fire, and over three hundred imprisoned natives were choked to death. The ruling passion for gain then proved strong up to the last; many bodies were found in attitudes which showed that their dying gasps had been expended in efforts to plunder their comrades of the little leather purses which most of them wear suspended round the waist.

HOW THE DIAMONDS ARE PICKED OUT.

Lieut.-Colonel Knollys found members of well-known county families working as day labourers, and there is a tradition in the mines of a tallyman who employed the interval between counting trucks by reading an elaborate treatise on conic sections. The blue diamondiferous earth is sent to the top in trucks, each of which holds 1,600 lb. from which in due course of time 1½ carat weight of diamonds will be extracted. The diamondiferous earth is distributed over the open country to the depth of 2½ feet, where in six months the weather disintegrates the earth with the assistance of constant harrowing and watering. Then the disintegrated soil is taken to the washing machine, and the smallest diamonds are extracted with the most absolute certainty by an ingenious machine called the pulsator, which Lieut.-Col. Knollys describes as clearly as he knows how. £10 worth of diamonds are said to be stolen, chiefly by the English labourers, for every £100 worth discovered. Every visitor is watched carefully and constantly. The precautions taken to prevent natives from removing the diamonds are most elaborate.

THE DIGGERS IN THEIR COMPOUND.

Lieut.-Col. Knollys' account of the native compound, covering an area of one and a half acres, surrounded by a

corrugated iron wall ten feet high and guarded by warders, and bolts and bars like a prison, is very interesting. Beer, spirit, and alcohol in any form is rigidly excluded. Gambling goes on without check. But there is not the slightest difficulty experienced in maintaining order. A certain number of tribal princelets, who receive wages but never do a stroke of work, contribute materially to maintaining the peace. The different tribes have different quarters assigned to them. Each native binds himself to remain a prisoner for three months at least, and during that period they are not allowed to quit the enclosure on any pretext whatever. They seem to be very happy, and have adopted a fashion of smoking their cigars with the lighted end in their mouths, a method which is said to be warm, comforting, delicious, and far superior to the usual mode. Lieut.-Col. Knollys was at the opening of the Wesselton Diamond Fields.

RHODES'S COUNTRY.

He praises the Beaconsfield Institute and Club and Boarding-house, where every provision has been made for supplying meals, washing, reading, writing, and recreation on a complete scale of civilised comfort. He has even greater praise for the Kimberley Town Hospital. In conclusion he says:—

In truth, Englishmen have every reason to be proud of this South African town as worthily representing our nation. Free from much of the rowdiness and sharp practice of many gold-mining districts, from the surly lousiness and savage treatment of natives which render odious certain Boer settlements, and from the bar-and-billiard propensities of a very considerable section of torpid Cape Town manhood, the law-abiding characteristics of Kimberley are unimpeachable, its energy and enterprise are incontestable, and the gentleman-like highly educated tone of its society is unsurpassed throughout this part of the world.

GOLDEN PRAGUE AND ITS JUBILEE EXHIBITION.

"GOLDEN PRAGUE!" That is how the Bohemian speaks of his capital, and indeed Prague not only has a glorious past to boast of, but it is one of the architecturally interesting cities of the world. It is now the scene of an industrial exhibition, which came into existence as a fitting commemoration of a similar exhibition at Prague a hundred years ago. As Bohemia has a reputation for its glass industry, specimens of its manufactures in glass are accorded a place of honour. Quite a number of pavilions have been built by the aristocrats of the country, and are called after them. They contain specimens of the products of their great estates. Prague is a city of churches and bridges. It has forty-seven Catholic churches, besides twenty-three chapels, three evangelical churches, ten synagogues, a Russian Orthodox church, and twenty-two convents and monasteries. In *Ueber Land und Meer*, Heft 2, Dr. Adolph Kohut describes Prague at length, while the *Kritische Revue aus Oesterreich* contends that the exhibition is a political affair.

Protestant Propaganda in Spain.—Mr. Meakin, writing, in the *Missionary Review of the World* for August, on the Bible in Spain, gives an account of the work that is being done in that Catholic country by Protestant missionaries.

No less than fifteen Protestant societies are at work in Spain, occupying 115 houses or rooms as chapels and school buildings. The American board has three missionaries and thirty-three native helpers, eighteen churches with 349 members, and 604 pupils in schools. The American Baptists in Spain and France together have eighteen missionaries and thirteen churches, with a membership of 900.

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THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE GARDENS AT OSBORNE.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine* for September Mr. L. R. Wheeler describes Her Majesty's private garden at Osborne. The garden is the private property of Her Majesty and not under control of the Office of Works. It is here that are kept all the relics of the gardening pursuits of the present Royal family when they were small children, together with a museum of curiosities, from all parts of the world, collected by these same children after they had grown up.

"SWISS COTTAGE."

Osborne House, which has been added to frequently since the Queen first took possession, is some distance away from the private gardens. In the middle of this miniature paradise of flowers, a *chalet* called the Swiss Cottage stands surrounded by huge pines and other trees, such as one sees growing luxuriantly in Switzerland. To these gardens, morning and evening in summer, the Queen proceeds in her small pony phaeton, Princess Beatrice walking by her side, and the faithful henchmen in attendance.

Armed with special permission I had no difficulty in entering the gardens and enlisting the services of the head gardener, who had previously been in service with the late Lord Beaconsfield, at Hughenden, and Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta; and many were the affectionate reminiscences the gardener had to tell of both his previous employers. Every portion of the ground, some three acres in extent, under his charge was a blaze of colour.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A CARPENTER.

On the right of the entrance gate stands the children's toolhouse, built (as a slip of wood in the Queen's handwriting records) by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh in 1857. It is still in splendid preservation, for the late Prince Consort always taught his children to do things well. Judging from the large toolhouse, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh were no mean adepts at carpentering, the boarding of the sides being substantially put together and the gables of the roof mortised in true form; frequently when the Prince of Wales visits the gardens, he looks critically round this shed to see that the joinings are secure. It is kept exactly as it was when the Princes and Princesses were young; the barrows and garden tools being in an excellent state of preservation. Each child had a perfect set of tools with a barrow and waggon, and the Queen had a special waggon for herself, in which the children often drew her about. The initials of each of the Royal children are painted on the back of the implements, with the exception of those of Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Albany, who were then very young and had to put up with a toy horse-and-cart and a very small barrow.

PRINCE ALFRED AND PRINCE ARTHUR AS MASONS.

The Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught were very fond of building stone and brickwork, and their handiwork can be seen in another part of the gardens in the shape of a miniature fortress called "the Albert Barracks," which was finished October 2nd, 1860. It was under the eye of the Prince Consort these fortifications were commenced, and splendid sham battles were fought here by the children, the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Edinburgh defending their works against the combined attack of their brothers and sisters. It is an oft-repeated story that sometimes the attack, led by the Prince of Wales, was too much for Prince Alfred and Prince Arthur, who were driven off

the battlements into the underground chamber which was proof against capture, and in which they had a separate store of arms. The fortress is kept in exactly the same order as it was then, and the Duchess of Albany's and the Princess Beatrice's children often now scamper over the deep ditch in front and play again the games of their uncles and aunts.

THE MARRIAGE MYRTLE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Close to the fortress grows a tree which has one of the most interesting of histories. It is a myrtle some 5 ft. high, growing luxuriantly, although nipped considerably by last winter's harsh winds. This tree, as the inscription tells us, was grown from a sprig of myrtle taken by the Queen from the Princess Royal's wedding bouquet on the day of her marriage with the late German Emperor. The inscription under the tree states "Myrtle grown from a sprig of the Princess Royal's Marriage Nosegay, January 25th, 1858. Planted by Queen Victoria, February 17, 1878, in honour of the marriage of her granddaughter, Princess Charlotte of Prussia." The latter was the eldest daughter of the Empress Frederick. Sprays from this tree have since done duty in the bouquets of other Royal brides and, to judge by its condition, the tree will provide bouquets for many years to come.

TREE PLANTING FOR DEATH AND MARRIAGE.

Every tree planted in these gardens seems to flourish, particularly the many trees planted by the Royal family in February, 1862, to perpetuate the memory of their father, the late Prince Consort, who died in December, 1861. These form an avenue in themselves of exceeding beauty.

What might almost be called a sacred grove of trees is in another part of the gardens, close to the museum, stocked with curiosities collected by the Royal Family in all parts of the globe; a crocodile from the Nile, shot by the Duke of Connaught; a huge eagle shot by the Prince of Wales in the East; huge tusks of ivory nearly eight feet long; a mummy in its case; and various shells, butterflies and pebbles. In front of this is the glade of trees which commemorates the marriage of each one of the Queen's children. First come two splendid firs in memory of the Prince of Wales's wedding, planted there by the Prince and Princess after their honeymoon; then two planted by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh; and near at hand the budding trees of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Beatrice, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany. The Queen frequently takes her afternoon tea on the lawn amidst these emblems of the happy union of her children.

THE GARDENS OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

There is only one bed of flowers in this beautiful grass plot which is in summer fragrant with the scent of pinks and carnations, and this is always watched by the Princess Beatrice, who tends and cares for the flowers for the Queen's delight. The Queen loves gardening, and all her children were taught to dig and plant flowers, fruit and vegetables in season. Each child had a separate garden and each had exactly the same kinds of vegetables and flowers. These gardens are still kept up exactly as the Princes and Princesses cultivated them years ago.

Princess Beatrice is still very fond of her gardens and may often be seen with her children weeding and hoeing them. She has, however, another care in a field quite close, that takes more attention, and this is a huge pack of rabbits of the long-woolled or Angola species. Their wool is used by the Princess for spinning, and with it she weaves most beautiful articles, which she contributes to charity bazaars.

HOW TO AVERT LITIGATION.

A GOOD EXAMPLE FROM NORWAY.

"To relieve the courts from drudgery, without depriving the people of their rights, to obtain legal redress for legal wrongs, be they ever so insignificant, is the object of the Court of Conciliation in Norway and Denmark. It has served its purpose so well that it has become the most popular tribunal in each country." The following, says the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, is a reasonably full outline of the main features of this institution as it exists in Norway:—

Every city, every village containing at least twenty families, and every parish constitutes a separate "district of conciliation." The districts are small in order to make it as easy as possible for the parties to attend the court, as personal attendance is the main feature of the proceedings. The court, or commission, as the statute styles it, is made up of two members, one of whom acts as chairman and clerk. These officials are chosen for a term of three years, at a special election, by the voters of the district, from among three men nominated by the city or parish council. Only men above twenty-five years of age are eligible, and the law expressly provides that only "good men" may be placed in nomination. The court meets at a certain place, day, and hour, every week in the cities, and every month in the country districts. It is not public. The proceedings are carried on with closed doors, and the commissioners are bound to secrecy. Nothing of what transpires is permitted to reach the outside world. Admissions or concessions made by one party cannot be used against him by his adversary, if the case should come to trial in the regular courts. But a party willing to settle before the commissioners is entitled to their certificate to that effect.

The court of conciliation has jurisdiction in all civil or private cases. Appearance before the commissioners is compulsory in all such cases and the first step in a proceeding. The law court will dismiss, *ex officio*, every case of this class that does not come up to it from the court of conciliation with a certificate of the commissioners attesting that an effort at a reconciliation of the parties has been duly made before them.

The mode of procedure in the peace court is as simple as it could possibly be. The plaintiff states his case in writing, reciting in plain, everyday language the facts upon which he bases his complaint, and what he wants the defendant to do or refrain from doing, and requesting that the latter be cited to meet the plaintiff in the court of conciliation to try to reach an agreement in the manner prescribed by law. The senior commissioner writes the court's summons upon the complaint, citing both parties to appear at its next or second sitting, as the case may be. A fee of 25 cents is charged for issuing the summons, to which is added 50 cents in the event a conciliation is effected. These comprise all the costs in this court, and also all that this court costs. The commissioners receive no other compensation than these small fees.

The litigants must appear in person, except in cases of sickness or very pressing business engagements, when the use of a representative is allowed, provided, however, that he be not a practising attorney. Lawyers are rigidly excluded from the court of conciliation, except, of course, when they attend in their own behalf. If a party fail to appear in person without good excuse, he will be adjudged to pay the costs in the law court even if he should win the case. Rules and forms play only a secondary part. The character and object of the court make it pre-eminently a forum of common sense unfettered by legal fictions.

The very atmosphere of the lowly court room has a softening influence on those who enter it armed for a contest for legal rights. The judges are personally known to them, or are perhaps their friends, and are recognised as men in whose impartiality and integrity they can have implicit confidence. Even the humblest citizen feels that in this forum he treads upon firm and familiar ground. There are no intricate formalities to bedevil the issue, no array of lawyers to confuse him, no crowd of curiosity-seekers to gloat over his discomfort. The judges and the contestants are the only ones present. Everything induces to an open, frank, and dispassionate discussion of the points at issue. Each party looks upon the commissioners as disinterested, trustworthy, and friendly counsellors, who will give him only such advice as will subserve his best interests.

Why cannot we establish such Courts of Conciliation throughout the English-speaking world?

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS.

THE CASE STATED BY AN AMERICAN.

MR. C. WOOD DAVIS, of Goddard, Kansas, completes in the August number of the *Arena* one of the most thorough articles on railway purchase that has appeared in the magazines for several months.

OBJECTIONS TO NATIONAL OWNERSHIP.

In the July *Arena* Mr. Davis confined his remarks to an enumeration of the objections to national ownership of railways, the strongest of which, as given, were that such a change would necessitate an increase in the number of civil servants, and thereby might enable the dominant political party to perpetuate its power; that the service would be less efficient than under the present system of control; that government railroads would not be capable of any progressive improvements as are privately owned roads; that both lines and service would cost more, and that unnecessary lines would be constructed for political purposes in certain sections of the country, and other parts fail to secure needed lines on account of the red tape that would be in use.

THE ADVANTAGES OF NATIONAL OWNERSHIP.

The advantages of national ownership, which form the subject-matter of the second part of his paper, are given without modification or reservation. First among these advantages, it is held, would be a stability and uniformity of railroad rates which under the present form of management is impossible. National ownership would place the rate-making power in one body, with no inducement to act otherwise than impartially. In only two important countries besides the United States, namely, Great Britain, and Canada, are corporations permitted to fix rates. Another advantage would be such an adjustment in rates that traffic would take the natural short route and not be sent "around Robin Hood's barn," as under corporate ownership. It is estimated that a saving of £5,000,000 per year could be effected if this change to national ownership had but this one result. £4,000,000 could also be saved, it is maintained, through the reduction in the number of men employed in towns entered by more than one line. One central station and one staff of officers would be quite enough in the ordinary town. Then, too, the expenses of railroad attorneys would be dispensed with. The present yearly expenditure of corporate-owned railways in the United States for attorneys' salaries is given as £2,800,000.

All told, Mr. Davis thinks £32,000,000 might be reasonably saved through the purchase and operation of railways in this country by the Government.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF AUSTRALIA.

BY MR. CHRISTIE MURRAY AND MR. F. ADAMS.

MR. CHRISTIE MURRAY, in the *Contemporary* for September, concludes his interesting papers on the Antipodeans. He is sympathetic, but faithful, and some of his facts are startling indeed. The Australians, he says, are among the best educated people in the world, but they are also the least commercially sound, the rowdiest, and the most drunken. In Victoria and New South Wales

we find an insolvency to every 1,700 of the population, as against every 6,000 in the United Kingdom; twenty-nine convictions, as against seven in the United Kingdom; and seven deaths from alcoholism, as against three in the United Kingdom.

The figures for insanity, alcoholism, suicide, and crimes of violence are sadly large. In Victoria one person in every 103 of the population was in prison during some part of the year 1888. In the United Kingdom for that year the average of convictions in proportion to population was 3.64 per 10,000. In New South Wales it was 8.59, and in the whole of Australasia it amounted to 6.15, although South Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania showed a joint average of only 3.81. In the United Kingdom the average of suicide is 5.5 to every 100,000. In Victoria it is 11.6, in New South Wales 9.5, and in Queensland 13.7. In the United Kingdom the average of deaths from excessive drinking is 54 in a million. In Victoria it is 113.50—more than double. In New South Wales crimes of violence are almost four times as numerous as in New Zealand, where everything is tolerably normal from the British standpoint.

Western Australia consumes more alcohol than any other colony, and Queensland drinks three times as much per head as is drunk in England.

Parental control, as we know it in England, has faded out entirely. There is no reverence in the rising generation, and the ties of home are slight. Age and experience count for little. The whole country is filled with a feverish, restless, and reckless energy. Everybody is in a hurry to be rich.

Mr. Christie Murray laments that the slang of Australia is not good; it is ugly, and good for nothing but to be forgotten. The people confound courtesy with servility, and there is more swearing to the square mile than suffices for the crowded millions of Great Britain. The new racial type which is being produced in the country is less healthy and hardy than the English, but taller, slimmer, more alert, and the best horsemen in the world.

As a kind of supplement to Mr. Christie Murray's article in the *Contemporary*, we have Mr. Francis Adams's paper on "The Social Life in Australia" in the *Fortnightly* for September. Mr. Adams is a good writer; his picture of Australia is clear and vivid, and although he exaggerates somewhat the genius and influence of the *Sydney Bulletin*, he says what he has to say clearly, and writes what he believes, qualifications not always combined. Speaking of the moral side of Australia Mr. Adams says that they have the taint of cruelty, and that they have a suppressed viciousness which is twice as dangerous as the outspoken wrath of the vigorous Anglo-Saxon.

Educated in a secular manner, even in the denominational grammar schools, our new-world youth is a pure positivist and materialist. Religion seems to him, at best, a social affair, to whose inner appeal he is profoundly indifferent. History is nothing to him, and all he knows or cares for England lies in his resentment and curiosity concerning London, with the tales of whose size and wonders the crowd of travelling "new chums" for ever troubles him.

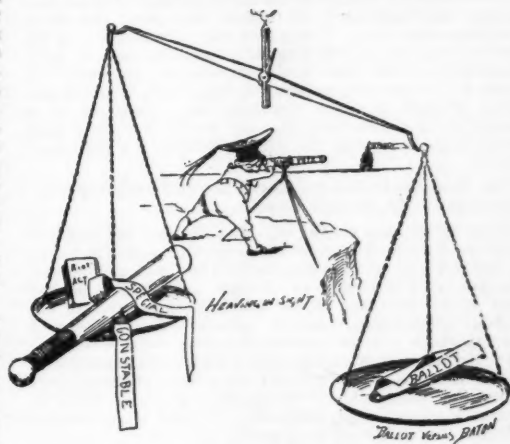
Melbourne, he says, is in reality pagan with a raw Presbyterianism which closes its museums on Sundays. Sydney is equally pagan, minus Presbyterianism.

Sunday is rapidly becoming Continental. Public galleries are open; concerts are given; endless trips and picnics about the harbour and to pleasure resorts; boating and sailing in all sorts of yachts—more and more the characteristics of a careless, pleasure-loving race are developed as secularly educated Young Australia, the true religious Gallo, gets his own way.

Mr. Adams is a fearful pessimist concerning the greater ideals of our race:—

History is identified with religion, and as such excluded from the "curriculum"; so that the sense of the poetry of the past and the solidarity of the race is rapidly being lost to the young Australian. To the next generation England will be a geographical expression, and the Empire a myth in imminent danger of becoming a bogey.

He concludes his paper by telling us that the culture of the Antipodes is in as bad a way as its society



A PROPHECY.
From the *Sydney Bulletin*.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for September, the Hon. John Fortescue, in an article entitled "Guileless Australia: A Rejoinder," replies to Mr. Willoughby's defence of Australian credit in an article in which he repeats many disagreeable things which he has carefully gleaned from the Australian press. He sticks to it that the Labour party will land Australia in bankruptcy, and that repudiation will necessarily follow.

UNDER the title of "Eve's Mission," the *Westminster Review* for September reviews Mlle. Deraismes' courageous and thoroughgoing defence of the right of women to full citizenship. The author declares that the differences between the two sexes are more formal than essential. The inferiority of women is not an act of nature; it is a human invention, a social fiction.

In the same *Review* Miss C. H. De Leppington discusses the question of woman's labour and woman's wages under the title of "Side Lights on the Sweating Commission."

The British Book Maker, Vol. iv. 1890-91 (Raithby, Lawrence and Co., Ltd., 25, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, E.C.)

In these days of rapid printing it is a real pleasure to handle a book of this character, bearing upon each page the marks of leisurely production. The book serves as a monument of the labours of the book printer, illustrator, cover designer, binder, and is therefore of interest to every book-lover.

MR. RUSSELL LOWELL.

BY MR. BRET HARTE AND OTHERS.

MR. BRET HARTE contributes to the *New Review* a criticism on Mr. Russell Lowell's place in literature which has only one fault—it is too short. As befits an American, Mr. Bret Harte is proud of Lowell, but proud of him with limitations. Bret Harte being a Californian, a native of the Pacific slopes, cannot help feeling that Lowell was too much of a New Englander, and perhaps too much of an Old Englander, if the truth be said. Still, this is forgiven him in death, although possibly, if he had been alive, Bret Harte would have put it more strongly. Mr. Lowell's chief achievement in literature, he declares, was the discovery of the real Yankee.

It remained for Mr. Lowell alone to discover and portray the real Yankee—that wonderful evolution of the English Puritan, who had shaken off the forms and superstitions, the bigotry and intolerance of religion, but never the deep consciousness of God. It was true that it was not only an allwise God, but a God singularly perspicacious of wily humanity; a God that you had “to get up early” to “take in”; a God who encouraged familiarity, who did not reveal Himself in vague thunders, nor answer out of a whirlwind of abstraction; who did not hold a whole race responsible—but “sent the bill” directly to the individual debtor.

Mr. Bret Harte also points out the extraordinary completeness of Mr. Russell Lowell's career.

A strong satirical singer, who at once won the applause of a people inclined to prefer sentiment and pathos in verse; an essayist who held his own beside such men as Emerson, Thoreau, and Holmes; an ironical biographer in the land of the historian of the Knickerbockers; and an unselfish, uncalculating patriot selected to represent a country where partisan politics and party service were too often the only test of fitness—this was his triumphant record. His death seems to have left no trust or belief of his admirers betrayed or disappointed. The critic has not yet risen to lament a wasted opportunity, to point out a misdirected talent, or to tell us that he expected more or less than Mr. Lowell gave. Wonderful and rounded finish of an intellectual career.

Mr. Sidney Low contributes to the *Fortnightly* for September an intelligent and appreciative criticism of Mr. Russell Lowell. He recognises the fact, ignored by so many of Lowell's superfine critics, that Mr. Lowell was at bottom a prophet and an apostle.

He was in no sense a mere scholarly dilettante, as some have chosen, with surely very little warrant, to consider him. His taste for experiment and imitation did not for a moment lead him to intellectual servility. If he sometimes played on other men's instruments, he played his own tune. It was the tune which he had heard in the Atlantic breezes as they swept through the trees round the old home at Elmwood. That the spirit of the Lord moves upon the face of the waters and over the dry land, that the mills of God grind exceeding small, that man is born to fulfil his destiny, and that it is his destiny to be “free,” above all, that justice, and law, and righteousness are things for which any man with an immortal soul in him would willingly die—these formed the stock of axioms with which the son of the Massachusetts minister started in life. At the root of him there lay the earnestness, the gossipping fervour, of the New England Calvinist.

Mr. Low seems to prefer the later Lowell of cosmopolitan culture to the earlier Lowell of the anti-slavery struggle. Speaking of his earlier poems, Mr. Low says:—

The critic may point out that there is no great distinction in these poems, that the sentiment is shallow, and the style frequently thin and prosaic. It may be so; but, nevertheless,

there is something in this kind of verse which appeals to many thousands of men for whom the voice of the best poetry is mute—something that comes home to them “striking upon the heart,” to use a beautiful phrase of Hazlitt's, “amidst unquiet thoughts and the tumult of the world, like the music of one's native tongue heard in some far-off country.” There is a good deal of Lowell's minor poetry, like a good deal of Longfellow's, which does convey that impression to many readers, however little it may satisfy the higher critical canons.

Those who prefer substance to semblance, and are more in sympathy with the vigorous soul of an earnest man than the fastidiously polished verse of a singer who has nothing particular to say, will naturally prefer the earlier Lowell to the later.

An anonymous writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, who was apparently a personal friend of Lowell's, says:—

He was a remarkably accomplished linguist. He could read and converse fluently in several languages; and in the course of his miscellaneous studies he had attained to an exceptional knowledge of the old Provencal language and literature.

Lowell was one of the very few Americans whom England could ill afford to spare: and in some sense his death is an international loss. An American and an enlightened patriot of the sound old Puritan stock, he was a good deal of a cosmopolitan and entirely an Englishman.

Although he always seemed to take life tolerably easily, few men had studied more regularly. He generally devoted several hours each day to what may be called serious reading, and the more ephemeral literature that took his fancy was the favourite recreation of his leisure moments. His wonderful memory served him well, and a marvellous amount of miscellaneous knowledge had been carefully pigeon-holed in it. When writing in vein, and he seldom could write against his grain, he always knew where to look for the facts or the quotations which he had seldom occasion to verify. His essays are full of unfamiliar information, and moreover, he had the knack of bringing new and original treatment to brighten subjects that might seem to have been worn threadbare.

Have the Americans Improved the Breed?—The following passage from General Walker's paper in the *Forum* for August is interesting, as showing the calm complacency of the American in his superiority to the stock from which he sprung:—

The climate of the United States has been benign enough to enable us to take the English shorthorn and greatly to improve it, as the re-exportation of that animal to England at monstrous prices abundantly proves; to take the English race-horse and to improve him to a degree of which the startling victories of Parole, Iroquois, and Foxhall afford but a suggestion; to take the English man and to improve him, too, adding agility to his strength, making his eye keener and his hand steadier, so that in rowing, in riding, in shooting, and in boxing, the American of pure English stock is to-day the better animal.

THERE are two short stories in the current magazines which are powerful, although disagreeable, reading. One is to be found in *Cornhill* for September, and describes how a wife killed her husband by causing her blind step-daughter to overturn a table and wake her father at a moment when any violent sound meant instant death. The other is in *Belford's Magazine* for August, and describes how a hideously ugly artist deliberately prevented his blind wife recovering her sight, lest she should discover his ugliness and loathe him. Both stories are well told, but both raise somewhat dangerous and disagreeable questions.

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FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON MOLTKE.

BY LORD WOLSELEY.

In the *United Service Magazine* for September there is the first part of an article by Lord Wolseley upon the great military hero of modern Germany. Lord Wolseley begins by a characteristic protest against the philosophy which minimises the part played by individuals in the evolution of history.

A WORD FOR HERO-WORSHIP.

He asks whether any amount of thinking or philosophical writing could ever have created the Germany of to-day. Lord Wolseley maintains that Louis XVI. could easily have suppressed the French Revolution if he had had a little more grit in him, but he admits that this is rank heresy in the opinion of a very prominent school of philosophical theorists.

To hint that a hereditary Frederick the Great, or an upstart Napoleon in the place of Louis XVI. would have made short work of this wave of human thought, of philosophical aspirations and progress, is as repellent and obnoxious a notion as the notion that behind and above all is the directing though unseen hand of an omnipotent and all-seeing God. That the history of the world is, as Plutarch thought, the history of its great men is rank and abhorrent treason to the philosophical theorist.

Count von Moltke, says Lord Wolseley, directed and ordered events in a way and degree that has not fallen to any man's lot since Napoleon embarked upon the *Belle-rophon*. Moltke had two great advantages; he had an ancient lineage, the possession of which is at once a spur and a curb-chain to the righteously ambitious man, and he was brought up in that poverty which Napoleon declared was the best school for a soldier.

WHY YOUNG ENGLISH OFFICERS ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

After describing his early studies and his visit to Turkey, where the Turks were beaten by refusing to take his advice, Lord Wolseley points out that although the campaign ended disastrously, Count Moltke's four years' service in Turkey was invaluable for him:—

He thus obtained what the great bulk of the English officers secure early in life by service in our colonies and in India. The grooves of ordinary regimental life, and even of staff work at home, are apt to stifle individuality and originality. The life led by our young officers on foreign stations is, on the other hand, calculated to develop self-confidence, quick perception, and sound judgment. Many indeed are the positions at our distant stations where young English officers have to think for themselves and to act "off their own bat," as we have lately seen in Manipur. This is one of the many causes which conspire to make our young officers by far the best in the world.

THE SECRET OF MOLTKE'S SUCCESS.

The disastrous defeat of Nisib was the only battle Count Moltke ever saw until he was sixty-four years of age:—

He knew all that books and study could teach him, and, above all things, his mind was full of deductions drawn from that study, and with well-thought-out, business-like schemes for their application to the altered conditions of the day. Therein lay the secret of his success in war.

Lord Wolseley, after bestowing a passing word of praise upon the histories of the German General Staff "as, without doubt, the most accurate, truthful, and, for the military student, the most usefully detailed reports of campaigns that have ever been published," eulogises the great things which Moltke accomplished in reforming the German army. It seriously needed reforming.

ENGLISH BOW-AND-ARROW GENERALS.

A contemplation of the work of Moltke and Von Roön leads Lord Wolseley to deliver himself of the following notable denunciation of our bow-and-arrow generals:—

When shall we succeed in thinking out for ourselves what changes are required in our military system, in our drill, training, tactics, and equipment, untrammelled by notions and prejudices which, sound and good a century ago, are now as out of date and behind the science and inventions of the day as would be the bows and arrows of the Middle Ages? We have now plenty of most intelligent and highly educated officers capable of modernising our army, but they are sat upon by the bow-and-arrow style of generals. Their initiative is too often crushed by our ignorant and intolerant military conservatism.

Lord Wolseley incidentally takes occasion to praise Moltke for being very properly most stern in exacting from the French, in 1871, those terms which he deemed the military necessities of the German Empire demanded.

MOLTKE'S CHARACTER.

Lord Wolseley's estimate of Moltke's character is to be found in the following sentences:—

Moltke's light shone before men from first to last with a clear, unclouded ray, and no shadows, no clouds, dim the lustre of his fame. . . . In this age of maudlin invertebrates, he was truly and eminently a strong man—strong in his convictions, and not ashamed of them, or afraid to make his nation fight for them when necessary. . . . A God-fearing man, full of real piety and deep sincere faith in his Maker. The hater of cant and of claptrap copy-book morality, he did not fear to shed blood when it was necessary to do so in the interests of the German people. He believed it to be right and just to do so in such a cause, as it had been for God's chosen people of old in the land of Canaan. Full of merciless common sense, his heroic spirit held in supreme contempt the unctuous humbug to which the modern Pharisee of public life treats the people so copiously. He shuddered as he watched the effect of its blighting influence upon the patriotism of other nations.

THE POPE ON LABOUR.

FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

In the *Catholic World* for August, the Rev. Father Brady speaks in warm eulogy of the Pope's Encyclical:—

There has been a little too much of the passive, some might be disposed to call it the contemplative, spirit of religion in certain schools of Catholic thought, and this earnest, energetic, advanced Encyclical of the Supreme Head of the Church is a rebuke to it. Religion must not be held in leash. It must be altogether free to fulfil its mission in the world, and to go about the Great Father's business in whatsoever direction that business may lead it. And next to the evangelisation of the nations, and as a necessary step towards it, religion has no higher work in the world to-day than to labour for the relief and elevation of the masses.

In the *Andover Review* for August, the editors recognise with satisfaction the attitude of the Pope:—

The authority of the Encyclical lies in its unqualified assertion of the doctrine of private property; its wisdom lies in its concessions respecting the present economic and social function of the State.

One can but read the Encyclical on Labour with interest and satisfaction. Its influence will be felt toward the freedom and elevation of the working classes. Its tone is seldom condemnatory, and it makes little account of past grievances. Something must be allowed to the perspective in which the Church of Rome sees all modern issues. It is much that in practical matters "His Holiness," as a recent journalist remarks, "has ranged himself unmistakably on the side of the new political economy."

DOWN WITH THE STATE!

OUIDA'S LATEST INVECTIVE.

In the *North American Review* for September, Ouida has a paper on "The State as an Immoral Teacher," which will delight the heart of Mr. Auberson Herbert and Mr. Herbert Spencer. Every year she deplores that the State adds to its pretensions and its powers, and *pro tanto* diminishes the personal powers of the individual. The State is crystallised bureaucracy, whose ideal is a public—monotonous, obedient, colourless, spiritless—moving unanimously like a flock of sheep along a straight high road between two high walls. The State is brutalising and at the same time emasculating the nation over which it rules. The State, like the ancient despot, can sin forever and yet do no wrong. For one individual to take by force from another individual a single sixpence is theft punishable by imprisonment.

But the State breaks this law, derides it, rides rough-shod over it, when for its own purposes it requires the property of a private person: it calls the process by various names—condemnation, expropriation, annexation, etc.; but it is seizure, violent seizure, and essentially seizure against the owner's will. If private rights and the sacredness of property can be set at naught by the State for its own purposes, they cannot logically be held to be sacred in its courts of law for any individual. The State claims immunity for theft on the score of convenience; so then may the individual.

Ouida protests, and protests with cause, against the prevalent fallacy that the State is justified in doing any infamy in order to improve the health of the community.

In its strenuous endeavour to cure physical ills, it does not heed what infamies it may sow broadcast in the spiritual fields of the mind and heart. It treats altruism as criminal when altruism means indifference to the contagion of any infectious malady. The precautions enjoined in any such malady, stripped bare of their pretences, really mean the naked selfishness of the *sauve qui peut*. The pole-axe used on the herd which has been in contact with another herd infected by pleuro-pneumonia or anthrax would be used on the human herd suffering from typhoid, or small-pox, or yellow-fever, or diphtheria, if the State had the courage to follow out its own teachings to their logical conclusions. Who shall say it will not be so used some day in the future, when increase of population shall have made mere numbers of trifling account, and the terrors excited by physiologists of ungovernable force? We have gained little by the emancipation of human society from the tyranny of the Churches if in its stead we substitute the tyranny of the State. One may as well be burned at the stake as compelled to submit to the prophylactic of Pasteur or the lymph of Koch. When once we admit that the law should compel vaccination for small-pox, there is no logical reason for refusing to admit that the law shall enforce any infusion or inoculation which its chemical and medical advisers may suggest to it.

The dissemination of cowardice is a greater evil than would be the increase of any physical ill whatever. To direct the minds of men in nervous terror to their own bodies is to make of them a trembling and shivering pack of prostrate poltroons.

All the State's edicts in all countries inculcate similar egotism; generosity is in its sight a lawless and unlawful thing; it is so busied in urging the use of disinfectants and ordering the destruction of buildings and of beasts, the exile of families and the closing of drains, that it never sees the logical issue of its injunctions, which is to leave the sick man alone and flee from his infected vicinity: it is so intent on insisting on the value of State education that it never perceives that it is enjoining on the child to advance itself at any cost, and leave its procreators in their hovel. The virtues of self-sacrifice, of disinterested affection, of humanity, of self-effacement, are nothing to it; by its own form of organism it is debarred from even admiring them. They come in its way; they obstruct it; it destroys them.

The State merely requires a community taxpaying, decree-obeying, uniform, passionless, enduring as the ass, meek as the lamb, with neither will nor wishes; a featureless humanity practising the goose-step in eternal routine and obedience.

When the man has become a passive creature, with no will of his own, taking the military yoke unquestioningly, assigning his property, educating his family, holding his tenures, ordering his daily life, in strict accordance with the regulations of the State, he will have his spirit and his individuality annihilated, and he will, in compensation to himself, be brutal to all those over whom he has power.

"THE LEAGUE OF THE ELDER BROTHER."

A CHINESE SECRET SOCIETY.

DURING the last month we have been disagreeably reminded of the existence of an anti-European ferment in China which may have very serious consequences. About three months ago an anti-missionary agitation broke out at Wuhu, on the Yang-tai-kiang, where the British consulate was attacked and the property of the French Jesuits totally destroyed. Riots of a similar character broke out in several of the towns in the neighbourhood, twenty Christian hospitals were burned, and two Englishmen were stoned to death at Wusueh, one being a Wesleyan lay missionary and the other a custom-house official. Nothing has been done to secure the punishment of the murderers, although the Emperor has issued a proclamation demanding their execution; and the situation is very difficult. The originators of the agitation are said to be the secret society of the Ko-Lao Hwey, of which there is the following interesting account given by Mr. Frederick Boyle in *Harper's Magazine* for September:—

Another powerful society is the Ko-Lao Hwey, or League of the Elder Brother. It dates only from the time of the Taiping Rebellion, when, as report goes, General Tseng-Kuo-fan himself established it during the siege of Nanking. This is a very dangerous association, said to be growing in strength continually. As the Tien-Ti has its home in Hok-Kien and the Wu-Wei Keau in Nanking, so the Ho-Lao makes its headquarters in Hunan and Honan, the central provinces. It claims to represent the pure Chinese race, the sons of Han, to whom the inhabitants of the south and west are almost as much foreign as are the Tartars. These malcontents look behind the Ming dynasty, as the name "Elder Brother" implies, to the imperial line of Tang, which is supposed to be extinct long ago, but doubtless a scion will be forthcoming when the throne is vacant. The society consists of soldiers mostly, but it is understood that some affiliates occupy very high positions indeed, as we should expect when they advocate such a policy. A very desperate and disreputable band they are by all accounts, numbering a large proportion of the bad characters in those districts where they have influence. Mr. Balfour says, however, "There is not the slightest doubt that if one of their old generals were to raise the standard of rebellion, he might have a hundred thousand men about him in the time it takes to spread the news from Nanking to Hankow."

The Ko-Lao is, in fact, a military conspiracy. Its agents commonly travel as doctors, carrying news from one centre to another, and making proselytes as they go. The ceremonial of initiation is said to be elaborate, but I have heard no details. An association of old soldiers designed to overthrow the civil power is naturally turbulent. The Ko-Lao has broken out several times during its brief existence. In 1870 and 1871 it raised serious disturbances in Hunan, but the grand movement was disconcerted by a lucky chance. A secret letter containing the plan for blowing up the powder-magazine at Hukow was delivered to the wrong person. It named several of the chief conspirators, who were seized and promptly executed. In that neighbourhood the society was suppressed for a while. But its attraction for the men of the central provinces, who hate their kinsfolk all round, must be very strong.

THE SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA.

BY MR. J. A. FROUDE.

IN *Longman's Magazine* for September, Mr. Froude gives an account of the Spanish story of the Armada, which can now be written for the first time owing to publication of a number of letters and documents which have just been published by Captain Fernandez Duro, an officer of the Spanish Navy. Mr. Froude begins his narrative with the presentation of the sacred standard to the commander-in-chief of the expedition. What strikes us most in the story is the exceeding great religious zeal of the men who equipped the Armada.

Masses had been said day after day on fifty thousand altars; and devout nuns had bruised their knees in midnight watches on the chapel pavements. The event so long hoped for was to come at last. But a regiment of priests dispersed through the various squadrons kept alive in most the sense that they were going on the most glorious expedition ever undertaken by man.

A SANCHO PANZA IN REAL LIFE.

Philip, according to Mr. Froude, was not unlike Don Quixote and the Duke of Medina Sidonia was very like Sancho Panza. The Duke wrote a pitiful letter objecting to his selection as the commander of the expedition. He said:—

My health is bad, and from my small experience of the water I know that I am always sea-sick. I have no money which I can spare. I owe a million ducats, and I have not a real to spend on my outfit. The expedition is on such a scale and the object is of such high importance that the person at the head of it ought to understand navigation and sea-fighting, and I know nothing of either. I have not one of those essential qualifications.

The King bade him not to fear; he was sacrificing himself for "God's service and mine, the cause being the cause of God, and you will not fail."

MORAL SAILING ORDERS.

Philip then drew up directions for the conduct of the expedition, paying particular attention to the morals of the crews:—

They were in the service of the Lord, and the Lord must not be offended by the faults of His instruments. The clergy throughout Spain were praying for them and would continue to pray, but soldiers and sailors must do their part and live like Christians. They must not swear; they must not gamble, which led to swearing. If they used low language God would be displeased. Every man before he embarked must confess and commend himself to the Lord. Especially and pre-eminently, loose women must be kept away, and if any member of the expedition fell into the *pecado nefando* he must be chastised to the example of the rest.

A BADLY EQUIPPED FLEET.

Unfortunately for the Spaniards, there was not a corresponding care taken to provide the necessary equipment for the expedition. When Medina Sidonia arrived at his command, this is the condition of things which he found:—

The casks of salt meat were found to be putrefying; the water in the tanks had not been renewed, and had stood for weeks, growing foul and poisonous under the hot Lisbon sun. Spare rope, spare spars, spare anchors—all were deficient. The powder supply was short. The balls were short. The contractors had cheated as audaciously as if they had been mere heretics, and the soldiers and mariners so little liked

the look of things that they were deserting in hundreds, while the muster-masters drew pay for the full numbers and kept it.

The worst of these defects were remedied, but when the Armada put to sea it was short of powder.

"SINGING THEIR OWN DIRGE."

The following is an extract from the sailing orders sent round to every ship, which brings out the crusading element very strongly:—

Each morning at sunrise the ship boys, according to custom, shall sing "Good Morrow" at the foot of the main-mast, and at sunset the "Ave Maria." Since bad weather may interrupt the communications, the watchword is laid down for each day in the week:—Sunday, Jesus; the days succeeding the Holy Ghost, the Holy Trinity, Santiago, the Angels, All Saints, and Our Lady.

Thus, as it were, as Mr. Froude says, singing their own dirge, the doomed Armada started for the English coast, carrying with them 180 priests and friars, and not more than eighty-five surgeons and doctors in the whole fleet.

THE FIRST REVERSE.

They were driven back by head winds, and after a fortnight—

Instead of being in the mouth of the Channel, the Duke had to report that he could make no way at all, and, far worse than that, the entire ships' companies were on the way to be poisoned. Each provision cask which was opened was found worse than the last. The biscuit was mouldy, the meat and fish stinking, the water foul and breeding dysentery; the crews and companies were loud in complaint; the officers had lost heart, and the Duke, who at starting had been drawing pictures in his imagination of glorious victories, had already begun to lament his weakness in having accepted the command.

AN UNHEEDED WARNING.

When Medina Sidonia was driven back to Corunna he urged the king to abandon the expedition.

The crews are sick, and grow daily worse from bad food and water. Most of our provisions have perished, and we have not enough for more than two months' consumption. Much depends on the safety of this fleet. You have exhausted your resources to collect it, and if it is lost you may lose Portugal and the Indies. The men are out of spirit. The officers do not understand their business. We are no longer strong. Do not deceive yourself into thinking that we are equal to the work before us. You remember how much it cost you to conquer Portugal, a country adjoining Castile, where half the inhabitants were in your favour. We are now going against a powerful kingdom with only the weak force of the Prince of Parma and myself. I speak freely, but I have laid the matter before the Lord; you must decide yourself what is to be done.

THE PIETY OF THE SPANIARDS.

Philip, however, would not hear of the abandonment of the expedition, neither would the vice-admirals. Preparations were made to refit the fleet and supply the necessary stores:—

Tents were set up on an island in the harbour, with an altar in each, and friars in sufficient numbers to officiate. The ships' companies were landed and brought up man by man till the whole of them had again confessed and again received the Sacrament.

"This," said the Duke, "is great riches, and the most precious jewel which I carry with me. They are now all well and content and cheerful."

At this point Mr. Froude breaks off his narrative, and will continue it another day.

THE EVOLUTION OF DEMOCRACY IN SWITZERLAND.

ONE of the interesting articles of the month is the description given by M. Louis Wuarin, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of the development of the representative system in Switzerland into something which is not far removed from the original self-governing democracy of ancient history.

THE REFERENDUM.

The first step after the establishment of a Federal Executive and Federal Tribunal, of which the existence was based upon unrestricted universal suffrage, was the conquest by the people of the form of plebiscite which is more generally known by the name of referendum. It was not enough for universal suffrage to choose its parliamentary representatives; it wanted to have the further rights of controlling their actions after they had passed beyond the immediate tether of the votes. The first attempt to gratify this desire was the constitutional veto which, from 1830 onwards, subjected all projects of constitutional reform to the sanction of the people. The legislative veto appeared a little later, but the governments of twelve various cantons, jealous of the infringements of their powers, found means to trammel its exercise to such an extent that it remained practically a dead letter. But from 1848 onwards the struggle continued, and gradually in the governments of the cantons and in the Federal government itself, the right of the people to veto any law of which they disapproved came to be an accepted principle of Swiss public life. With one exception, any law may now be submitted to the popular vote. The exception is for a law for which urgency has been voted, and this will, in M. Wuarin's opinion, undergo restrictions before long which will prevent the vote of urgency from being used by governing bodies for the purpose of escaping the necessities of the referendum. At present any law or decree which it is desired to pass without appealing to the people may be declared unjust. In the future it is probable that the class of laws to which a declaration of urgency is applicable will be strictly limited. At present also in many places the referendum is optional. But it will not always have this character. Already in certain cantons, amongst them two of the most important in Switzerland, namely, Berne and Zurich, the optional referendum has been changed into an obligatory law of appeal to the people. The tendency, in spite of opposition, is in this direction. The right of referendum was generalised after 1875. The only change which is ever likely to be tolerated by the people will be to make it in all cases obligatory.

THE RIGHT OF INITIATION.

The natural next step for a democracy to take, after asserting the general principle of its right to be consulted, is to determine when and how it will be consulted. If the referendum were in all cases obligatory, the people must needs be consulted about everything. The process would be cumbersome. In 1874, in the revised constitution which admitted the principle of the optional referendum into federal questions, provision was made that it should be exercised on the presentation of a petition to that effect, signed either by 30,000 citizens or by eight cantonal governments. That is to say, that the right of referendum, though nominally optional, should always be exercised as a serious request by the people. This provision carried with it almost necessarily a corollary which came to be known as the right of initiative. The referendum is a right of veto, the power simply to say yes or no to certain

measures. The governing power which it confers is negative. The right of initiative confers the positive power of suggesting the case upon which the veto is to be exercised. There are three ways in which it can be used. Either the people can make their wishes in any fair question to the legislative authority and call upon it to draft a bill embodying the popular view, or the people may themselves draft a bill and simply pass it through the legislature to the referendum. Thirdly, the people may draft one bill and the legislature another, and the two may be submitted side by side to the popular vote. The right of initiative in one form or another is in existence almost all over Switzerland. It began in the Canton de Vaud in a primitive shape as early as 1845. Last July it was adopted in the Canton of Geneva by a majority of nine to one, and the entire Swiss people, voting for its adoption in the Confederation, gave it the sanction of a majority of 60,000 votes in an entire voting body of 300,000. It is therefore to be regarded as no less an immaterial point of the Swiss constitution than the referendum itself. Berne is one of the few cantons in which it has not been adopted for cantonal administration.

COMPULSORY VOTING.

The next step on this democratic ladder is an important one. If the people are to have direct governing powers, how is it to be guaranteed that they will exercise them. For to govern is not all privilege; it is also a duty, which the State cannot afford to see neglected. Swiss republicanism has recognised this principle by the introduction in certain districts of a law which renders voting upon political questions compulsory, under penalty of a small fine. The Canton of Zurich, which is pre-eminently progressist, is the only one which has actually put this law in practice. It is optional in each commune to introduce the law at will. Several have profited by the power, and propose a fine, varying from 60 centimes to a franc, upon defaulters.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

The end towards which these various reforms must evidently tend is towards the great but hitherto unrealisable ideal of justice embodied in the representation of minorities. The country, which is really in the hands of its inhabitants, cannot continue to be governed by the will of the half, plus one. The other half, minus one, refuses to abdicate its privileges. Hence the perception, rapidly spreading, of the necessity for the organisation of some system of proportional representation. There are many difficulties of a practical nature in the way, but the best brains of all parties in Switzerland are occupied with the means of getting rid of them, and one result of the insurrection of Ticino of last September has been the introduction of the new electoral doctrine into the constitution of that Canton. M. Ruchonnet, whose name is well known as a leading member of the Federal Council, was the medium by whom, at the instigation of the Federal Government, this solution was proposed. It was accepted by the Ticinois of both parties, and the only obstacle which has been raised is the question of whether the principle shall be applied to the municipal elections as well as to those of the Legislative Assembly. If the principle should obtain general application throughout Switzerland, the effect will be to return to the governing parliaments, on a sounder basis, some of the power which the referendum and the right of initiative have taken from them. The people, feeling that all parties are represented in the governing bodies, and having had experience of the cumbersome nature of popular struggles out of doors, will incline to leave discussion to their appointed delegates in the Assembly.

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HOW WE BRIGHTENED OUR DREARY BACK ROOM.

IN *Cassell's Family Magazine* for September there is an interesting household paper, describing the brightening of three dreary back rooms. The writer says:—Of the dull cold dreariness of their aspect there could be no question. Outside, a few yards from the windows, the blank walls of a great manufactory shut out light and air, and took away all chance of the sun shining into those dark bogie-like corners, and chasing the spiders away.

The first room was papered with an old-fashioned flock paper, dreadfully dark, in colours of brown and purple. I bought some yards of Japanese gold paper at eightpence the yard, and some of the *Lincrusta* bordering. This bordering was nailed round the top of the room just below the ceiling. The gold paper was cut into panels and was pasted upon the wall, great care having been first taken to tear off the flock paper beneath it. I then painted the walls a crimson lake. The first coat was of white paint; it is always well in painting flock papers to use white for the first coat, as it prevents the colours of the flock taking away the brightness of the paint, and it gives substance also to the *Lincrusta* border. Two coats of the crimson lake completed the work, and when some etchings in black and white frames were hung, the walls looked wonderfully well.

The mantelpiece was a dreadful wooden one, painted to represent marble. I could have had it scraped and repainted, but I was extravagant enough to take it down and put up one of polished pine. The mantelpiece and overmantel are all made in one, a little mirror of bevelled glass is let into the centre, while a motto is carved over the brass fireplace.

I bought a pierced brass fender for this room, costing nineteen and sixpence. The walls being finished, the carpet had to be considered, and I ended by having no carpet at all. I had the floor covered with parquet flooring.

But though all this was an improvement, the black walls of the manufactory still stared in at the windows in hopeless ugliness. What could be done?

I hunted the shops through till I found some very fine muslin with a very large pattern. I succeeded in getting exactly what I wanted—a pale cream ground with a faded-looking pattern of crimson flowers and leaves, edged, as in coloured glass, with olive green—it was fifty inches wide—at tenpence-halfpenny the yard. This I pasted on all the lower part of the window; I had to exercise great care in keeping it quite straight. I used fish glue, as I found it whiter and much stronger than gum.

The effect of muslin used in this way is wonderful. As it is pasted tightly on the glass, there are no folds, as in curtains, to obstruct the light; it does not soil for a very long time, and then it can easily be washed off with very hot water and a hard nailbrush, and the glass can be recovered. Over the top panes of these windows I pasted some dried fronds of ferns—the royal and bracken. I made them come from each side, and did not let them quite meet in the middle. They must be fastened on very carefully; each leaf should be lightly gummed down to the glass.

My windows looked very well when they were finished; but I have always found the top panes very difficult to keep clean, as it is so hard not to rub the dried ferns off.

For curtains I chose a very pretty "art tapestry." The ground was something the same colour as my floor, and it was worked in stripes of gold, with flowers in crimson and pale pink: it was a very nice material, and exceedingly cheap, as it was 52 inches wide, and only cost eightpence the yard.

The whole effect of the room when finished was one of brightness.

THROUGH SIBERIA IN WINTER.

BY MR. GEORGE KENNAN.

IN the *Century* for September Mr. George Kennan describes a winter journey which he took in a sleigh from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg. There is nothing very remarkable in his paper, excepting the description of the hillocky nature of the road. The whole country was covered with waves of solidified snow, measuring from four to five feet from top to bottom, and fifteen to twenty feet from crest to crest; over this snow the sledge jolted and plunged until it had almost dislocated every joint in his body. There is another thing in Mr. Kennan's paper which is remarkable. At last he says a good word of a Siberian prison:—

We also made a careful examination on Wednesday of the Krasnoyarsk city prison, the exile forwarding prison, and the prison hospital; and I am glad to be able to say a good word for all of them. The prisons were far from being model institutions of their kind of course, and at certain seasons of the year I have no doubt that they were more or less dirty and overcrowded; but at the time when we inspected them they were in better condition than any prisons that we had seen in Siberia, except the military prison at Ust Kámenogórsrk and the Alexandrofski Central Prison near Irkutsk. The hospital connected with the Krasnoyarsk prisons seemed to me to be worthy of almost unqualified praise. It was scrupulously clean, perfectly ventilated, well-supplied, apparently, with bed linen, medicines, and surgical appliances, and in irreproachable sanitary condition generally. It is possible, of course, that in the late summer and early fall, when the great annual tide of exiles is at its flood, this hospital becomes as much overcrowded and as foul as the hospital of the forwarding prison at Tomsk; but at the time we saw it I should have been willing, if necessary, to go into it for treatment myself.

The Krasnoyarsk city prison was a large two-story building of stuccoed brick resembling in type the forwarding prison at Tiúmen. Its *kameras*, or common cells, were rather small, but none of them seemed to be crowded, and the inscriptions over their doors, such as "murderers," "passportless," and "politicals," showed that at least an attempt had been made to classify the prisoners and to keep them properly separated. There were wheel-ventilators in most of the cell-windows and ventilating-pipes in the walls; the stone floors of the corridors were clean; the closet fixtures and plumbing were in fairly good condition; and although the air in some of the cells was heavy and lifeless, and had the peculiar characteristic prison odour, it could be breathed without much discomfort and without any of the repulsion and disgust that we had felt in the overcrowded cells of the prisons in Tiúmen, Tomsk, Irkutsk, and at the mines.

Mr. Kennan points out that sending the criminals to their destination on foot at all seasons of the year, instead of forwarding them by waggons, not only inflicts great misery upon the prisoners but costs the State £35,000 a year more than would be necessary under the more humane system. Mr. Kennan speaks forcibly but not too strongly concerning the circumlocution office into which all projects for remedying even such a manifest abuse as this are sucked, and in which they revolve endlessly as an astigean whirlpool without ever making any progress. Mr. Kennan concludes his article by declaring that there are many evidences to show that the basin of the Yenesei was once the home of a great and prosperous nation. Thousands of grave stones enclosing burial-grounds are the most prominent feature in the landscape, but living traces of the population which filled this valley can nowhere be found.

HOW CALVIN BURNT SERVETUS.

AN HISTORICAL STUDY BY A DUTCH PROFESSOR.

THE most interesting article in *De Gids* for August is Prof. J. G. De Hoop Scheffer's on "Servetus and Calvin." The former treats of what has ever been considered the great blot on the life of John Calvin, and relates the tragic story in a clear and impartial manner. Miguel Servet was a Spaniard of Navarre, who does not seem to have denied the divinity of Christ, though the view he took of it was neither that of the Reformed nor of the Roman Churches. But his want of soundness on predestination gave great offence to the Reformers, and the following passage—which occurs at the end of the book—would by itself have been sufficient for his condemnation in that age:—

I do not hold in all points with the Papists nor yet with the opposite party; nor do I look upon either the former or the latter as being in all points wrong. It seems to me that both have the truth in part, and are partly in error. It should not be so difficult to distinguish between truth and error, if only every man might without hindrance express his opinions in the congregation. . . . But our teachers dispute with one another out of selfish ambition. May the Lord destroy all tyrants of the Church!

His "Restitution of Christianity," which was finished in 1546, but not published till January 1553, led Calvin to write to Farel, dated February 17th, 1546:—

He wants to come to Geneva, if I think fit. But I will not pledge my word to him for a safe conduct, for if he comes here I will never suffer him to leave this place alive, if my authority can prevent it.

Servetus was lost sight of for some months, when, suddenly, on Sunday, August 13th, 1553, Calvin was informed that Servetus had been in Geneva since the day before and had been seen in church that very day. Calvin had no difficulty in persuading one of his friends on the town council to have Servetus thrown into prison. He then ordered one of his servants to appear as accuser, and spent the rest of the Sunday in preparing a detailed indictment of forty counts, which Servetus was to answer on the Monday, prior to his examination before the council on the following day. He was accused of having, by his writings, promulgated the most pestilent heresies "against the doctrines of the Trinity, the Eternal Generation, the Incarnation, the Divine Nature, and Infant Baptism." The magistrates of Geneva sent round to the authorities of all the Swiss cantons to collect their opinions on the case, and their answers arrived on October 23rd. Servetus had spent the whole of the intervening time in prison, in want of the commonest necessities of life, and had been examined eight times before the council. On the 26th, he was condemned to be burnt alive. The sentence was entirely unexpected, and his nerves gave way under the shock. He broke down and sobbed aloud, and, says Calvin, who was present, "in short, he behaved like one possessed, and at last cried aloud, in Spanish, smiting on his breast, 'Mercy, O God! be merciful to me!'" Yet he never lost his head so far as to deny anything he had said or written, in the hope of saving his life. "If I have erred in anything," he said to his judges, "it was in ignorance; for I believe what I have written to be in accordance with the Bible." And, indeed, this had been his constantly expressed conviction from the first. He earnestly requested that he might be beheaded and not burnt, "that the intolerable

pain might not drive him to despair and make him lose his soul," i.e. deny his convictions. With regard to these he remained firm to the end. He asked to see Calvin, in the hope that, though they could not agree, they might part friends; but Calvin, finding he would not retract, refused to listen to him. He was led out to die on Friday, October 27th. Farel and other ministers walked with him on the way to the stake, to make a last attempt at persuasion. He only answered "that he died innocent, but asked God's pardon for his accusers." This so aroused Farel's indignation that he said "if Servetus continued to speak in this manner, he would leave him to the judgment of God and accompany him no further." Thenceforth Servetus was silent, except when he lifted his voice in prayer for forgiveness for "his mistakes, his ignorance, and his sins," and silently he died. The pile was formed of green wood, and the agony lasted half an hour. It is characteristic of the spirit of religious intolerance that Calvin found a new offence in his silence.

We have the opinions of many eminent men among the Reformers on Servetus's execution. Most of them were favourable—we need only name Melancthon, Beza, Farel, and Bullinger. On the other hand, adverse opinions were not wanting. The chief of them came from the Baptists, who had themselves known the bitterness of persecution. The Lutheran and Reformed Churches on the Continent had not as yet tasted of this cup—St. Bartholomew was yet in the future—nay, they enjoyed not only protection but power as State Churches—the former in Saxony, the latter in Switzerland.

For Calvin, the doctrine of the Trinity, as understood by him (and in no other form), was the corner-stone of Christianity, and from his point of view (granting, of course, that any human beings are the appointed guardians of truth, and that erroneous opinion can really be destroyed by force,) he was quite right in preventing the spread of Servetus's teaching by effectually removing the teacher. "Let us," says Professor Scheffer in conclusion, "while honouring Servetus, who laid down his life rather than forsake his faith, not refuse justice to Calvin, by not attributing to him any ignoble motives which we cannot prove, by respect for his steadfastness of purpose, but above all by pitying him." It was the reputation of Calvin, not of Servetus, that was blackened by the smoke of that green-wood fire in the execution place of Geneva.

LORD COLERIDGE AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

In quoting from General Badeau's article in the *Cosmopolitan* last month, on the Baccarat Trial, I spoke of his "curiously perverse comments on Lord Coleridge's summing up." I have received the following letter from Lord Coleridge's private secretary:—

Dear Sir,—I have been requested by the Lord Chief Justice to write to you and say that his attention has been called to an article in the *Cosmopolitan*, quoted in your REVIEW, signed by General Adam Badeau, on "Gambling in High Life," in which, discussing the recent Baccarat Case, the following statement occurs:—"Lord Coleridge had the honour of entertaining His Royal Highness at luncheon day after day during the trial." I am desired to inform you that there is no foundation whatever for this statement; it is absolutely untrue. The Chief Justice is unaware whether any one entertained the Prince at luncheon; most certainly the Chief Justice did not; and but for his experience in such statements, the ignorance displayed in it would be as surprising to him as its utter untruth.

I remain, Sir, faithfully yours,

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

HOW CONSUMPTION IS SPREAD.

A PLEA FOR THE SPITTOON. BY PROF. TYNDALL.

In the *Fortnightly* for September Professor Tyndall has a very interesting and important article on the "Origin, Propagation, and Prevention of Phthisis." It is a condensed account of the result of the discoveries of Dr. Cornet, a colleague of Dr. Koch at the Imperial Sanitary Institute at Berlin. What Dr. Cornet has discovered practically amounts to this, that the tubercle bacilli or the infective matter of consumption is almost entirely propagated by the conversion of the sputum of consumptive patients into dust, which is afterwards breathed by the people. Hence the true way to prevent the spread of consumption is to induce all consumptive patients to use a spittoon and never to expectorate at large.

DEATH IN DUST.

Dr. Cornet found that the consumptive germ retained its virulence for at least six months. The dust of the room in which a consumptive patient has lived contains the seeds of the disease which when taken into the lungs of a healthy man may produce consumption. The real cause of consumption running in families is not because it is inherited, but because there is family infection due to the breathing of the dust of the dried expectoration of the consumptive patient. In the room in which a consumptive patient has lived who has not used a spittoon, the walls and all the furniture are covered with virulent bacilli, whereas the dust in rooms where the spittoon is constantly used is absolutely free from the deadly germ.

THE LAW OF THE SPITTOON.

The first law, therefore, which must be laid down for consumptive patients is, never use a pocket-handkerchief and never spit on the floor, and always and everywhere use a proper spittoon. Dr. Cornet would have spittoons in all offices, workshops, all public buildings, corridors, and staircases. In fact, to read Dr. Cornet's suggestions we seem to be within measurable distance of the time when if a consumptive patient is found spitting upon the floor or into his handkerchief, he will promptly be sent to a gaol or hospital for a period not exceeding two months.

THE MASSACRE OF NURSES.

Prof. Tyndall gives some very remarkable figures as to the mortality of nurses in Germany as the result of their liability to tuberculosis. More than one half the deaths of Catholic nurses in thirty-eight German hospitals were due to this disease. Nursing is one of the deadliest occupations known to man, or rather to woman; a healthy girl of seventeen devoting herself to hospital nursing dies on an average twenty-one and a half years sooner than a girl of the same age in the general population. A woman of twenty-four will live twenty-two years longer in the outside population than what she would do if she were a nurse in a hospital. This extreme mortality, Dr. Cornet thinks, might be reduced by the rigorous use of the spittoon.

HOW CONSUMPTION IS SPREAD.

The following is Prof. Tyndall's summary of the German investigator's conclusions:—

It is universally recognised that tuberculosis is caused by tubercle bacilli, which reach the lungs through the inhalation of air in which the bacilli are diffused. They come almost exclusively from the dried sputum of consumptive persons. The moist sputum, as also the expired breath of the consumptive patient, is, for this mode of infection, without danger. If we can prevent the drying of the expectorated matter, we prevent in the same degree the possibility of infection. It is not, however, sufficient to place a spittoon at the

disposal of the patient. The strictest surveillance must be exercised by both physicians and attendants to enforce the proper use of the spittoon, and to prevent the reckless disposal of the infective phlegm. Spitting on the floor or into pocket-handkerchiefs is the main source of peril. To this must be added the soiling of the bed clothes and the wiping of the patient's mouth. The handkerchiefs used for this purpose must be handled with care, and boiled without delay. Various other sources of danger, kissing among them, will occur to the physician. A phthisical mother, by kissing her healthy child, may seal its doom. Notices, impressing on the patients the danger of not attending to the precautions laid down in the hospital, ought to be posted up in every sick-room, while all wilful infringement of the rules ought to be sternly punished. Thus may the terrible mortality of hospital nurses be diminished, if not abolished, the wards where they are occupied being rendered as salubrious as those surgical wards in which no bacilli could be found.

THE STORY OF THE HEART OF MONTROSE.

SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF, in his paper in the *Contemporary Review* for September, entitled "A Month in Southern India," tells a curious story of the "Heart of Montrose," being tempted thereto by the finding of a golden coin in the Madura district of the Indian Empire, which Claudius, the Roman Emperor, struck to commemorate his conquest of Britain. This is the story of the "Heart of Montrose":—

After the execution of the great Marquis of Montrose, his heart was rescued and brought to his connection, Lady Napier, who had it enclosed in a gold box, said to have been given by a Doge of Venice to the Napier who invented logarithms. This again was placed in a steel case which was kept in a silver urn. Of the silver urn history makes no more mention; but the steel case and the gold box containing the heart were sent by Lady Napier to the second Marquis of Montrose, who was then in Holland. There they disappeared but came later into the possession of the fifth Lord Napier, who gave them to his daughter, Mrs. Johnston, the wife of a Madras civil servant. She, her husband, and a child, who afterwards became Sir Alexander Johnston, were on board an Indian man when it was attacked off the Cape Verde Islands by a frigate belonging to the squadron of Suffren. Mrs. Johnston insisted on remaining upon deck along with her husband, who, though a civilian, was fighting four guns there. She had in her hand a bag, containing some of her most precious possessions, including the heart. The bag was carried away by a splinter, and dashed on the deck with so much violence that the delicate gold-box was broken, though its steel case resisted the shock.

The Indian man having made a stout resistance, the frigate was called off, and the Johnstons pursued their way to India. A goldsmith at Madura made a box, as like the broken one as possible. This was placed in the steel case, and the whole enclosed in a silver urn, having upon it in Tamil and Telugu a brief abstract of the story of Montrose. The urn stood long on an ebony table in Mr. Johnston's house known as the Tunkum, at Madura; thence it was stolen, and bought from the thieves by a Polygar of those parts, who had no idea when it came. Mr. Johnston's son, afterwards Sir Alexander, went to stay with this man, became a great favourite of his, and told him that the urn had been stolen from his mother. The Polygar gave him the precious relic, and it returned with the family to Europe. They found themselves on their way to England at Calais in 1792. At that time no bullion was allowed to be exported from France. The urn with its contents was left in charge of an Englishwoman until that tyranny was overpast. She died, and the heart of Montrose has never again been heard of. There were some curious and pathetic circumstances connected with the end of the Polygar; these, with the story which I have recounted, Sir Walter Scott intended to have worked up into a novel.

THE CONQUEST OF LIFE.

BY INCREASING THE PRODUCTION OF PLANTS.

THE "Conquest of Life" is a proposal formulated by M. Emile Gautier in the *Nouvelle Revue* to approach the problem of the always increasing consumption of food from the opposite end of the scale to that chosen by Malthus. He does not claim originality for his points of view, he assimilates only the discoveries and theories of some of his predecessors. Here is the problem as stated by the Malthusian School:—

When population is not arrested by any obstacle it doubles itself in twenty-five years, and increases by geometrical progression thus: 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, etc.

Means of subsistence, on the contrary, under the most favourable circumstances can only increase by arithmetical progression thus: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, etc.

In other words, consumption grows quicker than production. M. Gautier does not deny the first part of the statement. It is with the second that he quarrels. It is a mistake, he asserts, to suppose that the last word has been heard upon production, and that society is right to devote itself to a consideration of how to bring consumption down to a level with production. We have been fighting with the wrong end of the stick, and the real object of consideration is how to bring production up to consumption. He has no doubt that it can be done.

THE FABRICATION OF PLANTS.

We can make everything else, but we have allowed ourselves to imagine that we cannot make corn and fruit. Here is our primary mistake. We have not given a sufficiently intelligent attention to agriculture. What is needed for any ordinary industry? Raw material, intelligence, and labour. With these we have the habit of saying that anything may be made. Yet regard the process a little more closely. The most that manufacturing industry can do is to transform; that is, out of one material into another. Agriculture multiplies. One match-box will not produce two. One grain of wheat will produce many. But the days of miracles are passed. Nothing, therefore, is made out of nothing. Wheat making is no less transformation than match-box making. Here again raw material and labour are required.

THE RAW MATERIAL OF ALL PLANTS.

M. Gautier deals first with the raw material of plants. It appears that the result of chemical analysis has been to prove that

In the essential composition of all vegetation, without exception, of lichens, seaweeds, and mosses, of humble shrubs and giant trees, of the mushroom as of the olive, of the beet-root as of the haricot, of rye as of clover, of the potato and the heliotrope, there are comprised, not, as we might have imagined, millions of different elements, but simply fourteen substances—not one more and not one less.

These fourteen original substances are to plants as the letters of the alphabet are to literature. By their infinite variety of combination the infinite of plant life is produced. They subdivide themselves into the two categories of organic and mineral elements, and the completed list is as follows:—

First. Organic Elements: Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and azote.

Second. Mineral elements: Phosphoric acid, sulphur, chlorate, silica, iron, magnesia, manganese, lime, soda, potash.

THE PROBLEM OF RE-COMBINATION.—

The first four are called organic because they are found in living creatures; the other ten are mineral because they are found in the mineral husk of the globe. You may do what you will with any plant: "burn it, pound it, chop it small, boil it, distil it, let it rot," never by any process can you find anything more in it than these four organic and ten mineral elements. These facts once fully taken in, the first step in the desired course of instruction has been taken. We know, at least, what is the raw material needed for every plant. The next question is, how to procure them? With regard to ninety-seven hundredths, we need give ourselves no trouble. They are everywhere present in the earth, air, and water, which nature supplies. The remaining three hundredths may have to be artificially given. These three are made up in part of one organic element and three mineral elements which are not invariably present. They are: azote, lime, potash, and phosphoric acid. Give the soil enough of these and it will "never be weary of producing,"

—TO BE SOLVED BY SCIENCE—

M. Gautier works out his proposition with detail and in figures which limitation of space renders it impossible to reproduce. But amongst the figures none are more interesting than those relating to the labour which is to be employed in converting the collected raw material into food. He quotes them from his prophet, M. Georges Ville. First, the mind must be cleared of the notion that the labour is to be supplied by men. The part of the workman is simply to prepare the soil and the seed, as in many industries his part is merely to feed a machine with its material.

—AND EXECUTED BY THE SUN.

In agriculture the machine is the plant itself, the energy which works it is the sun. In order to appreciate the force of this working energy—

take a conical mirror, in the centre of which you have placed a little boiler communicating with a steam engine. If the sky is bright the solar rays collected in the mirror will heat the boiler and cause the water to boil and set the machine in motion. Here the sun furnishes the heat of which the mirror concentrates the effect, and which the boiler utilises. Light is transformed into mechanical labour

Substitute a plant for the mirror and the process is reversed, the plant absorbs the working energy of which the existence was demonstrated by the mirror. Under its influence dead chemical substances become wheat or apples, as the case may be. All that human intelligence has to do is to supply the raw material in due succession. What is the amount of working energy given by the sun in ordinary bright weather to realise one harvest? "8,000 days of steam horse power per hectare, which is equivalent to 40,000 days of men's labour." Thus upon fourteen millions of hectares, which represents a quarter the surface of France, a mechanical force equal to the labour of 560 milliards of men, or five times the entire human race, is every year available. But, for the want of the human intelligence to supply all the raw material which is required, this immense force is in great parts allowed to go to waste. The article is not intended as an advertisement of chemical manures, but it is scarcely possible to read it without a desire to set to work at once upon the earth and see what an intelligent system of artificial feeding would produce.

WHY NOT NATIONALISE THE CATHEDRALS?

A SOCIALIST JOURNALIST'S IDEAL.

MR. MASSINGHAM, in the *Contemporary* for September, puts in a plea for what he calls the "Nationalisation of the Cathedrals." He points out, truly enough, that Disestablishment has, for the present, somewhat lost ground.

THE DECADENCE OF THE CHURCH.

Disestablishment as a party watchword has largely lost its magic, and if the Church had within her the seeds of a genuinely recuperative movement she might safely have been given another half-century's life. But this is precisely what she will not and cannot show, not so much through any inherent vice of her own, as because the stream of modern tendency is more and more bent to sweep all fertilising influences from her ancient walls. In the Middle Ages, at all events, the Church had a monopoly of culture, and a directing hand in all the progressive movements of the times, political, social, intellectual.

To-day the teaching of the chief branches of modern learning, civil law, moral philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, anatomy, modern history, botany, biology, and natural history, which in 1843 was the absolute monopoly of the Church, is entirely confined to laymen. To take one great subject, I may mention that in all England and Wales there are fourteen professors of history attached to the Universities of Cambridge, Oxford, and London, and the various University Colleges. Only two of these—viz., Professor Boase and Professor Bright—are clergymen. Here, then, is signal proof that the Establishment has long ago ceased to control the springs of national culture. It is not simply that the Anselms, the Becketts, and the Butlers have gone and left no successors. The Church has largely lost her able administrators, her scholars, and her thinkers, as well as her statesmen, her poets, her saints, and her heroes.

HOW TO MEND MATTERS.

By way of helping the Church back to its old position, he suggests that the evil of an illiterate clergy in possession of the sinecures of the Church is to be remedied, not by relaxing, but by modifying the control of the State. He calculates that the deans of the cathedrals have an income of £35,000 a year, and the canons £77,000, making a total of over £100,000 a year, which is available for utilisation in other directions. He says:—

Why then should not the nation be restored to its share in the rich endowments of leisure which the Church has accumulated, and which she cannot wisely use? In other words, why should we not have laymen deans at Norwich or Canterbury, as well as in Oxford or Cambridge Colleges, and laymen canons of distinction in literature, in art, in science, in travel, and in philosophy, to fill the places of the University passmen who now crowd our cathedral stalls.

Historically the change would not be in any way an abrupt departure; it would rather be a reversion to older usage, as well as a distinct revival of the earlier notion of the Church as a meeting-place and centre of local and secular business. Indeed, a fairly long list might be made of laymen who have actually been deans and canons of cathedral churches in England and Ireland during the last 300 years.

CANON BUCKLE OF WESTMINSTER AND "THE TIMES."

It is surely not extravagant to forecast the time when a Huxley, a Tyndall, a Tennyson, a Stainer, a Sullivan, or a Lecky would be deemed not unworthy occupants of a stall or a deanery. A canonry of Westminster might even be attached to the blue-ribbon of journalism, the editorship of the *Times*, as well as to the passman from Oxford, the fussy partisan, or the obscure writer of half a dozen sermons which nobody reads. If this plan to revive our cathedrals be carried out, no revolutionary change need at once be contemplated in the ritual or doctrine of the Church. The services might go on as before, under the superintendence of the minor canons. As for the duties now attaching to the deans and canons, they might

very well be discharged by laymen—including the preaching of sermons. The late Mr. T. H. Green, layman as he was, successfully asserted his right to preach at Oxford, and his sermons are rich contributions to latter-day theology. What cathedral would not have been dignified by the presence in its pulpit of the great Dr. Martineau, of Carlyle, of Faraday, of Darwin, or of Mr. Gladstone? The cathedral, which is to-day a school of music, might also become a school of art, of architecture, and science. Its walls, adorned with examples of local schools of painting and natural curiosities, would hold within them the elements of the new life as well as the solemn memorials of the past. Local energies would revive, the tone of the local newspaper would be improved, and the sluggish atmosphere of the cathedral city would be quickened with a new breath. "I have often fancied," wrote Kingsley to Maurice, "I should like to see the great useless naves and aisles of our cathedrals turned into museums and winter gardens, where the people might take their Sunday walks, and yet attend service." The time is surely coming when the effective nationalisation of cathedrals will be seen to be necessary to the organisation of the democracy, and a valuable aid to the enrichment of its provincial life.

WAS LORD BEACONSFIELD THE SUN?

A BURLESQUE ON THE SUN-MYTH THEORY.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September Mr. J. A. Farrer has a humorous paper, which parodies the favourite methods of the advocates of the sun-myth theory by putting into the mouth of a philosophic historian of the year 3,000 A.D. an elaborate demonstration that no such person as Lord Beaconsfield existed, and that, in reality, the so-called Beaconsfield was a mythical personage, whose adventures were a dramatic representation of the course of the sun through the heavens. In the first place, he points out that the name gives a clue to the solar origin of the story, for what beacon that was ever set in a field but refers obviously to the great solar beacon that moves majestically across the azure fields of space? Beaconsfield, in the myth, is always represented as having been a Jew and not an Englishman. That is a popular way of alluding to his rising in the east with the morning sun. Like the sun herself in obscurity in mist clouds, and his progress went on to glory and splendour. Even the fact that he is said to have entered Parliament for Aylesbury, the centre of a great cheese-making district, seems to cover an occult allusion to the solar origin of the myth, for what is cheese but a round object like the wheel of the sun turned by Buddha?—in other words, it is an allusion to the real source of the Beaconsfield myth. As in all the solar myths the sun has his great antagonist in the cloud-demon, whose darkness occasionally obscures the effulgence of his rays, so Beaconsfield is represented as being constantly opposed by Gladstone. Gladstone is clearly mythical. Even if we pass over the obvious allusion to the soft splash of the rain-cloud in the legends of his persuading eloquence, the clearest proof is afforded us of his real character in the fables about his felling trees with a gleaming axe. Obviously the swift flashing steel of the axe-head is a happy symbol of the bright lightning which flashes from the cloud. The Russo-Turkish war is only a version of that ever-absorbing story of the contest between light and darkness. As the sun sets in the west, so Beaconsfield dies at the end of his career; and as the stars come out in the twilight, so we have the so-called Primrose League, which arises on his grave. The primrose, whose colour resembles the hazy English sun, has five petals, as there are five vowels in the name Beaconsfield, and five primary gases in the composition of the sun. All this is very clever fooling, and not one whit more far-fetched than many of the favourite demonstrations of the fanatics of the solar myth.

THE WELL-BRED WOMEN OF JAPAN.

THE general impression with regard to the well-bred Japanese woman is that she does not exist. The European traveller's ideal has been formed in the tea-house and other places of public resort, and the impression has been more sympathetic than respectful. M. Tinseau introduces his readers, with some unnecessary apology, into the more sacred precincts of the Tokian home.

EARLY EDUCATION.

The age at which the little Japanese girl's education begins is about the same as our own. At about six or seven years of age she passes from the hands of servants to the care of a governess, who does not teach much herself, but whose business it is to conduct her charge to classes where she must, if possible, be made to learn. The schools are usually under the superintendence of the Government, and education is conducted on a strictly scientific graduated principle. Quite young children are taught a good deal in the open air, and their course of instruction resembles that of the Kindergarten of the West. They learn to sing childish songs, to use their fingers in making little objects of folded paper, etc., and from the beginning to appreciate flowers and plants. They also learn by degrees to read and write and to recite fables. To this extent the course of public instruction is the same for rich and poor. At home the governess never leaves her pupil's side. The little girl's food, dress, health, and deportment are all the objects of her care. She also watches over the preparation of lessons, and is appreciated by the parents of her charge in proportion to the place taken by the child in public classes. The amount of private cramming to which the system must give rise is painful to reflect upon, for as the young lady advances in age and leaves the elementary school she enters upon a course which is by no means child's play. It includes history, geography, mathematics, physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, modern languages—of which French and English are the ones most usually taken up—music, painting, embroidery, "all feminine occupations," national literature, and in addition to all this the essential accomplishment of writing in prose and verse. Calligraphy, which is carried to a high degree of perfection, is taught in the most advanced classes. The schools in which this course of study may be pursued are very various. The most aristocratic is that known as the School of Nobility, at Tokio. This is patronised by the Emperor and regularly visited by the Empress, but establishments of a less exclusive description are not wanting, and it is estimated that altogether there are about 850,000 girls undergoing instruction in Japan.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

The course which has been described is continued usually into her early teens. On the completion of it there is still a further course, which takes place at home. The Japanese young lady must now learn fine manners, the etiquette of society, and, above all, the arrangement of flowers. The passion of the Japanese for flowers is well known. The mistress of a house who was unable to arrange them would be regarded as absolutely incompetent to take her place in the world; and not only must she have the artistic sense of colour and form, she must be learned in the deeper science of their allegorical significance. Flower language is one of the tongues in which she must be able to converse. Her previous education has to some extent prepared

her for the acquisition of these graceful accomplishments. One year is devoted to them, and before the question of her matrimonial establishment is opened, one more year must be given to the serious study of housekeeping. Upon this it is felt that her future happiness may depend. Throughout the whole there is one supreme maxim upon which the conduct of a well-bred woman is made to turn, and this is "obedience." Life, the Japanese girl is taught, divides itself into three stages of obedience. In youth she is to obey her father, in marriage her husband, in widowhood her eldest son. Hence preparation for life is always preparation for service. The marriage of the Japanese girl usually takes place when she is about seventeen. It is contrary to all custom that she should have any voice in it. Once married, she passes from her father's household into the household of her husband, and her period of self-abnegation begins. Her own family is to be henceforth as nothing to her.

THE POWER OF THE HUSBAND'S RELATIONS.

Her duty is to charm the existence of her husband and to please his relations. Custom demands that she shall always smile upon him, and that she shall carefully hide from him any signs of bad humour, jealousy, or physical pain. His house must also be beautifully kept, and especial care paid to the meals. For it is not only the husband who has to be satisfied. His father, his mother, his brothers and his sisters must be considered, and if their tastes are not satisfied they have the right not only to complain, but, in the case of the parents, to demand a divorce. It is, in fact, only when the young lady is married that the full necessity for her elaborate education becomes apparent. She may love her husband. M. Tinseau asserts that, such being the native goodness of the Japanese woman, she invariably does. If so, the parents' power of divorce becomes only the more terrible. A careful perusal of the article may be conscientiously recommended to all young English wives who are disposed to grumble at their lot.

Portraits of Russian Female Nihilists.—In the *Cosmopolitan* for September there is an interesting paper by Ella Norraikow, which contains portraits of Sophia Perovskaya, Vera Zassulitch, and Sophia Bardin; and half a dozen other Nihilist heroines. Vera Zassulitch has the face of a saint. The portraits afford an interesting study in physiognomy.

What it Costs to go Round the World.—The article on the great steamship lines of the world, in *Scribner* for September, describes the lines which serve the four ocean thoroughfares, and gives some interesting particulars as to the cost of long sea journeys. There are 11,000 steamers traversing what the writer calls the four great ocean routes. The first is that across the Atlantic, another by Suez to India, China, and Australia. To go round the world that way takes eighty to ninety days, and covers 23,000 miles. The passage money is £200, and the traveller who wishes to go in comfort and ease should have another £200 with him. Another sea route described is that by which you start from San Francisco, and sail round the American continent to New York. The journey is 16,600 miles long, it takes 100 days to cover it, and the fare is about the same as that round the world, namely, £200 for the ticket and £200 for other expenses. To go round the Cape of Good Hope to Australia and back round Cape Horn is about 25,150 miles, and can be covered in eighty-one days. The cost is only £150.

THE FOUNDER OF THE BRAZILIAN REPUBLIC.

A POSITIVIST REVOLUTIONIST.

THE *Nouvelle Revue* is to be congratulated in having secured from the pen of M. Arango the sketch, short as it is, of the founder of the Republic in Brazil while his memory is still fresh in the hearts of his family and his friends.

MAGALHÃES.

Benjamin Constant Botelho de Magalhães was born in 1833 in a Brazilian farm in the neighbourhood of Rio Janeiro. His father was Portuguese, his mother was Brazilian. Both were poor. From early youth their son gave evidence of both talent and energy. His father died when he was a boy, and he entered the army because it was, on the whole, the profession which was the most accessible to his limited choice. He entered the army in 1852, and eagerly seized the opportunities of instruction which were offered by the various military courses and schools open to the intelligent young soldier. M. Arango says comprehensively of this part of his life:—"His studies were brilliant, and he took part in all revolts against all tyrannies."

HOW HE BECAME A POSITIVIST.

While he was yet a student he eked out his slender resources by giving private lessons, and managed to support both himself and his mother. The special bent of his mind was determined by coming one day in the course of his mathematical studies upon the work of Comte upon the Calculus. From this he was led to study the philosophy of the great Positivist. It answered to his increased needs. He became and remained to the end of his life a Comtist. From 1863 to 1865 he studied in the Astronomical Observatory of Rio Janeiro. In 1868 he became a captain and took a brilliant part in the war with Paraguay. But he was essentially a modern soldier, that is a man over whom science and humanity had far more influence than the love of adventure and the brute belief in force. On leaving the theatre of war he returned to his scientific studies, and after an interlude of what strikes the European mind as a strange occupation for a soldier, namely, presiding over an institution for the blind, he obtained the professorship of mathematics in the Military College. It was in 1870, just after the foundation of the third French Republic. Republicanism was much excited in Brazil, and feeling ran so high that a portion of the Conservative party objected to a Positivist holding any post under the Imperial Government. The professorship went by competition.

AN UNCOMPROMISING COMTIST.

It was feared that Magalhães would not be permitted to compete. On the day of the opening of the competition he made a public declaration, before the deciding jury, of his Positivist principles, and added that if he obtained the professorship he intended to use his position for the purpose of teaching the doctrines in which he believed, in so far as they related to the science he professed. Further, he declared his conviction that the social outcome of Positive philosophy would be a republic. He was determined to live under no false colours, and desired to know whether under these circumstances it was open to him to compete. Permission was granted, and he won the prize. It could not, however, be expected that such an official would be regarded with favourable eyes by the Ministers of Dom Pedro's Court. He took part in many competitions, won many a first

place, but never was again appointed to an advantageous position. His promotion was barred. His scientific studies perhaps benefited, and in these years he became a recognised authority in the world of mathematics. He also devoted himself more and more to the spread of Positivism throughout Brazil, thus consciously or unconsciously preparing men's minds for the days of action which were to come. Amongst the other scholastic achievements of this period of his life was the foundation of the *École Normale* of Rio Janeiro, over which he presided up to the moment of the Revolution.

HOW HE MADE THE REVOLUTION.

It was not until the threatened Monarchy, awake to the dangers which invaded it on all sides, confided the duty of saving the dynasty by means of extreme measures against Republicanism to the *Ouro Preto* Ministry in 1889, that Magalhães became definitely a politician. The parallel currents of action and contemplation which had hitherto run separately in his being now joined their forces and produced a man capable of organising and carrying out a revolution for which he was convinced that his countrymen were ready. He flung himself into the struggle with the same ability, force, and, above all, readiness for self-sacrifice which had hitherto distinguished his private career. He organised the co-operation of army and navy, he put himself in touch with the political leaders of the Republican party, with the press, with civilian feeling generally. He studied, organised, and proposed the plan of the Revolution. He did not fear to support his views by public speech. On the 15th of November he was at General da Fonseca's side at the head of the troops which besieged the headquarters of the Monarchic Government. He harangued the people. So long as there was a danger to run, or a point still unconquered, he exposed himself without a second thought. When the Revolution was an accomplished fact, and the Republic safely established, he withdrew. He wanted nothing for himself.

MINISTER OF WAR.

The people conferred upon him the rank of Brigadier-General, by the same act which raised General da Fonseca to the post of Commander-in-Chief. He declined the honour. Afterwards he was forced to accept it, with the portfolio of Minister of War, and he devoted the last year of his life to the reorganisation of the army, which presented itself in the light of a bit of serious work yet waiting to be done. His conception of the right direction of military reform may be divined by the introduction to his report on reorganisation, in which he sketches the ideal of the citizen soldier of the future, who shall represent the incarnation of national honour and shall be the intelligent centre of "peace, progress, and reform." Working busily to the last moment, he died of heart disease on the 22nd of January of this year. The honours which he rejected in his lifetime as being "entirely opposed to the plan of conduct" which he had traced for himself, were heaped upon him at his death, and his name goes down to posterity respectfully inscribed upon the records of Congress as the Founder of the Brazilian Republic.

THE *Cosmopolitan* for September proclaims itself a Woman's Number, having contributions from no one but ladies, with the exception of the writers of the chronicle and the critical article. The editor has also introduced the plan of giving a small portrait, the size of a postage stamp, with a brief biographical sketch of the writer, on the first page of each article.

AN ITALIAN VIEW OF TOLSTOI.

THE study of the Gospel according to Tolstoi has spread into Italy, and the well-known critic, G. Boglietti, discusses the subject with considerable ability in the pages of the *Nova Antologia*, under the somewhat forcible heading, "The Damnation of Tolstoi." He describes the doctrines of the greatest of living Russians as they appear in "Ma Religion," "Ma Confession," and the more recent of his novels, as being "a form of evangelical humanitarianism which is the natural reaction against the depressing conclusions of modern science on the value of personal existence and man's destiny on earth. It is a desperate effort to reconstruct on a basis of faith the harmony of the world, giving to life a meaning which it had lost through the influence of pessimistic philosophy." In order to understand rightly the developments of his later teaching, it must be remembered that Tolstoi was a pessimist, not only in his youth, but even up to his fiftieth year. "Occupying a prominent social position, and gifted with unusual physical and intellectual qualities, he drank deeply at the fountain of life. He possessed love, riches, glory, and a refined appreciation of the arts; but everything was flavoured with the bitter sap of scepticism. It was not long before he realised the emptiness of such a life. Life, as he understood it, and as the majority of men understood it, appeared to him devoid of sense. . . . In the end he concluded with Schopenhauer that life was an unmixed evil."

After describing Tolstoi's conception of faith, his Italian critic points out how of necessity the Russian peasant is the man predestined to incarnate his idea of a religious renovation.

"The moujik has all the qualities requisite for the task—faith, ignorance, simple habits, resignation, suffering. How curious is the fate of the Russian moujik! Fifty years ago Alexander Herzen, and with him all the Russian Hegelians, presented the moujik to the world as the fortunate being who was to represent in himself the new era of the social revolution heralded by Hegel. And here is Tolstoi holding up this same moujik as the instrument of a religious revolution! I do not myself believe that the moujik will be any more fortunate in this new mission assigned to him than he was half a century ago."

"But how do Tolstoi's doctrines of universal love and non-resistance to evil lead him to the gruesome teachings of the 'Kreutzer Sonata'!"

"After having attacked all the other individual impulses of mankind as causes of pain and misery, he could not make an exception for love, the most egotistical of all the passions. He was obliged at all cost to destroy love in order to create that mystical unity of the human race of which he dreamt. From sexual love there sprang up the family, a group of families, the city, the State, all of which imply personal and particular interests and tendencies, all the thousand things which exist to-day before our eyes, and which Tolstoi wishes to destroy. Sexual love must therefore be placed under the ban. This Tolstoi does by taking his stand once again on the Gospel, and armed with a verse from St. Matthew (v. 28) declares matrimony to be mere adultery. . . . The 'Kreutzer Sonata' is in fact a violent and bitter tirade against continuous adultery under the name of matrimony. The profound knowledge of the human heart which Tolstoi displays in his most successful books, and his marvellous literary skill, serve him admirably in his present task of throwing discredit, shame, and abuse at matrimonial unions. These are represented in the 'Sonata' as a succession of miseries, torments, profound dissimulations, and ferocious and implacable hatreds, the whole crowned, be it understood, with deception

and a second adultery. . . . It is by voluntary chastity that we shall prepare for the end of the world, an end which has been foretold by science as well as by Scripture."

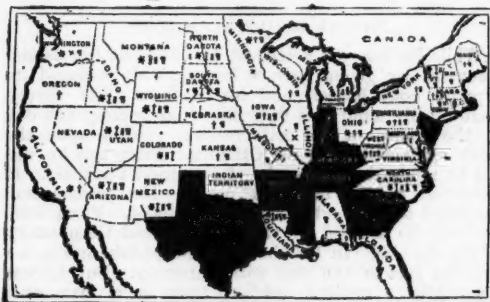
There is much more of his early pessimism in his latest utterances than Tolstoi himself supposes.

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

In *Our Day* for August there is a review of Mrs. Mary Hunt's account of temperance education in the United States, which contains some remarkable facts.

All but nine States out of the forty-four in the American Union now make scientific temperance education compulsory in their common schools. This great result has been brought about almost exclusively by the devoted labours of Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Hyde Park, Massachusetts, and of her assistants in the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Ten years ago no public school taught temperance in the United States. Now the accompanying map, which is reduced from that published in *Our Day*, affords a bird's-eye view of the progress of the movement in the



United States. Those areas shown in black have no temperance laws. The following is an explanation of the marks:—

× The cross signifies that scientific temperance is a mandatory study in public schools,

* The star signifies a penalty attached to the enforcing clause of this statute in the State or territory to which it is affixed.

† The dagger signifies that the study is not only mandatory, but is required of all pupils in all schools,

‡ The double dagger signifies that the study is required of all pupils in all schools, and is to be pursued with text-books in the hands of pupils able to read.

|| The parallel indicates that the study is to be taught in the same manner and as thoroughly as other required branches.

§ The section mark indicates that text books on this topic used in primary and intermediate schools must give one-fourth their space to temperance matter, and those used in high schools not less than twenty pages.

¶ The paragraph indicates that no teacher who has not passed a satisfactory examination in this subject is granted a certificate or authorised to teach.

The success of temperance reformers in the United States in making temperance an indispensable part of the education of youth should encourage temperance reformers in other English-speaking countries to follow their example. Judging from Mr. Christie Murray's paper on the Australians, there is even more need for such education in Australia than in the old country.

A TALE OF LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

A SPECIMEN OF THE GENIUS OF THE CELT.

THE charm of the Celtic legends with which M. Edmond Schure, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, illumines the landscapes of Brittany can best be illustrated by a summary of one selected by him, because it expresses "the most intimate aspirations and the most profound intuitions of the Celtic soul." There is, perhaps, also something typically Celtic in the fact that the legend does not belong to Brittany at all, but has its cradle under the shadow of our own Snowdon.

In old days King Gwyddno reigned in Wales not far from the Bay of Aberystwyth. He had a son Elfinn, who was neither handsome nor brilliant, and not knowing what to do with him, he allotted him some waters to fish in and made him a common fisherman. On the first day that Elfinn went to fish he found, not salmon, but a beautiful boy infant floating in a skin-covered basket upon the waters. The neighbours who helped to take the child out remarked that it was like Elfinn's luck to get another charge instead of a harvest of fish. But Elfinn felt the child to be no charge. He christened it Taliesinn or the Shining Baron, and carried it home, with the thought in his heart that he had now something to love. The child fulfilled its promise of beauty and intelligence, and grew up to be the charm of Elfinn's existence, and the teacher of all its teachers. At twenty the young Taliesinn could read the past and foretell the future. One night on the mountain-side Elfinn, more sad than usual, asked Taliesinn, "Why am I solitary and miserable, though I am the son of a great king? Why do I find joy and consolation with you alone?" Taliesinn raised his hand towards the stars, "You don't know who I am; you don't know whence I came; but I come from very far, and one day you will know." Some time after this, Elfinn loves and marries Fabelmona, the daughter of King Gwalior. But as he had neither eloquence nor beauty, Fabelmona remained indifferent to his adoration. Taliesinn, who knew both their souls, used to sing to them upon his magic harp, prophesying to the beautiful Fabelmona that her days of pride would pass, that Elfinn's sorrow was more powerful than her joy, and that some day his love would triumph. After a while Elfinn was sent alone to the court of Malgoen, and one day, as Malgoen was boasting that the beauty and goodness of the queen, his wife, outdid that of all other women upon the earth, Elfinn declared it was not true, for Fabelmona was at least her equal in all things. Malgoen, for answer, cast Elfinn into prison and ordered one of his own sons to go and seduce Fabelmona.

Matholvik, the son of Malgoen, came to Fabelmona and spoke evil to her of Elfinn, telling her that he was faithless and had repudiated her in order to marry the daughter of the king. Fabelmona cried aloud in anger, "I knew that he was weak and cowardly! Why did I marry him?" The harp of Taliesinn, which he had hung as a protection to his mistress upon the wall, sighed until it broke its strings, and in the sigh Fabelmona heard the voice of Elfinn cry to her twice as if in distress. The sound overpowered her so that she fainted. Matholvik cut off a lock of her hair and fled. When Fabelmona came to herself the young bard was beside her reproaching her that she had believed a liar, and thus betrayed the "royal soul" of his master Elfinn. She bade him prove his words. He made her mount with him and ride till they came to the court of Malgoen. They reached it at the dramatic moment in which Elfinn, laden with chains,

is confronted with Matholvik, who produces the lock of Fabelmona's hair as a proof of her infidelity. But Elfinn is not imposed upon. "By God," he cried, "you lie, you have stolen it by treachery. I know that Fabelmona's soul is as pure as the light of heaven. Take off my chains, and I will prove it with the sword."

As Elfinn stands before her, it seemed to Fabelmona that "for the first time in her life she saw him." The fortunes of the fight are to the just. Elfinn kills Matholvik. Malgoen, furious, cries to his followers to cut off the head of Elfinn. Taliesinn forbids it, and bears testimony to the purity of Fabelmona, having, unseen, witnessed the whole interview with Matholvik. Fabelmona falls at Elfinn's feet with the cry, "I never knew you. But Taliesinn has shown you to me as you are, and has awakened my soul in grief." Malgoen would, if he could, have killed the wedded lovers, but a whirl wind suddenly arises, and "Because you have believed only in force and in lies," Taliesinn declares to Malgoen "there shall nothing remain of your castle or your race." The followers of Malgoen remain fixed to the spot, while Taliesinn, followed by Elfinn and Fabelmona, goes out from the falling walls. They, too, in the ecstasy of their new-found mutual love, know nothing of the tempest which rages round them. They follow Taliesinn over the mountains, climbing as though their feet were wings. But even so he went more swiftly than they. They cried to him to stop, that they might give him thanks. Half-way up a mountain side he turned, and the lovers stood stupefied, for he was transfigured before them. The young bard had taken the majestic outward semblance of a prophet. "Follow me!" was all he said; and they followed to the summit of the mountain. When they were upon the top, the prophet-bard appeared to them as a Druid. "His bald head was crowned with ivy, his thin locks floated on the wind; he was older than the oldest oaks."

They fell upon their knees and begged that he would reveal himself to them.

"You cannot know my old names," he replied, "nor my beginning; but you have loved me and you have followed me, which is true knowledge. Now, before leaving you I will tell you who I am. I am a messenger of divine wisdom, who hides himself under various veils in the tumult of nations. From age to age we are born again, and we repeat the antique truth in new words. Very seldom are we recognised; still more rarely are we honoured; but we do our work. I have been in the time of Enoch and of Eli. I have been in the days of Christ. This time I have only passed through the world to give you my instructions and to reveal you to one another, O Elfinn and Fabelmona." "I am a magus." "What is a magus?" "He who possesses knowledge, will, and power. By these united forces he commands the elements, and does much more—he conquers souls. The true magus is he who has the gift to see the souls which are hidden in bodies, and to bring them out. To bring them out is to recreate them; to recreate them is to give them possession of themselves, of their primitive essence, of their divine genius. The true magus is he who knows how to love souls for themselves, and to draw those who are destined for one another together with a bond of adamant, that love which is stronger than death. It is what I have done for you. And now, good-bye."

Few persons of Celtic sympathies will differ from M. Schure's summary of the characteristics of the genius of this race:—"Celtic genius is a great seer of the soul and of its mysteries. It is a prophet, not a conqueror, and therefore it has had the tragic destiny of all prophets, which is to be hated and persecuted by those to whom it tells the truth, whether they profit by it or not."

ARY SCHEFFER AND HIS MOTHER.

THERE is an interesting paper by M. A. Laby in the *Leisure Hour* for September, entitled "Reminiscences of Ary Scheffer." It contains a touching picture of the intense affection which the great painter bore to his mother. M. Laby says:—

The greatest of all his portraits was that of his mother. In colour it equalled the best of Velasquez, but in sentiment, in feeling, who could equal Ary Scheffer? There was Madame Scheffer, with her pale, transparent face, speaking all her virtues and high attainments. There was Ary Scheffer's mother, beautifully calm, the woman whose life was love and duty.

In 1835 or 1836 an expedition was to leave France for Algeria to take the "Portes de fer." The Duc d'Orleans was to take the command of a corps d'armees. He had a great desire that Ary Scheffer should accompany him, both as aide-de-camp and artist; there were great difficulties. Would Madame Scheffer look kindly on the proposition? Her son placed before her all the advantages that would accrue from it. She at last acquiesced, and Ary, just like himself, had an outfit as if he were going on a voyage round the world twice over. All the preparations were made, all was ready. On the eve of departure, Scheffer could see that his mother was trying to be cheerful, but could not; at last she burst into tears. That was enough for her son. He immediately let the Prince know he could not leave his mother in sorrow. The Prince understood him.

When he had finished his celebrated picture of Marguerite coming out of church, Faust seeing her for the first time, he wished his mother to see it. She very seldom went so far as his studio. I saw them both: he stalwart in the fullness of his manhood; she, his old mother, fair, fragile, like a pale shadow, leaning on his arm, walking slowly to the studio. On arriving there she sat down and gave the picture a long look. She did not speak for some time, and then said in a sorrowful tone, "Scheffer, ce n'est pas cela."

He accompanied her to her room, came back, took a razor, and began to actually erase his picture from top to bottom. Poor beautiful Marguerite was shaved off. It was hard

work. He looked at me as if he wished me to help him; he did not ask me; but if he had, I would have answered very dramatically, "I am no Vandal, sir," for I was angry. I thought then that filial love had a bound; but not so Scheffer; his mother was his supreme judge; she had passed her judgment, and that was all for him. He was calm and tranquil; he was tired, to be sure, but he had done his duty. I was there, mean and wretched, at seeing that great work fallen down. I thought, what a tremendous man that

is. The next day he began again. This picture was about nine feet high, and had taken him many months to paint.

A Much needed Word from the German.—The writer of an interesting little article on "Cousins German," in *Cornhill* for September, maintains that however much inferior the German language is to the English in many points of view, it contains three words which are much needed. The first is "backfisch," to describe a girl from fifteen to eighteen years of age who keeps a diary, climbs trees secretly, blushes easily, and has no conversation. The second word, which is even more needed than "backfisch," is "bummeln." One who bummeln is an aggravated edition of our lounge. The most indispensable word of all, however, is "schwärmen," of which the writer says:—

The best definition of this word seems to be the falling in love in a purely impersonal manner with the artistic or

intellectual gifts of any more or less distinguished man or woman. It is possible, for example, to "schwärmen" for actors, authors, doctors, and painters. A German girl can schwärmen for any of these, whether male or female, and avow the same without even her mother taking alarm. A man can schwärmen, too, but the objects of his "schwärmerei" very seldom happen to be of his own sex. Now, English people are no whit behind their German cousins in the practice of "schwärmerei," but they have no term wherewith to express their enthusiasm which shall never be liable to misinterpretation. Therefore it is much to be wished that the words "backfisch," "bummeln," and "schwärmen" may be introduced into the next English dictionary.



ARY SCHEFFER.

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CAVALRY ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

WHAT WILL BE THEIR RÔLE IN FUTURE WARS?

In the *Journal of the U.S. Cavalry Association* Lieutenant R. H. Wilson gives a translation from the *Journal des Sciences Militaires* of the portion of Major Nigote's "Great Questions of the Day" which deals with the effect of small-calibre arms and smokeless powder upon cavalry operations of the future. This article should be read in juxtaposition with the remarks by Captain Maude, R.E., on "Cavalry on the Battlefield," which appeared in the July number of the *United Service Magazine*. The point in dispute between the rival schools is whether cavalry should or should not renounce all idea of charging on the battlefield.

Major Nigote, in his article, goes very fully into the question of infantry fire, and quotes the outcome of experiments carried out with the 1886 rifle, from which it appears that the probable results of collective infantry fire, directed at lines of cavalry drawn up in two lines, vary with the Gras rifle from 21 hits per 100 shots fired at 800 to as many as an average of 64 hits at 100 yards. Leaving aside the great superiority of the Lebel rifle, he maintains that he will be a bold man indeed who attempts to prove the correctness of the theory of the "shock" by charging a regiment of infantry, even if posted at the extremity of the line. Moreover, he asks where will you concentrate such a mass of cavalry as would be required to execute the charge with any probability of success? At St. Privat the front of the Prussians was twelve miles long. How will you be able to concentrate your cavalry if an opportunity offers for a charge on one of the enemy's wings? If you hold it massed at one point, where will the point be? In the centre or behind a wing? If it should be far from the point where the necessity for its action is developed, the time requisite for moving such an immense mass, for the manœuvres in connection with the formation for the attack, will be such that the opportunity for its employment will have vanished. How will you manœuvre such a force of cavalry and, at the same time, conceal it from the view of the hostile artillery, now so efficient both as regards extreme range and accuracy of fire? Apart, however, from these crucial questions, the conditions under which battles are likely to be fought in future will render modern fields of battle, cut up by fieldworks and long lines of trenches, altogether impracticable for cavalry charges. Only by dint of successive, long, and laborious efforts, and by taking advantage of the accidents of the ground, and also of fieldworks, will the attacker succeed in even approaching his objective. The armies will, as it were, be nailed to the ground, and the final success will result in favour of the army having the greatest tenacity and the greatest energy remaining after a succession of partial engagements. But a new horizon opens out before mounted men. Cavalry alone, by the rapidity of its movements, can surround a column on the march and overwhelm it with its fire without showing itself. Cavalry patrols alone, for the same reason, are able to rush at full speed upon the enemy's outposts and collect the information which hitherto could only be revealed to the eye and ear by the sight of the smoke and the sound of the firearms, and in many cases it may be able to dismount and successfully engage the enemy's infantry with its own arms. Far in advance of its own army, alone or in connection with the other arms, it will put in a state of defence defiles, bridges, fords, etc., and may often be able to retard the advance of the enemy, and prevent the guns of his advance guard from coming into battery. In the protracted and severely contested battles of the future cavalry will

obtain results of the greatest importance by moving in great masses on the flanks or rear of the enemy, and often by fighting on foot. Its mobility and rapidity of movement will enable it to attempt concerted attacks on different points, and to threaten the enemy's line of retreat. Whenever the presence of infantry is needed at a point so distant that it cannot be reached without subjecting it to great fatigue, cavalry can be substituted with great advantage. It will repair to the place with celerity, and will create a diversion as efficacious as any that it could hope for from any charge, for which, during long and anxious hours it awaits the opportunity that never comes. A division of cavalry can put 2,000 troopers in line, after reserving 400 for holding horses. This is almost the effective strength of a French regiment of infantry, and Major Nigote claims to have proved that no force of cavalry, no matter what its strength, can hope to attack such a force with reasonable prospect of success. Captain Maude, on the other hand, hopes that our future cavalry leaders will never accept the idea that they must never dare to ride at unshaken infantry without the visible certainty that it is already shaken.

HOW TO SAVE COAL AND GAIN WARMTH.

At the British Association last month, one of the important papers discussed once more the obligations which we owe to posterity on account of the reckless rate at which we are consuming the coal supply of the world. By way of diminishing to an appreciable extent the waste of household coal, a Newcastle man, Mr. Steele by name, has patented a simple invention by which, if the servant can but be induced to light the fire at the top instead of the bottom of the grate, the consumption of coal is diminished by 50 per cent. I cannot guarantee the percentage, but this I can say, after having made a trial of the invention both at the office and in my own house, that it answers very well when it is properly attended to, and that it is very unpopular when it is neglected. When the fire is properly laid and lighted from above—and Mr. Steele declares that he can kindle a fire hot enough to boil a kettle in ten minutes after lighting—the fire burns much more slowly than in ordinary grates. The smoke passing through the red-hot coals at the top of the fire is converted into heat, and the incandescent mass remains red-hot for longer than would be believed to be possible by those who have not made the experiment. The invention is a very simple one. It consists of a corrugated plate, fitting the bottom of the grate, pierced with holes for the admission of air down the top of each corrugation or fold. By this means the admission of air is regulated, it enters the fire about an inch above the level of the grate; the ash, of which there is very little, can be cleared out so as to leave the air passages free without disturbing the fire. The disadvantage of the patent is that if the fire is not properly laid from the first it deadens and dulls the fire. There is not so much coal burnt, but the fire is so dull that the economy is bought too dear. When a fire is needed to be kept on all night without tending Mr. Steele's patent is simply invaluable. It costs five shillings and can be fixed to any grate. The inventor's address is Newcastle Hotel, 103, Euston Road, N.W.

The Italian Ministry.—An anonymous writer in the *Westminster Review* for September writes an article on the Italian Ministry, giving biographical details concerning most of the Italian ministers for which we look in vain elsewhere.

WHICH IS THE CLEVEREST STATE IN THE UNION?

SOMETIME ago an industrious compiler published an article in the *Nineteenth Century* showing the distribution of ability in England according to counties and occupations. Mr. Cabot Lodge has written an article in the *Century* for September, in which he prosecutes the same inquiry on similar lines in the United States. He takes the six volumes of Appleton's "Encyclopedia of American Biography," and classifies all persons therein mentioned according to birthplace, occupations, and race extraction. The number of names so tabulated, excluding immigrants, is 14,243, and it includes virtually all the men and women who, by their ability, have risen even a little above the general level. The net result of his inquiry is that Connecticut has produced a larger percentage of able people in proportion to its population than any other State in the Union. Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania have supplied one-half of the 14,000 able persons mentioned in the "Encyclopedia," while the six New England States and the three Middle States furnish three-quarters of the ability of the country. Among the newer States Iowa leads, Virginia has easily the first place in the South States, New York, Mass., Virginia, and Pennsylvania furnish more than one-half of the distinguished soldiers of the Union. The following is a table of the categories of ability recorded in Appleton:—Statesmen, 2,160; soldiers, 1,892; clergy, 2,164; lawyers, 1,500; physicians, 859; literature, 2,051; art, 462; science, 564; education, 586; navy, 482; business, 569; philanthropy, 221; pioneers and explorers, 183; inventors, 169; engineers, 174; architects, 43; musicians, 82; actors, 102.

Mr. Lodge says:—

The ability of the South, less in amount than that of the New England and Middle States, was confined to three or four departments. In the Middle States and New England ability sought every channel for expression, and was displayed in various ways. All the States, in not very widely varying proportions, produced statesmen, soldiers, lawyers, pioneers, and clergymen, and the seaboard States naval officers. But almost all the literature, art, science, business, philanthropy, and music; almost all the physicians, educators, inventors, engineers, architects, and actors were produced by the Middle and New England States. This is a most significant fact. It shows a wide difference between the two civilisations; that of the New England and Middle States on the one side, and that of the Southern States on the other; for the surest tests of civilisation in any community are the amount of ability produced and the variety of directions in which that ability has been displayed. The thirteen original States were with one or two variations settled, and they were all controlled, by men of the same race-stocks and of like traditions. The cause of the wide difference in amount and variety of ability shown by these tables is a fresh proof, if proof were needed, of the pernicious results of slavery upon even the finest races. There never was a more complete or a worse delusion than the one once so sedulously cultivated, that in this age of the world aristocracy in the best and truest sense and a high civilisation could be compatible with slavery. No finer people ever existed than those who settled and built up our Southern States, but when slavery became, in the course of the world's progress, and in a free country, nothing less than a hideous anomaly, it warped the community in which it flourished, limited the range of intellectual activity, dwarfed ability, and retarded terribly the advance of civilisation.

The figures as to the race origin of men of ability bring out many interesting facts. Mr. Lodge says:—

I believe that in proportion to their numbers the Huguenots have produced more and the Germans fewer men of ability than any other races in the United States. I think there can be

no doubt as to the Germans, for their immigration was larger than any other in the colonial period except that of the English and possibly of the Scotch-Irish. If we add the French and the French Huguenots together we find that the people of French blood exceed absolutely, in the ability produced, all the other races represented except the English and Scotch-Irish, and show a percentage in proportion to their total original immigration much higher than that of any other race. The Dutch suffered slightly, I have no doubt, in the same way and from the same causes as the Germans, while the other immigrants, from Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, did not suffer at all and had no barriers of language to overcome.

The race table shows the enormous predominance of the English in the upbuilding of the United States, and if we add to the English the people who came from other parts of Great Britain and Ireland that predominance becomes overwhelming.

This is all very well, but fifty years hence some future Mr. Lodge will have a very different tale to tell. It is noticeable what a very great difference in ability there is between the Ulster Irish who are called Scotch-Irish and the Irish proper. The latter, in proportion to their numbers, contribute very little to the sum of American ability.

Wanted: a new Translation of the Gospel.—

I have received from two correspondents, who have been simultaneously engaged in the task of translating the Gospel narrative from the original into nineteenth-century English, an appeal for help from those who are in sympathy with their object. What they urge is, that the English even of the Revised Version is somewhat archaic, and gives a sense of unreality to the narrative in the Bible, which stands in the way of its realisation by the ordinary reader. Those who are interested in the subject, and are willing to help in the translation, are asked to send their names and addresses to me, which I will communicate to the translators in question.

DR. SAMUEL KENNEDY, whose name has been much before the public in connection with the advocacy of the Mattei remedies, has been deprived of his F.R.C.S. by the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh for practising a secret remedy. He read a paper, which he will shortly publish in his forthcoming volume, in which he set forth his justification for using Mattei remedies that cured, although their ingredients were not known to him. The Fellows listened to what he had to say, and then by a majority withdrew his Fellowship. His licence to practice—thanks to the statute law of the land—they could not touch. They could bark, but they could not bite. A question was asked whether they would deal in the same way with those who had experimented with the secret remedy of Dr. Koch, and the answer was that the College would deal with such cases when they were formally brought before their attention. They refused, however, to inquire whether the statements made by Dr. Kennedy as to effect of the Mattei remedies was or was not founded upon fact. They neither denied nor confirmed. The position which they took up would logically justify the expulsion of any Fellow who effected the most miraculous cures by the use of a medicine the precise nature of which he could not explain. This may be all very well from the point of view of professional etiquette and the rules of the trade, but as doctors exist for the benefit of their patients and not for the maintenance of the trade union rules of their profession, the vital question is one which the public and the practitioners regard from very opposite standpoints.

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THE STATESMEN OF HUNGARY.

In the *Leisure Hour* for September the statesmen of Hungary have their turn. The article, which is longer than most in this series, is illustrated with portraits of Count Szechenyi, Kossuth, Francis Deák, Tisza, Szapary,



APPONYI.

Szilagyi, Von Baross, and Count Apponyi. Of all these statesmen by far the most interesting is the fallen chieftain Tisza, of whom a very interesting, and on the whole appreciative, account is given:—

This man, who for many years has filled a large place in the public life of his country, was by his personality in no ways suited to inflame their ardent Oriental imaginations. Whoever has beheld the small thin figure, clad in curiously fitting garb, with its long flowing hair, thin beard, and large blue spectacles, would imagine with difficulty that he saw in this undignified form the Prime Minister of a people devoted to show and pomp. Tisza has neither the glowing temperament of Gladstone, nor the wise moderation of Deák. He does not possess the art of winning over the crowd; he is not a great man, and nevertheless he is a remarkable one. In order to get to know him, it was necessary to frequent Parliament and the party clubs; both here and there he showed himself ever ready for combat, a debater who was never at a loss for a reply, surveying his domain with sure looks, detecting in cool blood the weaknesses of his adversary, and utilising them with patience and self-possession.

He was ousted upon a trumped-up question about the citizenship of Kossuth, but, says the writer:—

Tisza knew well that the cause of his fall had been a mere pretext, that it was the clerical aristocracy who had wielded this weapon against him, angered at the law concerning mixed marriages that he had allowed to pass. The aristocracy, the clergy, high-born ladies, all agitated against this law, which, though it passed the House, has remained a dead letter. This agitation gave a new power to the aristocracy, who had ever been irreconcilable foes of the Cabinet, and of the rigid Calvinist at its head, who remained apart from all the social diversions of the rich landowners, whose frugal, modest mode of living contrasted unfavourably with that of the spendthrift nobles with whom he was surrounded. Tisza loved work; they loved idleness.

The "General," as Tisza was popularly called by the people, retired entirely from public life to become a simple soldier in the ranks of his party. Never had he seemed greater or more dignified than at the moment of this self-imposed renunciation.

His successor, Szapary, found no difficulty in settling the Kossuth question, and showed the strength of his hand in dealing with the vexed question of the baptism of children born of mixed marriages:—

It was the Hungarian law that the boys had to follow the religion of the father and the girls that of the mother; but of late the Catholic priests had obtained the upper hand, and, refusing to obey the law, claimed all children born of mixed marriages as belonging to their creed. This obliged Count Csaky to put forth an edict saying that if the law continued to be disobeyed, he should fine the clergy very heavily. The Opposition, hoping to gain favour with the populace, tried to rouse fanatic ill-will; but their efforts were vain; Csaky, Szilagyi, and Szapary showed themselves true patriots of the Deák stamp; they declared that if this opposition against the course of the laws was not dropped they would take the offensive. And quite recently in the Chamber the Minister of Justice has declared that he is busy with a law which will regulate these questions, and will put both marriage and the registration of children into the hands of the civil authorities. These declarations on the part of the Ministry proved a bitter disappointment to all those who



KOSSUTH.

hoped that, with the retirement of Tisza, Liberalism in Hungary was laid in the grave for ever.

Of those whose portraits are given, there are brief descriptions; but few of them are of any interest to Englishmen, with the exception of Count Apponyi, the leader of the clerical and aristocratic party in Hungary.

A few lines should be devoted to directing attention to the *Musical Times* article on "Jumbomania." The world is not pretty, but it expresses not inaptly the present craze of composers and concert-givers for long compositions and monster performances. In literature a step has been taken in the right direction by the increasing attention given to short stories, and it is pretty certain that if composers, and, above all, concert-givers, were to pay a similar attention to the art of condensation they would find their reward in increased popularity. This is a busier age than any of its predecessors, and a very large number of people who would patronise music are deterred from doing so by the inordinate length of the entertainments devoted to the art. Music loses its recreative quality when it outlasts the patience of the hearer.

CAN RAILWAY FARES BE CHEAPENED IN ENGLAND?

NO. BY MR. W. M. ACWORTH.

THERE is a very interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century* for September on Railway Passenger Fares, in which Mr. W. M. Acworth discusses the possibility of England following the example of Hungary in reducing her railway fares. He examines the zone system and thinks it could not be applied to this country. The real significance of the Hungarian reform is not the issue of tickets by zones, but the reduction of the price of tickets, and this has led to a widespread movement in the same direction throughout the civilised world.

Hungary has fired the match, and the train has exploded all over Europe. Roumania has followed suit. Austria has adopted a modification of the Hungarian system, known by the name of the *Kreuzer* tariff, but involving even more sweeping reductions from the old fares than its predecessor. Russia is said to be on the eve of moving in the same direction; in the Swedish and Dutch Parliaments there have been animated debates on the subject, and the adoption of the Hungarian system, with some modifications, is expected before long. The Prussian Ministry of Railways has circulated throughout the kingdom a project of reform involving very large concessions in passenger fares; which, however, has been received in some quarters with outspoken disapproval, on the express ground that the concessions do not go far enough. The French Government is negotiating with the great railway companies for a reduction of about 30 per cent. in the third-class passenger fares, in return for the abandonment of some portion of the very heavy taxes to which the companies are at present liable.

The following is the German official statement as to the comparative costliness of third-class travelling in the various countries of the world:—

The price at which it is possible to travel third class ranges downwards (I leave the figures in their German form, as the ratio between them is the only point of importance for our present purpose) from 5·5 pfennings per kilometre in England and 4·52 in France, to 4·25 in Holland, 4·16 in Switzerland, 4·07 in Italy, and 3·92 in Sweden. It varies from 4·67 to 3·0 on the various German railways. It is 3·24 in Hungary, 3·0 in Belgium, 2·81 in Russia, and finally falls to 2·0 in Austria; while in North Germany there are fourth-class fares, ranging from 2·5 in Oldenburg to 2·0 in Prussia, Saxony, and Hesse, for carriages without seats, that are made use of on occasion for the conveyance of cattle.

Mr. Acworth points out that, measured by the wages a penny a mile is cheaper in England than a fifth of a penny a mile, which is all that is charged in India. He does not think that fares could be much reduced in this country, for the reason that no reduction of fares would fill up the carriages that are now run empty. What it would do would be to overcrowd the carriages which are already full. All business people wish to go to London in the morning and return at night. To reduce the fare would simply overcrowd the morning trains in and the evening out. It would not fill the empty carriages out from London in the morning or the empty trains to London in the evening. All that the cheapening of fares would do would be to increase the congestion of traffic which already exists, necessitating more station accommodation and duplication of the line where property is the dearest and most difficult to obtain. Hence as a financial operation Mr. Acworth does not think the railways could materially reduce their fares all round and continue to pay a dividend. His only suggestion is that local authorities should cease to levy rates on railway property, exacting in return for this forbearance greater facilities and cheaper rates for the

conveyance of population from the centres of towns to the country outside. Mr. Acworth is somewhat of an optimist, but his paper is very intelligently put together, and, although compacted full of facts and figures, has sufficient thought in it to prevent the information degenerating into a mere babel of statistics.

The following illustrations from *Kladderadatsch* aptly illustrate Mr. Acworth's prediction as to the result of adopting the zone system:—



BEFORE THE ZONE TARIFF.



AFTER THE INTRODUCTION OF THE SYSTEM.

"**Journalistic Heathenism.**"—In the *King's Own* for September there is an article under this title by an anonymous writer, who gives the following curious reminiscence of the stirring times before the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act in 1885:—

During the time that "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon" was appearing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the circulation of one London paper fell off thirty thousand. Of course, the poor masher had spent his penny and could not afford the additional luxury of buying the "Daily Crammer." Other papers suffered proportionately, and hence there went up a cry from Fleet Street which has never been equalled since the night when the first-born were slaughtered in the land of Egypt. Those powerful engines of journalistic warfare—the leader writers—were set to work. They declared that Stead was corrupting the nation, and was purveying moral filth in order to raise the circulation of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. During the time this fever of indignation was at its height, I happened to meet an old journalistic friend and pointed out to him the extraordinary phenomenon. "It's all bosh, my boy," he said. "It's merely a case of, 'Whose sins ye envy ye don't abhor!' I'll guarantee that there is not one of these papers now indulging in this moral tall-talk that would not give a thousand a day for the privilege of reporting a divorce case held *in camera*, provided, of course, the case were sufficiently filthy and the right were exclusive."

THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT IN AMERICA.

UNCLE SAM'S DEBT TO THE LAND OF THE KANGAROO.

AFTER four years of agitation, says Mr. W. B. Shaw, in the American edition of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, twenty-eight ballot reform laws have been placed on the statute-books of as many States. It is significant of the growing internationalism of the time, that distant British colonial governments have contributed the essential features of the new system as generally adopted in America. It is the voting system of South Australia transferred and adapted to American institutions. The whole English-speaking race is indebted to the land of the kangaroo for one of the most useful and practical lessons in the art of politics which any people in modern times have been privileged to learn. Its opponents may jeer and jibe at the "Kangaroo reform," but the abiding

This is the plan now followed in eight States. Of the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the two methods, not much can be said. Party grouping impairs secrecy to a certain extent. Only an instant of time is required to vote a "straight" party ticket, as the laws do not require each name to be checked, but a mark at the top, after the name of the party, suffices.

In Massachusetts, each ballot-box is furnished with a bell and mechanism for registering and cancelling. This apparatus was adopted several years before the new ballot law was proposed. It has proved to be not only a triumph of Yankee ingenuity, but a most useful and practical arrangement, and has only recently been adopted by the New Hampshire Legislature as an accompaniment of the new ballot law of that State. The register indicates the number of ballots deposited, each one of which is cancelled. If by any means two should be deposited at once, only one could be cancelled or indicated by the register.



THE SHADED STATES ARE THOSE WHICH HAVE ADOPTED THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT.

common sense of the Anglo-Saxon masses everywhere will not be deceived. Right-thinking Americans will rejoice, above all, that they are living in the midst of such world-movements in democracy as ignore all national bonds.

Only English-speaking peoples have as yet copied the Australian regulations in detail. Canada followed the mother country in adopting them. Then State after State followed.

In the United States there are two distinct methods of grouping the names of candidates: (1) The original Australian and English rule of alphabetical arrangement under the title of the office. This is followed by thirteen States—California, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Oregon, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Vermont, Washington, and Wyoming. (2) The Belgian system of grouping all names and offices by parties.

In California, in the nominating arrangements, no political party is recognised which polled less than three per cent. of the total vote at the last preceding election. Hence the only refuge for independent movements, in many cases, must be in the "nomination papers," as in other States, but here the California statute is peculiarly obstructive, for it demands that the number of signers of such a paper shall be not less than five per cent. of the total vote of the State or district. A nomination paper thus would require 12,500 signers for any State office. Each new political organisation, such as labour parties, in order to put a State ticket in the field, will be compelled either to secure 12,500 signers to nomination papers, or to bear the entire expense of printing and circulating "posters" for their candidates.

It now seems settled that more than one-half of the votes cast for President in 1892 will be cast under the Australian system.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

FRANK THE FIREMAN.

OPEN the door, will yer, Bill? Hush! take the gentleman's dicer.

You're the reporter, ain't yer? Can't say we're happy to know yer.

Bill, light some more of them candles. That's Frank, a-lookin' much nicer

Than he looked last night—all smoky. Here, stick this chair below yer.

Good-lookin' feller, weren't he? That's his kid in the corner. Like him? Here, little Snooks, this gent's going to write about father.

Wife? Well, she isn't here, and I guess she won't be a mourner;

Took her last night to the hospital, hurted—or frightened rather.

Frank was our engine-driver; allus a-jokin' and singin'.

Married a week when he jined us. Brought her down onct—what a daisy!

Quiet and bashful and sweet; blushed when we smiled at her clingin'

Tenderly on to Frank's arm. Face as 'ud set yer half crazy.

Well, he'd been married two years (that's about right, Billy, ain't it?)

When, spinnin' one night to a fire, the engine-wheel bumped on a boulder,

And Frank, as was leanin' so for'ard he hadn't no show to prevent it,

Got pitched on the edge of a curb, and fractured his arm near the shoulder.

Bill there grabbed hold of the leathers: I stayed behind to assist him:

Wanted to ring for an ambulance, but Frank swore he'd never forgive it;

Bet yer he'd got in his head, if she tucked him in nicely and kissed him,

His arm 'ud be set in the mornin' and he'd be as sound as a trivet.

So I puts Frank in a cab and drives to the flat in a hurry,

And—well, yer see, she thought as he was good till the mornin' on duty,

And—hang it, I can't say the rest! Can't yer guess? There's a scream and a scurry,

And Frank a dead weight in my arms, and she—in her shame and her beauty!

Soon as he fetched round a bit he axed me to wrap up the baby;

Begged me to keep him awhile, and then for the hospital started;

Arm hangin' limp by his side (pain didn't trouble him, maybe);

Give a last look at the home, then walked away—broken-hearted!

When he reported again, my! what a change in the feller! Never once asked where she'd gone: seemed half the time to be sleepin'.

Eyes was as dull as a stone, face of the sickliest yellor. Frank, he was hit pretty bad—hit much too heavy for weepin'.

Well sir, last night about ten, clang went the gong in the station.

All of us counted the strokes—clang! till it come to our figger.

Hosses was hitched in a jiff, then we was off like tarnation, Frank bendin' over the box, lashin' 'em up like a nigger.

Lors, how we rustled along! People a-runnin' and yellin';

Gong cryin' "Look out ahead!" street in a fiery sprinkle;

Cabs swingin' out of the way: whoa! this Fifth Avenue dwellin';

Ha! not a moment too soon; hose is run off in a twinkle.

Engine starts in with a snort. Woman up there at the winder,

Where the flames crackle and dance (oh, sir, the sight was a sad un).

Frank, he looks up, rubs his eyes like he'd been hit with a cinder;

Makes a quick grab for an axe, goes up the stoop like a mad un.

"Up with the ladder!" he yells. Sping! and the door's off its hinges;

Frank disappears in the smoke. Bill there was first to go skyin'.

Flames from the winder below? Horror! the ladder—it singes!

Jump, woman! Merciful God! see, in Frank's arms she's a-lyin'!

Look! he's a strokin' her hair—kissin' and huggin' and kissin' (Guess every eye in that crowd felt in a bit of a quiver);

Strokin' and patten' her cheek, right where that hell is a-hissin',

Then drops her safely to Bill, crying, "Good-bye—I forgive her!"

That's all, sir; fun'al's to-morrow. Franky, the gent wants to kiss yer:

Says yer the son of a hero, grand as they puts in a story. Good day. Us firemen ain't much: yer die and the world

doesn't miss yer;

But Frank there's gone some's, you bet, where they gives out big medals for glory!

THOMAS FROST, of New York.

Belford's Magazine, August.

In the *Catholic World* (New York) for August, Mr. James Buckham publishes the following poem, entitled "The Unknown Bound."

I watched a sail until it dropt from sight
Over the rounding sea. A gleam of white,
A last far-flashed farewell, and, like a thought
Slipt out of mind, it vanished and was not.

Yet, to the helmsman standing at the wheel
Broad seas still stretched before the gliding keel.
Disaster? Change?—he felt no slightest sign;
Nor dreamed he of that dim horizon line.

So may it be, perchance, when down the tide
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide
On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound.
We call it death—to them 'tis life beyond!

MISS WERNER contributes the following Sonnet to the *Scots Magazine* :—

NOT when the sunshine lies upon the leaf,
Nor only when the stormy heavens are bowed
In lightning's leap and crash of thunder-cloud,
Or 'mid the hurricane's wild revelry—
Not then we need strong faith to trust in Thee;—
But when the mist wraps round us as a shroud,
And chill and bitter skies above have bowed
The heart and will to leaden stagnancy,—

Then would we cry :—Smite through the dark, O Sun,
Cleave it with Thy sword-beams,—and from the grave
Raise up the heart that doubts in sick despair;
That waves of light may roll aside the dun
Death-fog;—or, if this be too much to crave,
We only pray to know the Light is there!

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary Review* is one of the best of the reviews for September. It contains only nine articles, but they are almost all above the average. I notice elsewhere Mr. Christie Murray's paper on Australia, and Mr. Massingham's "Plea for the Nationalisation of Cathedrals."

GRANT DUFF REDIVIVUS.

The article on "A Month in Southern India" reminds us that there are malefactors whose crime against society is not the less heinous because it cannot be brought within the scope of any criminal code. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, who some twenty years ago used to furnish the British public every twelvemonth with a lucid survey of European politics, is apparently still in the full possession of his faculties. His paper, "A Month in Southern India," shows him to be as capable as ever of expressing his ideas in admirable English, lit up with brilliant illustrations and weighted with many profound aphorisms, and yet for the last ten years he has been almost a dumb dog. It is nothing less than a sin against mankind for such a man, with such an eye and such a pen, to deprive his countrymen of his ripe experience and extended observation. "A Month in Southern India" is a charming paper—optimist no doubt, as befits an ex-Governor of Madras, but full of information and a realistic vividness of description which is very rare. Sir M. E. Grant Duff shudders like an old official at the English agitation about the age of consent, saying that it is the worst of all methods of reform, which may be. But bad as it is, it is the only method possible, and as such it is infinitely better than none. It is impossible to summarise the paper, but it cannot be too widely read.

IBSEN AS A POET.

Mr. Wicksteed breaks new ground with Ibsen. Hitherto we have been dosed to death with Ibsenism, and have been invited to contemplate Ibsen as a freethinker, a social reformer, a moralist, and a dramatist. Mr. Wicksteed says nothing about Ibsen's plays; he takes us straight to his poems and gives translations of a dozen specimens of the Norse poet's verse. Judging from Mr. Wicksteed's translations it is possible that Ibsen will command the admiration of the general reader more as a poet rather than as a dramatist. Mr. Wicksteed's paper suggests that it would be much more to the purpose if, instead of worrying each other about the merits and demerits of Ibsen, some of his admirers would give us, in a handy, accessible form, a translation of all his works, dramatic and otherwise.

A GOOD WORD FOR THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

Miss Julia Wedgwood, in her review of Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Laurence Oliphant," remarks with perfect justice that the person who declined to meet Mr. Harris was not the person to write the biography of Laurence Oliphant. Speaking of Mr. Harris's discourses on the Millennium, Miss Wedgwood says:—

We must be content with recording our conviction that the appeals here given come straight from the heart of a true man, and embodied some vital power to elevate and purify the hearers, not through the suggestion of fresh

thought, or through the expression of some commanding force of character, so much as through the intensity of yearning aspiration which breathes through every page, the upward longing of a heart that groans under the pressure of sin as most men groan under the pressure of pain. We may say that the impression made by Mr. Harris on other members of English society—equal or superior to Laurence Oliphant in worldly advantages—was rather of uncourteous independence than of interested assiduity.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

There is a very elaborate paper by Prof. Emil Schurer, of Kiel, which occupies nearly thirty pages and is devoted to setting forth, with much lucidity and emphasis, the arguments against believing that the Fourth Gospel was written by the Apostle John. Prof. Schurer says:—

Unmistakably, then, the conscientious labour of theological science has strengthened the suspicion against the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel, and the number is constantly increasing of those who believe it in the highest degree improbable that the Apostle wrote the Gospel.

Prof. Schurer concludes his demonstration with the consolatory assurance that—"even if this Gospel must fall more and more behind the Synoptics as a source of history, it will always have its worth as a witness of the Christian faith."

BACH.

Mr. W. F. Apthorp waxes eloquent in praise of Bach. The temper in which he writes may be inferred from the following extract:—

Take Bach home with you and commune with him there over your own pianoforte; study him with loving diligence, taking first what happens most to strike your personal fancy—for even in Bach there are some things which almost anyone can like—and thus habituate yourself to his style. I know of no finer, deeper, nor higher musical education. In a word, sweeping as the statement may seem, I make it circumspectly and with complete conviction, that there is no more trustworthy gauge of a man's musical nature and culture than his appreciation and love of Bach. In him you find what is highest, noblest, and best in music; and furthermore, it is through him that the other great composers are best to be appreciated.

Development of the Mythic Dragon.—In the *Magazine of Art*, Mr. John Leyland traces the development of the dragon of mythology, legend, and art. The mythic dragon, he sums up, began as an oppressor of man, depriving him of that which was his birthright and necessary for his sustenance; he was hated and feared as the universal enemy: he became the object of propitiation or even of worship, for the avoidance of his malevolence, or the procuring of that which he could bestow; he was assailed for the possession of his secret hoard; by him was man deprived of those who were fairest and most dear; and at length he was slain or led captive by the might of the champion's arm. He passed thus into the folk-lore and literature of every nation, and was adopted almost universally as a symbol, a grotesque, or a decorative feature in art. But, when the yard-wand of the sixteenth century natural philosophy was applied to him, the dragon, like all things built up of mythology and poetry fell away at that stern touch of reality.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

In the *Fortnightly* for September there are three articles to which reference is made elsewhere—Professor Tyndall's paper on the "Prevention of Consumption," Mr. Low upon Mr. Lowell, and Francis Adams on "Social Life in Australia." The other articles are somewhat out of the way.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON ON THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Mr. Harrison prints as a paper the lecture which he addressed to the University Extension students at Oxford on "The Thirteenth Century." Speaking of the thirteenth century, Mr. Harrison says that it was an abortive revival: it was a failure, but a splendid failure. It was impossible that society might be saved by some regeneration of the Church, whereas the real force of Catholicism was exhausted, and the intellectual wisdom of the age was transferred from the Churchmen to the doctors. The following passage upon the cathedrals in the thirteenth century may be quoted in support of Mr. Massingham's contention in the *Contemporary* that the cathedrals should be nationalised:—

These glorious fanes of the thirteenth century were far more than works of art: they were at once temples, national monuments, museums, schools, musical academies, and parliament halls, where the whole people gathered to be trained in every form of art, in all kinds of knowledge, and in all modes of intellectual cultivation. They were the outgrowth of the whole civilisation of their age.

A BALKAN FEDERATION.

Mr. James Bouchier publishes a full explanation of the views of the leaders of the movement now on foot for the confederation of the Balkans. He says he has it from an authentic source, and he gives the information, although he concludes his paper by declaring that the initial difficulties are insurmountable, and that the scheme, which is generally attributed to M. Tricoupis, is hopelessly impossible. The idea is that the Balkan States, if they would unite together, might without the aid of any foreign power compel the Turks to clear out of Europe, although they would allow the Sultan still to rule his Asiatic Empire from Constantinople. They calculate that Europe would keep the ring and see fair play. M. Tricoupis, however, says Mr. Bouchier, will utterly fail to induce the Greeks to abandon their preposterous claims to Macedonia. The only Balkan Confederation that is possible would be a defensive league in which Turkey would be allowed to take part.

SWISS ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Mr. J. A. Symonds describes the Federal Athletic Sports, celebrated every three years in Switzerland. He had just been writing six chapters of his "Michael Angelo," and he went to take a rest at the Athletic Festival at Geneva. With his mind saturated with Michael Angelo's art, he sought among the athletes at Geneva the type of the great Italian artist's male form. He discovered him in a young fellow from the Jura, and by comparing the living reality with the artist's ideal he arrived at various conclusions for which we must refer the reader to his paper. I quote the following out-of-the-way and suggestive observation from Mr. Symonds's paper:—

I asked a friend of mine—a stag-like youth from Graubünden, tall and sinewy, like young Achilles on a fresco at Pompeii—how all the gymnasts in this country came to be so brotherly. "Oh," he replied, "that is because we come into physical contact with one another. You only learn to

love men whose bodies you have touched and handled." True as I believe this remark to be, and wide-reaching in its possibilities of application, I somehow did not expect it from the lips of an Alpine peasant.

MR. FRANK HARRIS'S THIRD EFFORT.

Mr. Frank Harris, who has abandoned politics for art—the literary art of writing short stories—gives us a third sample of his peculiar genius in three sketches of life in a western mining camp, entitled "A Triptych." The third is better than either of those which preceded it for one reason, because it is not disfigured by the presence of a woman, and hitherto Mr. Harris has only given us women whose room is very much better than their company. There is life, character, and colour in this Triptych. Mr. Harris's range is wide, and we look forward with pleasure to his further efforts in this new line. It is somewhat odd Mr. Harris should only seem to feel at home in society which reeks either with murder or adultery.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. William Archer describes the work of Maurice Maeterlinck, a Belgian dramatist, whose grim and grisly plays fill Mr. Archer with admiration. Fate—a blind, non-moral fate—is the beginning and end of his philosophy. Mr. Karl Blind describes Pytheas, an early Greek explorer who visited England and the northern seas about 320 years before Christ. Mr. Edward Delille describes the works of M. Maurice Barres, a modern French writer, with whom art and feeling go hand in hand. We miss the continuation of Miss Schreiner's South African papers. It is surely about time we had number two.

Literary Men as Husbands.—Mr. Andrew Lang, in *Longman's Magazine*, makes the newly-published life of Mrs. Carlyle the text for the following remarks as to the reason why literary men make bad husbands:—

The moral for ladies is, "Don't marry literary men." The marriages of authors have been wretched, out of all proportion to the common lot. The reason is not only that authors are vain, and irritable, and flighty, and absorbed, like artists, in their work; the true, or chief, cause of married misery among writers is probably this: *they do their work at home*. Now, bricklayers, soldiers, doctors, barristers, clerks, and most men, do their work away from home. Domestic troubles about servants, children, butchers, dressmakers, cannot be launched on them while they are occupied with their business. Nor do they, in turn, bring preoccupation with briefs, or bricks, or clients, or what not, into their domestic circle. But Mrs. Literary Man is apt to rush in upon the solitude of Genius with some "terrible tale from the baker's," while Genius, when summoned to his meals, has his head full of rhymes, or of the persons in his novel, or, to take Mr. Carlyle's case, of Frederick the Great or Oliver Cromwell. His mind is absent when he should be lending the pleased ear to feminine prattle, and, later, when examined therein, he is miserably plucked. He is convicted of not having attended to what was said—a crime of insult. The unlucky pair, as Mrs. Carlyle said, had thinner skins than other people, and were profusely profane to begin with. But if Mr. Carlyle had been wise enough to keep his books and papers in a remote studio, and to walk thither every morning, he and his wife would have given less handle to the gossip and the biographer. Young ladies about to marry literary men, young men engaged to literary ladies, should ponder on these things, and arrange to do their work away from home, unless they have much better tempers and digestions than the Carlyles enjoyed. "Home industries" may be salutary when they are mechanical, but not when they are mental, especially if the labourer has the irritability of some, luckily not of all, geniuses.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE most interesting paper in the *Nineteenth Century* is Mr. Carnegie's on "An American View of Imperial Federation," which is dealt with elsewhere. Mr. Acworth's article on Cheap Railway Fares and Mr. Gladstone's calculations as to the precise majority that awaits him in the next Parliament are also dealt with elsewhere. The number is full of interest, and contains many articles that are very readable.

ARCHIBALD FORBES AND HIS REMINISCENCES.

The first in vivid interest probably of any paper in the magazines of the month is Mr. Forbes' reminiscences of his adventures as a war correspondent in the Bulgarian, Zulu, and Afghan campaigns. No man living can pen such brilliantly vivid pictures of what he has seen on the battlefield as Archibald Forbes. His account of the battle of Ulundi and of the abortive attempts to storm Plevna are very fine pieces of work indeed. His three pictures of Tzar Alexander II. are very striking, and his estimate of the Emperor's character is marked by candour and insight. His account of the scene of the massacre of Isandhlwana, four months after the Zulus had slaughtered a thousand of our men, is very vivid :—

All the way up the slope I traced, by the ghastly token of dead men, the fiftful line of flight. It was like a long string with knots in it; the string formed of single corpses, the knots of clusters of dead, where, as it seemed, little groups had gathered to make a hopeless, gallant stand, and so die fighting.

WHAT TO DO WITH WORN-OUT PARSONS.

Dr. Jessopp discusses what should be done with the superannuated parson, and makes the suggestion that every clergyman should be compelled to pay ten per cent. of his income as provision against old age when he becomes incapacitated for the active discharge of his duties. He would levy the ten per cent. not on the clergyman, but on those who pay the clergyman, so that no clergyman would ever draw more than 90 per cent. of his nominal salary. This money would be put to his credit as a premium upon the policy of insurance standing in his name, while the sum would go on increasing at compound interest. On retiring from the profession he could withdraw his money, but would there and then become ineligible for resuming holy orders. Dr. Jessopp says that the time has now come for some decisive step to be taken in this matter, and he puts forward his scheme as the result of much practical thinking upon the subject.

FERDINAND LASSALLE.

Mrs. Arthur Kennard gives an account of Ferdinand Lassalle, the brilliant and handsome Hebrew who half converted Bismarck to Socialism, and who forms the central figure in Mr. George Meredith's "Tragic Comedians." Lassalle's idea was that the State should be the organisation in which the whole virtue of man should realise itself. Mrs. Kennard quotes some passages from Bismarck's speeches when he was under the influence of Lassalle, which may be recalled with advantage to-day :—

People talk about State Socialism (he said on one occasion) as if such things were to be disposed of in a phrase. State Socialism will have its day, and he who takes it up will assuredly be the man at the wheel. It is the outcome of an urgent necessity; we must find some means of relieving the indebted poor on the part of the State, and not in the form of alms.

Contentment among the disinherited classes (he says on another occasion) would not be dearly purchased by an enormous sum. They must be made to understand that the State

is of some use, but that it does not only take, but gives as well. . . . If the result enables us to secure the future of our operatives, uncertainty respecting which is the chief cause of their hatred to the State, the money will be well invested, for by spending it thus we may avert a Social Revolution which may break out fifty years hence, or ten, and which, however short a time it lasts, will assuredly swallow up infinitely larger sums than those we now propose to spend.

MOHAMMED AND WOMAN.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Ameer Ali, in an article on "The Real Status of Woman in Islam," eulogises Mohammed for the work which he did in raising the status of the sex. So far from degrading woman he did far more for them than many of the early Fathers of the Christian Church, many of whom wrote and spoke habitually of women in terms which constitute a black and abiding stigma on the character of the times in which they lived. In India ninety-five per cent. of the Mohammedans are monogamists, and in Persia ninety-eight per cent. Mr. Justice Ameer Ali writes vigorously, and makes out a very good case for the Arabian prophet. It is a good sign of the times that the founders of religious systems are being tested by the extent to which they have helped to emancipate woman. He says :—

The teacher who, in an age when no country, no system, no community gave any right to woman, maiden or married, mother or wife—who, in a country where the birth of a daughter was considered a calamity, secured to the sex rights which are only unwillingly and under pressure being conceded to them by the civilised nations in the nineteenth century—deserves the gratitude of humanity. If Mohammed had done nothing more, his claim to be a benefactor of mankind would have been indisputable. Even under the laws as they stand at present in the pages of the legists, the legal position of Moslem females may be said to compare favourably with that of European women.

A REFORM BILL FOR THE NEW FOREST.

Mr. Auberon Herbert, in an article entitled "The Last Bit of Woodland," once more pursues, with tomahawk and scalping knife, the luckless Mr. Lascelles of the New Forest. He has got a complete reform bill in six heads. First, he would promptly forbid any cutting or meddling with the old woods of the New Forest, no thinning on any account, no planting, no nothing, except the unrestricted growth by natural law. Secondly, the expenses of the Forest should be mercilessly cut down. Thirdly, the mischievous privileges of the Crown with regard to shooting should be done away with. Fourthly, the larger fuel rights should be bought up and the smaller ones left. Fifthly, the recent plantations, which have been much neglected, should be carefully attended to. And, sixthly, the New Forest should be transferred to the Board of Works. There are 4,600 acres of old wood in the Forest which Mr. Herbert regards as one of our most precious heritages, upon which he would not allow Mr. Lascelles or any one else to lay a finger.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Prof. Geffcken writes on "Compulsory Insurance in Germany," and M. J.J. Jusserand, in a paper entitled "A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles the Second," quotes from the correspondence of Count de Cominges. Lord Brassey sets forth his view of Imperial Federation from the English point of view in an article which does not shine in comparison with Mr. Carnegie's, with which it is bracketed. Mr. Knowles has transferred his publication from Kegan Paul to Sampson Low, Marston and Co.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE most important paper in the *National Review* is that of Mr. Charles Lowe, late *Times* correspondent in Berlin, on "The New Emperor and His Chancellor." There is not very much that is new in it, but it pieces together many things which are interesting and helpful to a due understanding of the situation. Every one must devoutly wish that Chancellor Caprivi was right when he said some time ago: "Gentlemen,—We have very dull times ahead of us." But he would be a bold man who would calculate an immunity from exciting sensations when such a born sensationalist as William the Second is on the German throne.

LADY PAGET AND VIVISECTION.

Lady Paget, who last year excited so much interest by calling attention to Count Mattei's remedies, breaks a lance in defence of the anti-Vivisectionists. Her article is written with intense feeling, and with a whole-hearted abhorrence of the practices of many of our latter-day doctors. Here is a passage which is well worth quoting:—

I wonder no more at the terror of the poor when the dreaded place is named, for they are not looked upon as patients to be cured, but as material to be experimentalised upon. "The material" is the accepted word for patients in many hospitals abroad. (I cannot speak of England in this respect, as I have no experience.) I should like to tell one story as illustration. A friend of mine sent his keeper's little daughter to the hospital. It became necessary to insert a canula into her throat, which the professor did without giving her much pain. After this, however, he returned once or twice a day, with a troop of students, whom he allowed to pull out and insert the canula at their pleasure. The poor child entreated with tears the professor to do it himself; but he said "The students must learn!" The child's father, who could not bear to see his daughter's sufferings, asked my friend to write to the professor begging him to perform the slight operation himself for the days that it was necessary. My friend did so, asking at the same time how much he would take to do this. The answer was "A fortune."

When one hears and sees things like these one must agree with the late Sir William Fergusson, who told a lady (in whose handwriting I have it) that "the permission to practise vivisection would tend to rear a nation of young devils." He told the same lady that vivisection was useless, that he bitterly regretted ever having practised it, and that it ought to be put down by Act of Parliament.

Mr. G. W. Bulman, in an article entitled "The Fittest or Luckiest: Which Survives?" takes exception to the orthodox Darwinian hypothesis that it is the fittest that comes out the winner in the struggle for existence. He maintains that it has not been proved that the question of survival is decided by slight individual differences. It is governed much more by accident.

A PLEA FOR FREE LAW.

One of the most interesting papers in the *Review* is G. Acton Lomax's scheme for providing the civilised world with its law free of cost. There is something amiable and attractive in the mild optimism in the mind of the man who could write the following sentences:—

Three primary desiderata, then, must be satisfied by any scheme in order that it may be efficient:—(1) The transference of the payment of fees from the individual to the State. (2) A fair assignment of work to each and every member of the Bar. (3) A provision against frivolous or malicious prosecution.

Those advantages might be obtained, and, at the same time, all the necessary safeguards secured, in a comprehensive system of Colleges or Departments.

Mr. Lomax proposes that, as succession duties are

levied varying from 3 to 10 per cent., so the cause of this system of free law might be met by levying a similar percentage on money or property recovered on his suggested scheme. Court of censorship also is to be empowered to inflict a fine on any unfounded, vexatious, or malicious claims.

There is a gossip article on "Woman's Life in Old Italy," in which there is curious information as to the morals of the Italian ladies. A lady's lover in aristocratic families had his functions specified in a special legal document, together with his salary at a time when his mistress was married. In 1588 there were 16,000 women of ill-fame in Venice. So numerous did they become that it was ordered in 1596 that they should only frequent certain back streets, wear full trousers, be mounted on stilts two or three feet high, and moreover veil their faces with silver tissue, and bare their breasts.

Mr. H. D. Traill, who surely must be the son of a duke, if we may judge from his lordly contempt for the *bourgeoisie*, writes some nonsense about County Councils, which has no other basis than the protest made by the London Council against scandalous indecencies on the stage and on hoardings in the street.

Mr. T. E. Kebbel writes pleasantly upon "Partridge Shooting in September," and an anonymous Unionist defends Mr. Balfour's Irish Local Government Scheme on the ground that there is no disguising of the fact that, at a critical time such as the present, the first duty of a Conservative Ministry is to be popular.

THE NEW REVIEW.

THE *New Review* is a better number than usual. I quote elsewhere from Mr. Bret Harte's paper on Mr. Russell Lowell.

M. JULES SIMON ON WOMAN'S WORK.

Writing on "Women and Work," M. Jules Simon declares that if the factory laws are not strengthened—the religious feeling, transmitted and kept up by women, is destined to diminish year by year, and finally to disappear. What we ask is a very simple reform in factory regulations which would permit a woman to clean her modest room, to make the beds, to prepare the dinner, to attend to the clothes, to see her children in broad daylight, to assure herself of the progress of their education, and, by her mere presence, prepare their hearts to love goodness. To ask this is to ask society to protect itself against the greatest danger it has incurred for many centuries.

The mother of a family can do in an hour as much work as a servant would do in a day. The money value of that work, estimated according to the method of Le Play, is higher than the factory wages. The family would thus be better off by this deduction of an hour from the day's pay.

At Elberfeld, the wives of the manufacturers have established an interesting institution. Each of them takes a factory girl for a year and teaches her the work of a servant. These poor girls knew how to join on, to card, to comb, but could not light a fire or thread a needle. Now they can marry. Having learnt how to be servants, they have learnt how to manage a house. Before a young girl thinks of marriage she must pass through this course of instruction, this voluntary service, for a year.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE ON TRAINING.

In the course of a very sensible paper on training, Sir Morell Mackenzie gives the following dietary scale of the Oxford crew when training for the boat race:—

On getting up at 7.15 a.m., they take a biscuit and glass of milk, then they go for a *gentle* walk for a mile. Breakfast, at 8.30, consists of tea or cocoa (two cups at the most), sole, or some other kind of fish, chop, with a poached egg on it, and some green food. No marmalade (for which Oxford men, unless they are much belied, have a weakness) is allowed

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till two weeks before the race. At luncheon they have cold meat with one glass of beer. At dinner, the *menu* includes fish, chicken, turkey, or joint (always some kind of fresh meat); milk pudding, and stewed fruit (rhubarb by preference); two glasses of beer are allowed, and after dinner one orange and a glass of port may be taken. At 10 p.m. they go to bed. This seems to me a very sensible dietary, with plenty of muscle-forming elements in it, but not too carnivorous.

THE DECADENCE OF AMERICA.

In a lugubrious article on "Literature in the United States," Mr. Lathrop thus laments the decadence of his country:—

Dishonesty crops out in all parts of our system; in the worship of mere crafty "smartness" dissociated from principle, whether in business or in political life; in the buying and selling of elections, openly defended by rich and intelligent representative men; in the recognised purchase of legislators by the highest bidder, and the cynical indifference of the people to this kind of barter; and in the abject, humiliating dependence of our politics on foreign agitation. Still greater ills of violent disorder awaits us in the immediate future.

FRENCH HYPOCRISY.

A Frenchman, who for obvious reasons does not sign his name, gives a very savage description of French manners and morals. He says:—

Every Frenchman considers a woman fair game, which he has a right to pursue at his risk and peril whenever opportunity is favourable, merely taking care to act with prudence. This is what is called being "galant." Such is the state of the public conscience in this matter that whenever there is any talk in France of a bastardy law, compelling the father to contribute towards the support of his illegitimate children, a formidable and almost unanimous opposition is raised by public opinion. This is a case of special hypocrisy—sentimental hypocrisy.

As to the more serious aspects of life, France is one of the most illiberal of countries in everything relating to the civil status of women. They enjoy none of the political rights accorded to them by English law. Their subordination in the marriage state is complete, including their dependence in money matters, even in regard to their own property.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Lady Lindsay gossips about swallows and sparrows. Miss C. Black describes how women workers are robbed by fines and deductions, and Mr. Schutz Wilson writes an account of Korner, the centenary of whose birth occurs September 21, 1891.

THE CENTURY.

The writer of the article on "Country Newspapers," in the *Century* for September, gives some interesting details of what we should call the provincial press of America. There are 18,000 newspapers in the United States. Of these 18,000 papers there are 6,000 which are made up from sheets printed at a common centre. How many there are that are made up from stereotype plates the writer does not say. There is one interesting remark in this paper apart from the special subject with which he deals—namely, the average county seat town, in almost any State, has almost exactly the same population, from 1,500 to 1,800. They all have two newspapers, two railroads, the same number of banks, stores, mills, doctors, dentists, and hotels. The average circulation of 6,000 of the country newspapers of America is not more than 600 copies.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH's paper upon the Jews in Russia, and Ouida's on the State as an Immoral Teacher, are noticed elsewhere. The rest of the papers in the August number are not of much interest to English readers. The Hon. James R. Soley, assistant-secretary of the Navy, writes on the value of naval manœuvres, describing what has been done in the English Navy, and exhorting the Americans to follow suit. There is an article on Trades Unions for Women. The Governor of Oregon writes on the Farmers' Alliance, advocating an income-tax and the loaning of money by the Government at four per cent. upon improved real property, the adoption of a policy of changing currency into bonds and bonds into currency. Some such system prevails in the State of Oregon, where the amount of the loan is fixed at one-third of the value of the farm. Mr. William A. Hammond, in a holiday paper, "How to Rest," maintains that the average American is incapable of self-amusement; and the women, in this respect, are worse than the men. Such rest as the mind and body need can never be obtained in the way the average American sets out to obtain them. The true rest is change of occupation, and the greatest mistake of all is for an active man, who is away on his holiday, to dawdle round all day reading novels. Mr. Raum, in a paper entitled "Pensions and Patriotism," states strongly the claim of the old soldiers of the Union for pensions. The following figures will be of interest:—

It is estimated that 1,208,707 soldiers of the Union are now living, and that 1,004,658 soldiers were killed in battle and died during and since the war. Of these survivors 478,356 are now on the pension rolls, and 120,522 widows and dependents are on the rolls. So it appears that 730,451 survivors are not pensioned, and 884,136 deceased soldiers are not now represented on the pension rolls.

The present payment of pensions is twenty-three millions a year. Next year it will be about twenty-five millions. Mr. Comstock, writing on "Vampire literature," pleads eloquently for measures to protect twenty million youths in the United States from the pollution of unclean literature. Mr. Herreshoff, describing the possibilities of the steam yacht, says that a yacht which will run twenty-eight miles an hour for five hours is quite within reach. He thinks that some alloy of aluminium and copper will soon be used in boiler-making. The engines of the torpedo boat *Cushing* exercise a horse-power for each 15 tons weight. The natural limit of speed of a boat 40 ft. long is about 10 miles an hour; a vessel 60 ft. will show 12½ miles; one 100 ft., 15½ miles; one 200 ft., 22 miles.

The only other paper claiming notice is Mr. Thurston's "Scientific Basis of Belief."

THERE are two stories concluded this month, namely, Marion Crawford's "Witch of Prague" in the *English Illustrated*, and Frank R. Stockton's "Squirrel Inn" in the *Century*.

IN contrast to these two disagreeable stories, there are two excellent tales in the *Century* for September, one entitled "Elder Marston's Revival," and the other "Zek'l." In both the motive is as good as in the others it is bad and disagreeable.

THE ARENA.

THE *Arena* for August makes a speciality of having papers from eight prominent women in America, England, and France, for the righteous zeal of the editor in the cause of the weaker sex carries him sometimes a little too far. There is occasionally discernible in the women's movement in America an attempt to redress the balance of injustice which women have suffered by claiming for them a position of ascendancy and monopoly that is quite as unjustifiable as that which has been so long usurped by the male. Excellent as is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, it labours under the ineradicable defect of being a woman's union pure and simple—that is to say, of being confined to one half of humanity and excluding the other half from its counsels.

"THE ERA OF WOMAN."

Mr. Flower is an idealist who, in his paper on the "Era of Woman," indulges in a beatific vision of the glories which are to come when the splendid spirit of altruism which distinguishes women is brought into politics and social life. There is an element of truth in all that, but it is a mistake to assume too confidently that all women have wings under their stays; as a matter of fact they have not, and a good many of them are quite as deplorable from the point of view of the reformer and moralist as any number of their brothers and husbands. That, of course, is no reason why they should not be admitted to the fullest citizenship, their right to which does not rest upon their possession of all the virtues, but upon the mere fact of their existence as human beings.

THE SPIRITUALISTIC EXPERIENCES OF A MATERIALIST.

Of the women who write in the *Arena* the most interesting is Mrs. Underwood. Mrs. Underwood is an agnostic and the wife of an agnostic. She and her husband have been leading materialists, and they have been apparently converted, to a belief in the existence of the soul after death by spiritualism. Judging from Mrs. Underwood's paper, she may be numbered among the few to whom spiritualism has brought help and light. She and her husband sit together, to the exclusion of other mediums, and their manifestations came by way of automatic writing. The intelligence which used Mrs. Underwood's hand for the purpose of establishing communication with them and the unseen world has constantly shown itself to be in possession of information which neither she nor her husband had any means of obtaining. She says she cannot in this paper "give one-tenth part of the many strange and surprising revelations, or statements, philosophical and other, which we have gained from this strange source." Like all other experimenters in this occult region, Mrs. Underwood receives frequently false and mischievous statements purporting to come from spirits—predictions which did not come to pass, descriptions which were wholly wrong, and sending credulous believers on wild-goose chases after hidden treasure, etc.

Mrs. Underwood's paper will probably help to increase the growing interest which is felt in this mysterious and somewhat unpromising branch of inquiry.

MISS AMELIA EDWARDS' METHOD OF WORK.

After Mrs. Underwood's paper the most interesting is Miss Amelia Edwards' pleasantly written account of her home life at Westbury-on-Trim, about four miles from Bristol. She gives a copious description of the interior of her library, but the most interesting part of her paper is

that in which she describes her method of working. She always walks half a mile before breakfast and half a mile after it, and then one mile in the afternoon. This habit of walking two miles a day she adheres to in all weathers. As to her hours of work, she says:—

I live with the pen in my hand, not only from morning till night, but sometimes from night till morning. I have, in fact, been a night bird ever since I came out of the school-room, when I habitually sat up reading till long past midnight. Later on, when I adopted literature as a profession, I still found that "To steal a few hours from the night" was to ensure the quietest time, and the pleasantest, for pen and brain work; and, for at least the last twenty-five years, I have rarely put out my lamp before two or three in the morning. Occasionally, when work presses and a manuscript has to be despatched by the earliest morning mail, I remain at my desk the whole night through; and I can with certainty say that the last chapter of every book I have ever written has been finished at early morning. In summer-time, it is certainly delightful to draw up the blinds and complete in sunlight a task begun when the lamps were lighted in the evening.

HOW TO BEGIN THE REFORMATION OF THE HUMAN RACE.

Mrs. Cody Stanton, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece, has a brief paper in which she tells us where lasting progress must begin. The following is a summary of her ideas:—

The object of all our specific reforms is to secure equal conditions for the whole human race. The initiative step, to this end are—

1. Educate our upper classes, our most intelligent people, into the belief that our present civilisation is based on false principles, and that the ignorance, poverty, and crime we see about us are the legitimate results of our false theories.

2. They must be educated to believe that our present conditions and environments can and will be changed, and that, as man is responsible for the miseries of the race, through his own knowledge and wisdom the change must come.

As the only hope for the lasting progress of the race and a radical reform in social life lie in the right education of children, their birth and development is the vital starting-point for the philosopher.

ARE WE GOING BACKWARDS?

After Mrs. Stanton tells us how to begin progress, Mrs. Wischniewetzky gives the following lamentable description of ten years' retrogression in New York:—

During the ten years which ended with 1889, the great metropolis of the western continent added to the assessed valuation of its taxable property almost half a billion dollars.

In all other essential respects save one, the decade was a period of retrogression for New York City. Crime, pauperism, insanity, and suicide increased; repression by brute force personified in an armed police was fostered, while the education of the children of the masses ebbed lower and lower. The standing army of the homeless swelled to 12,000 nightly lodgers in a single precinct, and 40,000 children were forced to toil for scanty bread.

Her moral is Socialistic.

A NEW IDEA IN EDUCATION.

Miss Dickinson, in her paper pleading for individuality in education, predicts that—

The day will come, though it may be long in coming, when every institution of learning will have, besides its technical teachers, its lecturers and its conductors of recitations—one man or one woman, or as many men and women as are needed, whose special province it will be to study the individual temperament, to discover native tendencies, tastes, and capacities of the mind, and whose knowledge will be true wisdom in the sense that they will know not only how to ascertain, but how to supply real needs.

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OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM.

The Rev. Minot J. Savage thus briefly summarises his objections to the nationalistic socialism that has been popularised by Bellamy's "Looking Backward":—

1. The world began in socialism. In the barbaric period the tribe was all and the individual nothing. Every step of human progress has kept pace with the rise of the individual.
2. Military socialism, such as Mr. Edward Bellamy advocates, would be only another name for universal despotism. It would be the paradise of officialism on one hand, and helpless subordination on the other.
3. Nobody is ready to talk definitely about any other kind of nationalism; for nobody has outlined any working method.
4. Nationalism, as commonly understood, could mean nothing else but the tyranny of the commonplace. And there has never been a time in the world's history when the most important things that were being done were of apparent utility in the eyes of the crowd. Consider Homer and Virgil, Isaiah and Jesus, Dante, Shakespeare, Angelo, Copernicus, Galileo, Goethe, Luther, Servetus, Newton, Darwin, Spencer, Galvani—had nationalism been dominant in their days, how long would it have been before the "intelligent public opinion" of the governing board of their departments would have had them up to show cause why they should not "go to work for a living"?

THE FINANCIAL IDEAS OF THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

Mr. R. B. Hassell, in a paper entitled "The Independent Party and Money at Cost," thus describes the three financial ideas that are prominent in the movement:—

First, a desire that the Government supersede avaricious man and blind nature in the creation and distribution of money, in order that money may be a stable purchasing power. Second, a determination that money shall no longer be a commodity to be bought, and sold, and manipulated, a leech upon labour in the hands of a few, but a convenience of trade, accessible to the many at first cost. Third, a demand that the misnamed national bank system of the present shall have its spirit of greediness exorcised, so that it may hereafter serve the people instead of its management. Are these ideas indefinite? Do they not mean "money at cost"?

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Wood Davies on "Should the Nation Own the Railways?" is noticed elsewhere. Mdme. Blaze de Bury's paper on the "Unity of Germany" is chiefly devoted to a review of Prof. Bruhl's book on "The Development of a National Conscience in Germany." The sum and substance of her article is in the following sentence:—

The unity of Germany was the creation of no individual. German unity and the imperial unity sprang from the whole past of German history and German thought. The State existing now is the outcome of Germany's own self, of the idea, of the soul of Germany.

Helen Campbell's paper on "The Working Women of To-day" says the average wage of the American woman in the twenty-two cities from which statistical returns have been taken averages 54 dols. Very few of the working women proper go upon the streets. The average age at which they begin work is fifteen years and four months.

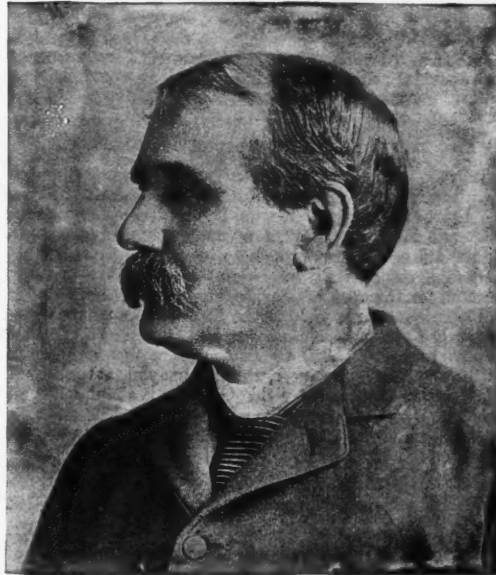
THE FORUM.

The papers by Dr. Nansen and General Greeley on the suggested new route to the North Pole, and the three papers on Russia and the Jews, are noticed elsewhere. The rest of this number is not very noteworthy, as these articles take up sixty out of the one hundred and twenty pages of the magazine.

DOES IMMIGRATION DECREASE POPULATION?

General Walker, of the United States Census Bureau, has a very interesting article upon "Immigration and Degradation," the gist of which is that if there had been

no immigration whatever to the United States of America the population would have been greater than it is today. During the forty years ending 1830 only 151,000 immigrants crossed the Atlantic, and the population increased 227 per cent. during that period. The rate of increase has ever afterwards fallen, and it has fallen largely in proportion to the number of immigrants who



GENERAL WALKER.

have come into the country. The reason for this seeming paradox, General Walker thinks, is the disgust of the native American with the conditions of life introduced by the swarm of immigrants. He does not care to breed children who will have to battle for existence in the midst of the hordes of European paupers who are overflowing the Continent.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CHILIAN WAR.

Mr. Trumbull, agent of the Chilian Congressional Government, gives a very simple explanation of the origin of the Chilian War. It arose, he says, from the desire of President Balmaceda to become a millionaire:—

The nitrate beds of Tarapaca, owned by the Government, presented the most promising field for speculation. If a rich syndicate could be formed to buy these beds, and if a large amount could be distributed among the promoters of the scheme, his ambition would be satisfied, for he intended to be the chief promoter. In order, however, successfully to carry out this project a congress favourable to its promotion was necessary, as well as a successor who could be depended on. He could not find a fitter instrument for the consummation of his plan than his confidential agent and broker Señor Enrique Sanfuentes, a man without political experience and with a reputation acquired in questionable transactions. The candidacy of Señor Sanfuentes now became the one object of his administration.

After having failed to secure the consent of Congress to his design he declared himself a dictator, suspended the laws that embarrassed him, closed all the courts, suspended all the newspapers, and seized all the property of his opponents. Hence the war.

THE COMMERCIAL MOTIVE IN LITERATURE.

Mr. George E. Woodberry, writing on literature in the market-place, maintains that we are not likely to have any classical literature produced, at any rate under present conditions, by the stimulus of good pay. The first condition of success is to throw away all thought of money in the present and to refuse to work for money unless it comes in the way of work.

The reading public is now such, so far as can be judged, that the mass of readers is too imperfectly cultivated to impose such standards, either in matter or style, as would make a national literature of the first order. Our national life has been rather of the Roman cast.

THE PROFITS OF FRUIT CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

There is an interesting paper by ex-Governor Sheldon upon the "Profits of Fruit Culture in California." From the figures that he gives it would seem that he is within the mark in saying that if a young man of twenty-one plants an orange orchard he will have a comfortable income in six or eight years, and afterwards a princely revenue for the rest of his life, and for the lives of his children. Vineyards yield about £20 per acre where wine-grapes are grown, raisin-grapes yield from £30 to £80 an acre, walnuts from £50 to £80 an acre, figs yield £120 net on two-thirds of an acre, while lemons yield at the rate of £150 per acre. The net yield of prunes is about £100 an acre; of apricots the net yield is about £80 an acre. Oranges bear from £70 to £200 an acre.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

In the *Westminster Review* for September Mr. Theodore Stanton concludes his interesting series of papers upon Abraham Lincoln. In the course of his paper he calls special attention to the peculiarly high reverence which Lincoln had for women:—

Unlike many of those who are chivalrous in defending individual women from insult, Abraham Lincoln was logical enough to see that this chivalry justified woman's claim to full and free citizenship.

His secretaries offer this reflection on this point:—"No Hamlet, dreaming amid the turrets of Elsinore, no Sidney creating a chivalrous Arcadia, was fuller of mystic and shadowy fancies of the worth and dignity of woman than this backwoods politician. Few men ever lived more sensitively and delicately tender towards the sex." Thus, while "clerking it" in a shop at New Salem, a rural bully having made himself especially offensive one day when women were present, Lincoln requested him to be silent. A fight in the street was the result. But Lincoln quickly threw the fellow, and gathering a handful of dog fennel, rubbed the ruffian's face and eyes with it until he howled for mercy. Then the kind-hearted disciplinarian himself brought water to bathe the culprit's smarting face.

When he was up for re-election to the Illinois Legislature in 1836, he published in the journals, as was then the custom, a statement of his principles. We there read this rather remarkable paragraph: "I go for all sharing the privileges of the Government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females.)" Commenting on this final phrase, his friend and law-partner for twenty years, Herndon, says: "His broad plan for universal suffrage certainly commends itself to the ladies, and we need no further evidence to satisfy our minds of his position on the subject of 'women's rights,' had he

lived. In fact, I cannot refrain from noting here what views he in after years held with reference to the great questions of moral and social reforms, under which he classed universal suffrage, temperance, and slavery. 'All such questions,' he observed one day, as we were discussing temperance in the office, 'must first find lodgment with the most enlightened souls who stamp them with their approval. In God's own time they will be organised into law and thus woven into the fabric of our institutions.'"

"THE REVIEW OF THE CHURCHES."



WHEN THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS was a little more than three months old, I was driven by the exigencies of space to suggest the publication of a supplemental review, which I proposed to call *Gesta Christi*, and which would deal more exclusively with the altruistic development of human activity, regardless of dogmatic or ecclesiastical differences. The need remains as great as ever,

but the occasion has not yet come for the publication of *Gesta Christi*. From the idea thus thrown out there has appeared first the *Religious Review of Reviews*, a publication which has endeavoured to live by making somewhat strenuously feeble efforts to assail the original upon which it was modelled, but has otherwise hardly succeeded in realising the anticipations of its proprietors. A more serious publication, which seeks for its success neither in the appropriation of the ideas of others nor in the denunciation of those from whom it has conveyed its stock-in-trade, is announced to appear in October. This is a six-penny monthly, the *Review of the Churches*, which is to be brought out under the joint editorship of a committee representing the five great leading denominations. Dr. Henry Lunn will be the general editor, while the various departments allocated to the leading denominations will be divided as follows:—The Church of England, under the Ven. Archdeacon W. F. Farrar; the Methodists, Mr. Percy Bunting; the Congregationalists, the Rev. Dr. Mackennal; the Baptists, the Rev. John Clifford, D.D.; the Presbyterians, Dr. Donald Fraser. The ruling idea of those who are concerned in this venture is to embody an appreciative chronicle of all that has taken place of pure human interest in their respective Churches during the preceding month. There will be other features of interest, but the fundamental principle of unity of spirit with diversity of opinion will permeate the whole review. The *Review of the Churches* will start with the hearty good wishes of good men of all denominations who have a soul which overleaps the narrow party walls of their own sect; and its appearance will mark one more step taken towards the reunion of Christendom.

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LANTERN LECTURES ON CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.

THE duty of educating our masters, frequently asserted and universally recognised, is still very imperfectly fulfilled. During school age and in school hours we do something, but after we leave school and become our own master we do nothing, or next to nothing. The difficulty, no doubt, is great. Our master is his own master also, and in most cases he refuses to come within range of any educator. A picked few—a very small minority compared with the millions of our working population—attend University Extension lectures, and when a by-election occurs, the majority of the electors receive, under high pressure, from canvassers, platform speakers, and the like, some modicum of political teaching. But of systematic instruction in contemporary history there is none, save what may be found in the newspapers, and the majority of our people do not read newspapers. It is only a minority of newspaper buyers who read anything but local news, sporting, the current sensation, and the markets. Hence, if the masses are to take an intelligent interest in the political, moral, and social movements of our time, it must be brought about, like everything else, by "the foolishness of preaching"—that is to say, by the spoken word. Yes, will be the reply; but what is the use of speaking if they will not come to hear? The answer to that is that the Lantern, with its brilliantly coloured pictures, will attract those whom you most wish to reach, and when once you have got your audience you can teach them what you please.

What I propose, therefore, is that there should be started in every centre of population in the land, wherever there exists a man or woman with sufficient intelligence, public spirit, and leisure, a course of Lantern Lectures on Contemporary History. Every month a lecture could be delivered based upon the history of the preceding month, and in this way an intelligent interest could be developed in the progress of the world, which would in time exercise an immense educational influence upon the democracy of our lands.

In order to contribute to this desirable end I offer, for the next six months, to produce every month thirty coloured lantern slides illustrating the history of the previous month, and to accompany them with a brief outline lecture, which could either be used as it stands, or employed as the mere suggestive framework of an independent lecture. The first set of slides illustrating, not the history of August, but the history of the year, are now ready together with an explanatory lecture. They will be lent every month to any member of the National Lanternist Society (annual subscription, £1), or to any one who will pay five shillings a night for their use and the cost of carriage both ways.

The current number of *Help* is entirely devoted to the Lantern Mission, and contains the suggested rules, together with the names of those who have intimated a desire to join the Society of Lanternists. There is also a mass of other matter relating to this attempt to popularise education among the masses. The following statement appears as to some of the advantages of members of the National Lanternists Society:—

1. The loan for one night of thirty new slides every month, specially photographed and coloured for the Mission, from the best pictures of the illustrated press, for the purpose of illustrating lectures on contemporary history, based on the current number of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*.

2. The right to hire slides in stock at 2s. 6d. plain, and 3s. 6d. coloured, per set of 50.

3. The right to have any portrait or picture reproduced on slide at 2s. each plain, or 2s. 6d. coloured.

IS THERE A CURE FOR LEPROSY?

A CHALLENGE FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

I HAVE received from the Sandwich Islands a newspaper, from which it would seem that the controversy as to the Mattei remedies is raging pretty briskly in the leper settlement of Molokai. The Bishop of Honolulu has been much impressed by the reports of the cure of leprosy said to have been effected by the Jesuit fathers at Mangalore, and he desires to subject them to an experimental test on the lepers at Molokai. This is opposed by the regular practitioners. They are unable to cure the lepers themselves, and they seem to object to allow any one else to try what he can do. The following passage will be read with interest, even by the members of the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, who recently deprived Dr. Samuel Kennedy of his Fellowship because he made use of the Mattei remedies. The writer is the Rev. W. H. Barnes, Rector of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Honolulu, who writes to the *Weekly Bulletin* of Honolulu. After referring to the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, "which lies on the table of the reading-room of the Library and Reading Room Association," Honolulu, Mr. Barnes says:—

I smiled when I first heard of this latest panacea. I smiled again when I saw the phials of sugar pellets, like so many charges of small shot, and believed that these would be about as effectual in the battle with disease as duck shot would be in modern warfare. But I have smiled again since, and it is no longer a lofty smile of disdain. For I have seen these little globules cure a severe case of grip in my own household in less than twenty-four hours. I have seen them reduce a feverish child's temperature in a decidedly short space of time. I have seen old and obstinate cases of asthma amongst the natives considerably relieved. I have seen a most seasick journalist, whose trip to the Leper Settlement the other day was one long drawn-out period of misery and woe, on the return voyage, through the action of the little sugar pills sleep sweetly and peacefully. I have seen the native *kane* disappear as if by magic from the faces of boys. I have seen a girl now at the Leper Settlement so much improved after six weeks of the globules, that her eyebrows, which had entirely disappeared, had begun to grow, and had grown very perceptibly. Other cases more surprising I have heard of here, but I speak now of what has occurred under my own at first sceptical observation. But these are small results to put forward, you will say. They may be, but I mention them because a small cure achieved before one's own eyes goes farther towards conviction than hundreds of wonderful cures in a prospectus.

Take what discount you please off these allegations, and enough is left in my opinion to make it not only desirable but a positive duty for the nation to give the system a trial, however unscientific and antiquated its phraseology may be said to be.

It is not asked to inflict any additional financial burden upon the taxpayer. The request is simply that some cases shall be placed at the disposal of those willing to superintend the experiment. It is true some patients at the settlement are trying the system. But the instructions require a very constant effort, which, unless properly superintended, the patients are not likely to make; regularity in taking the medicines and the baths is all important. Cannot the Bishop's simple request be granted? A house, a bath, an attendant, the same allowance for the patients' support as is now given them at the settlement, the cost (merely nominal) of the medicines—is that a great deal to ask in so important a matter? And yet it has been asked now for several months without avail.

Could not Mr. Rhodes secure a fair trial for the Mattei remedies among the lepers of Robben Island?

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

COUNT MOLTKE'S HISTORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.*

THE classical history of the war which delivered Europe from the domination of the French Empire has just been published. It was written by Count Moltke in response to the urgent appeal of his nephew in 1887, who pointed out that the General Staff History of the Campaign was much too detailed for the mass of the people, and ought to be re-written in the form of a précis. The précis is written from the point of view of the man who organised and directed the armies which gave Germany the leadership of Europe. In this brief account of the new standard history of the greatest modern war it is impossible to give, even in the most condensed form, the Field Marshal's narrative of the campaign. All that is possible is to quote some of the more suggestive passages of general interest. Of these the first, bearing upon the fallacy of supposing that popular government is a panacea for peace, is perhaps the most important. Count von Moltke says:—

The days are gone by when, for dynastic purposes, small armies of professional soldiers went to war to conquer a city, or a province, and then sought winter quarters or made peace. The wars of the present day call whole nations to arms; there is scarcely a family that does not suffer by them. The entire financial

resources of the State are appropriated to the purpose, and the different seasons of the year have no bearing on the indefatigable progress of hostilities. As long as the nations continue independent of each other there will be disagreements that can only be settled by force of arms, but in the

interest of humanity it is to be hoped that wars will become less frequent as they have become more terrible.

Generally speaking, it is no longer the ambition of monarchs which endangers peace; the passions of the people, their dissatisfaction with interior conditions and things, the strife of parties, and the intrigues of their leaders are the cause. A declaration of war, so serious in its consequences, is more easily carried by a large assembly, of which none of the members bear the sole responsibility, than by a single man, however high his position, and a peace-loving Sovereign is less rare than a Parliament composed of wise men. The great wars of the present day have been declared against the wish and will of the reigning powers. Nowadays the Bourse has assumed such influence that it has the power to call armies into the field merely to protect its interests. Mexico and Egypt have been swamped with European armies simply to satisfy the demands of the *haute finance*. To-day the question, Is a nation strong enough to make war? is of minor importance to this, Is its Government powerful enough to prevent

war? Thus united Germany has up to now used her strength only to maintain European peace. A weak Government at the head of our neighbouring State, on the other hand, must be regarded in the light of a standing menace to peace.

The war of 1870-71 arose from just such relations. A



MOLTKE IN THE PARK AT KREISAU.

* Collection of the Writings of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke. Vol. III. History of the Franco-German War, 1870-71, together with a memorandum "on the supposed council of war in the campaign of King William I." Berlin: E. S. Mittler und Sohn; London: Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.

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KREISSAU CASTLE

on some point or other, but I never remember his having asked them for advice as to the operations or the proposals made by me.

These, which I had previously carefully talked over with my officers, his Majesty used to weigh personally and usually very carefully. With military instinct and correct judgment of the situation he used to point out all the obstacles in the way of their execution; but as in war every step is attended by danger, the original proposals were in the end always accepted.

From the moment of the mobilisation being ordered, the Chief of the General Staff has the full responsibility for the marches and transports, for the concentration of the army which has been already arranged for in peace, and for the employment of the forces in the field, for which he has to receive the orders of the superior

commander alone—i.e., with us, the King.

The following is his account of the manner in which he organised victory:—

The means of mobilising the North German army had been reviewed year by year, in view of any changes in the military or political situation, by the Staff, in conjunction with the Ministry of War. Every branch of the administration throughout the country had been kept informed of all it ought to know of these matters. The Berlin authorities had likewise come to a confidential understanding with the military authorities of the South German States on all important points. It had been conceded that Prussia was not to be reckoned on for the defence of any particular point, as the Black Forest, for instance; and it was decided that the best way of protecting South Germany would be by an incursion into Alsace across the central part of the Rhine, which could be backed up by the main force assembled at that point.

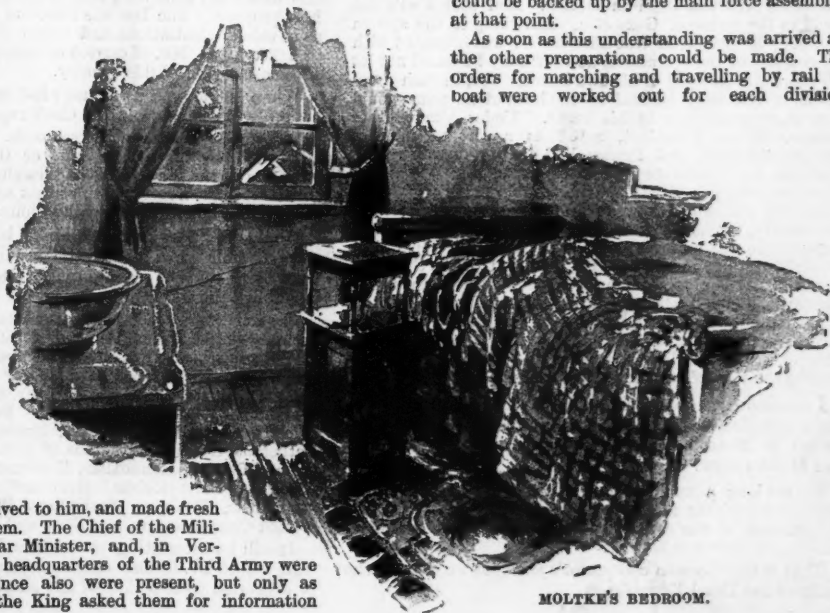
As soon as this understanding was arrived at, the other preparations could be made. The orders for marching and travelling by rail or boat were worked out for each division

Napoleon on the throne of France was bound to establish his rights by political and military successes. Only for a time did the victories, won by French arms in distant countries, give general satisfaction; the successes of the Prussian armies excited jealousy, they were regarded as arrogant, as a challenge; and the French demanded revenge for Sadowa. The liberal spirit of the epoch was opposed to the autocratic Government of the Emperor; he was forced to make concessions, his civil authority was weakened, and one fine day the nation was informed by its representatives that it desired war with Germany.

As to the conduct of the war which was thus begun, Count Moltke leaves us in no doubt as to the fact that it was he and he alone who was responsible for the preparations for the war, and also for all the details of its execution. He says:

I can assert that never during the campaigns of 1866 and 1870-71 was a council of war held.

Except on marching or fighting days a daily report was made at 10 a.m. to his Majesty, at which I, in company with the Quartermaster-General, read the news and reports received to him, and made fresh proposals based on them. The Chief of the Military Cabinet, the War Minister, and, in Versailles, as long as the headquarters of the Third Army were there, the Crown Prince also were present, but only as listeners. Sometimes the King asked them for information



MOLTKE'S BEDROOM.

of the army, together with the most minute directions as to their different starting points, the day and hour of departure, the duration of journey, the refreshment stations and place of destination. At the meeting-point cantonments were assigned to each corps and division, stores and magazines were established, and thus, when war was declared, it needed only the Royal signature to set the entire apparatus in motion with undisturbed precision. There was nothing to be changed in the directions originally given; it sufficed to carry out the plans prearranged and prepared.

At the same time, Count von Moltke is careful to point out the absurdity of drawing up cut-and-dry plans of campaign in advance.

In his plan of war, submitted by the Chief of the General Staff and accepted by the King, that officer had his eye fixed from the first upon the capture of the enemy's capital, the possession of which is of more importance in France than in other countries. On the way thither the hostile forces were to be driven as persistently as possible back from the fertile southern states into the narrower track on the north.

But, above all, the plan of war was based on the resolve to attack the enemy at once, wherever found, and keep the German forces so compact that a superior force could always be brought into the field. By whatever special means these plans were to be accomplished was left to the decision of the hour; the advance to the frontiers alone was pre-ordained in every detail.

It is a delusion to believe that a plan of war may be laid for a long period and carried out in every detail. The first collision with the enemy's army changes the situation entirely, according to the result. Some things decided upon will become impracticable; others, which originally seemed impossible, become feasible. All that the leader of an army can do in a change of circumstances is to decide for the best for an unknown period and carry out his purpose unflinchingly.

There is much valuable criticism of the conduct of the French. Count Moltke regarded General Chanzy as the most capable general that France produced. Of Gambetta he speaks thus:—

The forces called out of Sedan, animated by a spirit of enthusiastic patriotism, would offer a protracted resistance if a strong will put them in motion. And such a will was found in the person of Gambetta. According to the system obtaining in France, as War Minister he was intrusted with the conduct of the operations, and certainly he dared not let the command pass out of his own hands. For, in such a republic, a victorious general at the head of an army would soon become dictator in his stead. Under him another civilian, M. de Freycinet, acted as a sort of chief of the general staff, and France had to pay dear for their energetic but dilettante system of conducting operations. With rare strength of will and immovable fixity of purpose, Gambetta understood how to arm the whole population of the country, but not how to direct the masses thus formed according to one uniform plan. Without giving them time to solidify into troops fit for the field, and before they had been properly equipped, he hurled them, without regard to consequences, and without any general plan, against an enemy before whose superior leadership all their bravery and devotion were of no avail. He prolonged the struggle at the price of great sacrifices on both sides, without in any way turning the tide of fortune in favour of France.

I conclude with one brief extract, which is perhaps the most significant of all. After discussing Bazaine's inaction in Metz, and its possible political causes, Count von Moltke says:—

But ere long a number of men combined in Paris, who, without consulting the nation, constituted themselves the Government of the country, and took the direction of its affairs into their own hands.

That is the German conqueror's succinct version of the birth of the Third Republic.

SHOULD FREEMASONS BE SENT TO GAOL?

YES! SAYS DR. JOSEPH COOK.

In *Our Day* for August the Rev. Dr. Joseph Cook takes up his parable against Freemasonry, and maintains that members of that order should be excluded from Church fellowship, should be fined for the administration of illegal oaths, and, in case of contumacy, should be sent to gaol. It is very interesting to discover this recrudescence of the hostility to Freemasons which characterises the Church of Rome in the free Republic of the West, and in the mind of one who is a fanatical enemy of Papistry. In fact, Dr. Cook seems to have arrived at his conclusions about Freemasonry by the necessity of logical consistency. The real objects of his detestation are the Jesuits, who are a secret association bound together by oath, and who, he maintains on that account, ought to be put outside the pale of citizenship. He was, however, immediately confronted by the dilemma that Freemasons are also members of a secret order, bound by oath. He must either excommunicate Freemasons or abandon his chief piece of artillery against the Jesuits. Dr. Cook did not hesitate for a moment. He goes against both. He insists that there is no place in a modern State for secret societies bound by oaths, and, oddly enough, he discovers in the laws of the State of Vermont a legislative weapon which affords a precedent for the law by which he proposes to banish Freemasonry from America.

Vermont puts a penalty of 50 dols. to 200 dols. upon every secret oath not authorised by public law. Here is the red thread in the centre of the cordage. Put an end to secret oaths, and you put an end to all societies founded upon them. Vermont has made secret oaths, not provided for by her statutes, illegal and punishable by fine, and so has legally uprooted all societies founded upon such oaths.

The origin of this legislation appears to have been the popular distrust of Freemasonry. The law has not remained a dead letter. Dr. Cook says:—

Vermont repealed the charter of one of these grand lodges. She took away from each chapter of that State all power to hold property. The law was aimed at Freemasonry as well as at other organisations, and aimed chiefly at Freemasonry in 1833. That law, if carried out everywhere, would sweep Freemasonry out of this country.

When challenged to define what he means by an order bound by a secret oath, Dr. Cook replies:—

I mean by a disloyal secret oath, an oath that is not authorised by the public law, or that tramples on the authority of the State or of the Church, or of both together. I maintain that a secret oath of that sort ought to be illegal, and ought to be regarded by the Church as reprehensible.

He decides that no one who is bound by such oaths can be admitted to church fellowship, and so far is this from being his own private opinion alone that he is able to publish the following list:—

The following denominations are committed by vote of their legislative assemblies, or by constitution to the exclusion of Freemasons from church membership: United Presbyterians, United Brethren, Seventh-Day Adventists, Christian Reformed Church, Primitive Baptists, Seventh-Day Baptists, Scandinavian Baptists, German Baptists or Dunkers, Friends, Norwegian Lutherans, Danish Lutherans, Swedish Lutherans, German Lutherans of Synodical Conference and General Council, Mennonites, Moravians, Plymouth Brethren, Associate Presbyterians, Reformed Presbyterians, Free Methodists, Wesleyan Methodists, Hollanders of the Reformed Church, and various State and local associations.

It will be interesting to see how long we shall have to wait before Dr. Cook's anathema against the Freemasons is extended to this side of the Atlantic.

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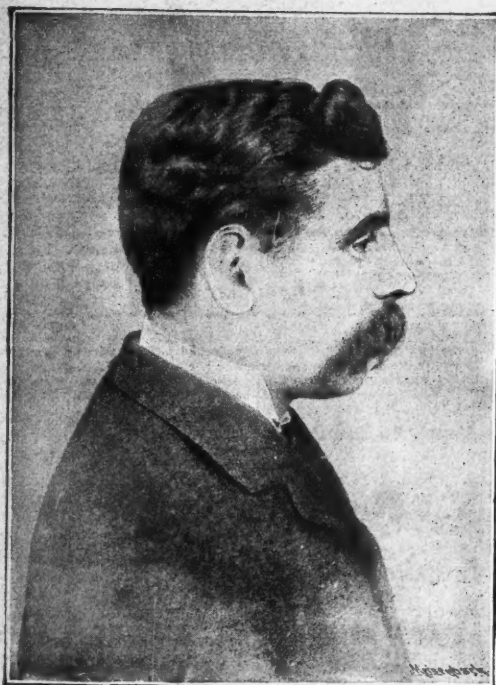
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The immense importance of controlled compared with uncontrolled fire has been so amply proved by our own and experiences in Afghanistan and Egypt that the value of a short work which deals exclusively with fire discipline without entering into technical details cannot be overestimated.

Darbishire, Captain Russell N. POCKET TACTICS FOR OFFICERS OF MILITIA DESIROUS OF ENTERING THE ARMY, AND MILITIA AND VOLUNTEER OFFICERS DESIROUS OF PASSING IN TACTICS. 3 Plates. (Gale and Polden.) Cloth. Pp. 102. Price 2s.

An elementary little manual on minor tactics, well within the capacity of officers who have but little leisure to devote to a more thorough study of the subject.

Hutchinson, Major H. D. FIELD FORTIFICATION. Notes on the text-books specially designed and arranged for the use of officers preparing for Promotion Examinations. Illustrated with 29 plates. (Gale and Polden.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 144. Price 4s.

Contains within a brief compass everything required to assist officers in passing examinations for promotion in all subjects relating to field fortification.

Malet, Captain J. W. HANDBOOK TO FIELD TRAINING. Illustrated with 21 plates. (Gale and Polden.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 218. Price 3s.

A thoroughly practical hand-book to the field training of infantry.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Archer, William (Editor). ROSMERSHOLM; THE LADY OF THE SEA; HEDDA GABLER. By Henrik Ibsen. (Walter Scott.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xvi. 364. Price 3s. 6d.

The fifth and last volume of the authorised English edition of Ibsen's Prose Dramas. The first-named play is translated by Mr. Charles Archer, the second by Mrs. Archer, and the third by the Editor himself, who also contributes an interesting preface note.

Buchanan, Robert. THE OUTCAST: A RHYME FOR THE TIME. (Chatto and Windus.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 200. Illustrations. Price 8s.

The first of a series of poetical tales dealing with the Amours of Vanderdecken. The poem is essentially modern, and full of much interesting and trenchant criticism of contemporary life and thought. Mr. Buchanan, in a "letter dedicatory," expresses himself as certain that the book will be either universally boycotted or torn into shreds, that its purpose will be misunderstood, and that, above all, it will be impeached on the ground of its "morality." *Non est verum.*

Buchheim, C. A., Ph.D. (Editor). BALLADEN UND ROMANZEN. (Macmillan and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxxvi. 318. Frontispiece. Price 4s. 6d.

A selection of German ballads, intended as a companion volume to Professor Buchheim's "Deutsche Lyrik," already published in the "Golden Treasury" series. The poems are arranged in three periods, (1) Bürger to Chamisso, (2) Uhland to Heine, and (3) Freiligrath to the present time. There is a critical introduction, as well as numerous notes.

Dickinson, Emily. POEMS. (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.) Post 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 158. Price 5s.

The preface states that these poems were written with no idea of publication, and were only issued after the author's death at the earnest wish of appreciative friends. The quality of the verse is such as to make one wonder on what possible pretext the author's wishes were not observed.

Douglas, Sir George, Bart. (Editor). POEMS OF THE SCOTTISH MINOR POETS FROM THE AGE OF RAMSAY TO DAVID GRAY. (Walter Scott.) 12mo. Cloth gilt. Pp. xlii. 328. Price 1s.

A volume of the "Canterbury Poets" series, containing specimens of the best Scottish minor poetry, together with a critical introduction and biographical notes.

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Mrley, Henry, LL.D. (Editor). PIKE COUNTY BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS. By John Hay. **THE VISION OF DON RODRICK AND THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.** By Sir Walter Scott. (George Routledge and Sons.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 192. Price 1s.
 This is a "Companion Poet" and will no doubt be welcomed by many. The reason why Hay's poems are followed by a few pieces by Sir Walter Scott is, according to Professor Henry Morley, who prefaces the customary introduction, because "there was room."

O'Hara, J. Bernard. SONGS OF THE SOUTH. (Ward, Lock and Bowden.) Post 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 147. Price 3s. 6d.
 A volume of Australian verse, full of promise.
Rhys, Ernest. THE GREAT COCKNEY TRAGEDY. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Paper Covers.
 A reprint of a powerful poem, originally published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, dealing with the tragic life of a sweated East End Jew. Some curious illustrations are supplied by Mr. Jack B. Yeats.
Shakespeare's "MEASURE FOR MEASURE." (Cassell and Co.) 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 192. Price 6d.
 A volume in Cassell's National Library, in which is bound up "The Historie of Promos and Cassandra." Other recent volumes in this excellent series have been "My Ten Years' Imprisonment" (Silvio Pellico), "Lives of the Poets" (Johnson), and "Much Ado About Nothing."

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS. (Routledge and Sons.) Narrow 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 528. Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.
 The fifth volume of the Mignon Shakespeare—a pre-eminently pocketable edition—containing "Macbeth," "Timon of Athens," "Hamlet," "Troilus and Cressida," "Cymbeline," and "Coriolanus." The illustrations are reduced from drawings by Sir John Gilbert.
Tolstoi, Lyof. THE FRUITS OF ENLIGHTENMENT. (Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 276. Price 5s.
 A comedy in four acts, translated from the Russian by Dr. E. J. Dillon. Mr. A. W. Pinero, the dramatist, contributes a preface, note, in which he speaks with pleasure of the reviving public interest in dramatic literature—an interest which, he says, must prove of decided benefit to the stage itself.

Tutin, J. R. A WORDSWORTH DICTIONARY. (Hull: J. R. Tutin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 216. Price 1s. 6d. net.
 A fairly successful attempt at a Wordsworth concordance, containing an index to all the places, people, beasts, birds, and flowers mentioned in the poet's writings, together with a selection of familiar quotations and a chronological list of those poems which are generally considered most representative of his genius.
Whittier, John Greenleaf. POETICAL WORKS. (Warne and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 576. Price 3s. 6d.
 The "Albion Edition"—a cheap and presentable reprint. Whittier's "Poems" can now be obtained also in the "Chandos Classics" series at 2s. and 1s. 6d.

POLITICS AND SOCIETY.
Webb, Sidney. THE LONDON PROGRAMME. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii. 218. Price 2s. 6d.
 Describes the more important of those reforms in the administration of the metropolis which are often known as the London programme. The various chapters of the work discuss the County Council, vestrydom, the water, gas, markets, docks, tramways, hospitals, police, ground rents, etc., of the metropolis. It forms a volume of the Social Science Series.

REFERENCE BOOKS.
Skelton, H. J. ECONOMICS OF IRON AND STEEL. (Biggs and Co., Salisbury Court, E.C.) Illustrated. Pp. 344. Price 5s.
 This book should be in the hands of all connected with the iron and steel industries of to-day. Its chief value lies in the fact that the many complicated chemical processes necessary to the manufacture of iron and steel are explained in the plainest of language. The pages are packed entirely from a practical point of view.
Tregear, Edward. THE MAORI POLYNESIAN COMPARATIVE DICTIONARY. (Lyon and Blair, Wellington, New Zealand.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 665. Price 21s.

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY AND PHILANTHROPY.
Cunningham, Rev. W. THE PATH TOWARDS KNOWLEDGE: DISCOURSES ON SOME DIFFICULTIES OF THE DAY. (Methuen and Co., 18, Bury Street, W.C.) Pp. 241. Price 4s. 6d.
 A collection of discourses upon many vexed questions of the hour—Marriage, Socialism, Education, Faith, etc. The author deals with each subject from the standpoint of the English Churchman, and his arguments are set forth with considerable force and ability.
Kingsland, William. THE ESOTERIC BASIS OF CHRISTIANITY. (Theosophical Publishing Society.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 42.
 A paper read before the Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society.

SCIENCE, MEDICINE AND EDUCATION.

Bert, Paul. FIRST YEAR OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE. (Relfe Brothers.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 344. Numerous Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.
 It will be sufficient merely to chronicle the publication of a tenth edition of this work, which has sold in enormous numbers both in France and in this country. There is no better book of its kind.

Chambers, George F., F.R.A.S. PICTORIAL ASTRONOMY FOR GENERAL READERS. (Whittaker and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xvi. 268. Price 4s.
 The initial volume of Whittaker's Library of Popular Science. A brief and interesting presentation of the main facts of modern astronomy, suitable to the general reader.
Syme, David. ON THE MODIFICATION OF ORGANISMS. (Kegan Paul.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 164. Price 5s.
 An attempt to disprove Darwin's theory of Natural Selection, with all its attendant consequences and corollaries.

SOME RECENT MAPS.
CENTRAL EUROPE. From latest Surveys, one of a world series of Travelling Maps. Price 2s.; mounted on Cloth 3s. (J. Bartholomew and Co., Geographical Institute, Edinburgh.) Sure to be in great demand in these days of Continental travel.

EPFING FOREST. From the new 6-inch Ordnance Maps. (G. W. Bacon and Co., Limited, 127, Strand, London.)
KENT WATERING PLACES. Price 1s.; mounted on Cloth 2s. Scale, 2 miles to an inch. (J. Bartholomew, Edinburgh.) One of the handiest maps published, and especially useful for the holiday-making and health-seeking Londoner.

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY.
Bennett, Arthur. JOHN BULL AND HIS OTHER ISLAND. (Simpkin, Marshall.) Two volumes. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price 7s.
 A new and improved edition of a work which we have described favourably on more than one previous occasion. It describes Ireland from the English point of view, the author not having allowed the fact of his being a Unionist to interfere with his judgment and sense of fairness.

Cotes, V. Cecil. TWO GIRLS ON A BARGE. (Chatto and Windus.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 177. Price 3s. 6d.
 In planning out the tour, concerning which this book is written, it was the object of these two heroines to get away from the "conventionalised idea." This they certainly succeeded in, for they chartered a canal-boat and, together with two young men, started out on a fortnight's trip northward from London. However, the record of their journeying is not particularly interesting, the author's style being somewhat obscure and wearisome, but it is given an extra interest by Mr. F. H. Townsend's illustrations, which are excellent.

LIFE IN THE ROYAL NAVY. By A "Ranker." (G. Chamberlain, Landport, Portsmouth.) Paper covers. 171 pp. Price 1s. (Illus.)
 A brightly written record of twenty years' experience in the naval service of to-day which will be eagerly read by all interested in the lot of our men afloat. In answer to the query, Shall we send our boys to the navy? the author replies emphatically, Yes! And a perusal of its pages cannot fail to be sufficient inducement to hundreds of young men to cast in their lot with the Royal Navy.

Stone, Percy P. THE ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT. Part II. (Stone, 16, Great Marlborough Street, W.) Folio. Price £3 3s. for four parts.
 Contains historical and architectural details, illustrated with sketches, maps and plans, of a number of the old country and farm houses of the Isle of Wight.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE: A HOLIDAY GROUND. (Weston: Lawrence Bros.) Paper covers. Pp. 43. Price 1s.
 This guide is chiefly notable for its illustrations, which in the form of photographic prints—are both numerous and excellent.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.
Brassey, Lady. A VOYAGE IN THE "SUNBEAM," OUR HOME ON THE OCEAN FOR ELEVEN MONTHS. (Longmans, Green and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xx. 492. Price 3s. 6d.
 A cheaper edition, printed from the stereotype plates, and bound up to form a volume of the "Silver Series." It contains sixty-six illustrations.

Roche, James Jeffrey. THE STORY OF THE FILIBUSTERS. (Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiv. 374. Price 5s.
 The history and the epitaph of a "brave, lawless, generous anomaly on civilisation." The volume belongs to the "Adventure Series," and also contains "The Life of Colonel David Crockett."

SOME FRENCH BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

I. LITERATURE.

Nac, Paul. *VINGT JOURS EN SUISSE* (Librairie-Reunies). Guide to Switzerland by a member of the Alpine Club. One hundred illustrations.

Neukomme, Edmond. *L'ALLEMAGNE A TOUTE VAPEUR*. (Ernest Kolb.) 8vo. Price 3fr. 50c.

New volume on modern Germany by an author who has already written several books; style Max O'Rell, on that country.

Kneipp, Séb. *MA CURE D'EAU*. (V. Retaux et Fils.) 8vo. Price 3fr. 50c.

Work by the celebrated Bavarian priest, explaining the wonders of his water-cure system.

Saint-Amand Imbert de. *LA JEUNESSE DE MARIE-AMÉLIE*. (Librairie E. Dentu.) 8vo. Price 3fr. 50c.

Early life of Queen Marie Amélie, wife of Louis Philippe. Interesting addition to the history of the first part of the century.

II.—FICTION, POETRY, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

Loti, Pierre. *LE LIVRE DE LA PITIE ET DE LA MORT*. (Calmann Levy.) 8vo. Price 3fr. 50c.

First book published by Pierre Loti since his election to the French Academy. The volume consists of a collection of short stories and sketches, some of which have already appeared elsewhere.

Hepp, Alexandre. *LE LAIT D'UNE AUTRE*. (Librairie E. Dentu.) 8vo. Price 3fr. 50c.

Novel by well-known Parisian journalist.

SOME BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The following list comprises all the more important Blue Books issued during the month of August. A complete list may be obtained of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Queen's Printers, East Harding Street, E.C.

I.—COLONIAL POSSESSIONS.

Four numbers of the series of Annual Colonial Reports have been issued during the past month:—

No. 12. *Turks and Caicos Island*. Pp. 10. Price 1d.

No. 13. *Gibraltar*. Pp. 16. Price 1d.

No. 14. *Zululand*. Pp. 8. Price 1d.

No. 15. *Sierra Leone*. Pp. 20. Price 1½d.

AUSTRALASIAN FEDERATION. Proceedings of Convention. Official Record of the proceedings and debates of the National Australasian Convention, held in the Parliament House, Sydney, New South Wales, in the months of March and April, 1891. The speeches are reported verbatim. (Pp. cxviii. 392. Price 4s. 3d.)

STATISTICS. Tables.

Statistical tables relating to the Colonial and other possessions of the United Kingdom. Part xix. 1889-90. Gives figures as to agriculture, area, births and deaths, crime, debt, education, expenditure, exports, imports, population, prices, revenue, shipping, wages, etc. etc., of various colonies. (Pp. 659. Price 5s. 2d.)

II.—DOMESTIC.

COURTS-MARTIAL. Returns.

Returns of the number of Courts-martial held and small punishments inflicted on the seamen of the Royal Navy, etc., during the year 1890; gives the total number of offences (251), their nature, the sentences awarded, the punishments inflicted, etc. etc. (Pp. 14. Price 2d.)

CUSTOMS. Report of Commissioners.

Thirty-fifth Report of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Customs on the Customs for the year ended 31st March, 1891. The gross receipts for the financial year 1890-91 amounted to £19,749,530—a decrease of £945,962 as compared with that of 1889-90. This decrease is said to be mainly due to alterations in the tariff with regard to the duties on tea and currants, and to the abolition of the plate duty. The Report is followed by numerous tables. (Pp. 44. Price 2½d.)

LONDON SCHOOL BOARD. Superannuation Bill.

Report from the Select Committee on the School Board for London (Superannuation) Bill, together with the proceedings of the Committee, minutes of evidence, appendix and index. The Committee thought it undesirable to proceed with the Bill referred to them, and accordingly reported it to the House without amendment, recommending their re-appointment next session. (Pp. xiv. 188. Price 1s. 6d.)

LONDON WATER SUPPLY. Report.

Special Report from the Select Committee on the London Water Commission Bill; together with the proceedings of the committee, minutes of evidence, appendix and index. The committee (which proceeded upon the assumption that in the opinion of Parliament it is desirable to establish a single public representative water authority for the metropolis) have come to the conclusion that the two bills promoted by the London County Council do not appear calculated to effect a satisfactory solution of the problem, though both were promoted in the public interest and to considerable public advantage. (Pp. xxvi. 464. Price 2s.)

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. Report.

Thirty-fourth annual report of the trustees of the National Gallery, 1891, gives a list (in full descriptions) of the portraits which has been acquired by the Gallery during the past year; as well as statistics as to loans, attendance, etc. (Pp. 26. Price 2½d.)

PUBLIC WORKS LOAN BOARD. Report.

Sixteenth annual report of the Public Works Loan Board, 1890-91. 481 advances have been made during the financial year for sums amounting to £990,088, as against 438 advances for £856,742 in the previous year. Full particulars concerning these advances are given in the appendix. (Pp. 102. Price 1½d.)

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS. Report.

General Report to the Board of Trade upon the accidents that have occurred on the railways of the United Kingdom during the year 1890. The number of persons killed in the working of railways during the year was 1,076, and the number of injured 4,721. The proportion to the total number of travelling passengers were one in 6,830,034 killed, and one in 600,340 injured. (Pp. 32. Price 3d.)

REFORMATORY AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS. Report.

Thirty-fourth report, for the year 1890, of the Inspector appointed to visit the certified reformatory and industrial schools of Great Britain. The total number of schools under inspection is 255. In these were detained at the close of 1890 23,549 children—23,509 boys, and 5,040 girls. The figures show an increase of 504 boys and 8 girls as compared with the previous year. The general conduct of the inmates has been satisfactory. (Pp. 470. Price 1s. 1½d.)

SAVINGS BANKS. Return.

An elaborate Return from each Savings Bank in England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, setting forth *inter alia* the names of officers, salaries, number of accounts open, total amount owing to depositors, rate of interest paid, etc. etc. (Pp. 94. Price 9½d.)

III.—FOREIGN.

The following are among the few Diplomatic and Consular Reports on Trade and Finance (annual series) issued during August:—

No. 934. *Japan, Trade of Nagasaki*. (Pp. 10. Price 1d.)

No. 935. *Japan, Trade of Hakodate*. (Pp. 18. Price 1½d.)

No. 936. *Bulgaria, Trade of Bulgaria*. (Pp. 58. Price 3d.)

No. 937. *Germany, Trade of Frankfurt*. (Pp. 28. Price 2d.)

ITINERANT STREET MUSICIANS. Reports.

Reports from Her Majesty's Ambassadors in Europe and Her Majesty's Minister in the United States on the regulations for the control of itinerant street musicians. One of the most interesting Government publications of the month. (Pp. 22. Price 2½d.)

IV.—IRELAND.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD. Report.

The Annual Report of the Local Government Board for Ireland. Gives full particulars concerning poor relief, seed supply, lunatics and idiots in workhouses, orphans and deserted children, emigration, vaccination, sanitary acts, burial grounds, sewerage, water supply, &c. (Pp. 284. Price 2s. 3d.)

LUNACY. Report.

Fortieth Report, with appendices, of the Inspectors of Lunatics (Ireland). There were in Ireland on the 1st January last 16,251 persons of unsound mind under care, being an increase of 225 on the number at the commencement of 1890. It does not appear that they are, upon the whole, so well looked after as they might be. (Pp. 206. Price 1s. 2d.)

PRISONS. Report.

Thirteenth Report of the General Prisons Board, Ireland, 1890-91, with an appendix. The Board is of opinion that short sentences are utterly inefficient for good, whether viewed as a punitive or as a deterrent influence. (Pp. 154. Price 8d.)

QUEEN'S COLLEGE. Report.

Report of the President of Queen's College, Belfast, for the session 1890-91. The total number of students in attendance at the College was 459, among them being 14 young ladies. "They were among the most attentive and diligent of the students," says the President, who deplores the fact that they are not eligible for scholarships or prizes. (Pp. 50. Price 3d.)

REFORMATORY SCHOOLS. Report.

Twenty-ninth Report of the Inspector appointed to visit the Reformatory and Industrial Schools of Ireland. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett has produced an interesting report, though he appears to be a little too fond of displaying his erudition. Quotations from and references to Dante and Victor Hugo scarcely seem in place in a Blue Book. (Pp. 76. Price 4½d.)

V.—SCOTLAND.

PRISONS. Report.

Thirteenth Annual Report of the Prison Commissioners of Scotland. A general examination of the statistics for the year 1890-91 shows that there has been an increase in the daily number of prisoners. The number of female prisoners is decreasing rapidly—indeed, according to the Commissioners, they form a class which is likely ere long to become extinct. (Pp. 58. Price 1s. 6d.)

THE CONTENTS OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Amateur Work. September. 4d.
Design for an Overmantel in Carved Wood. (Illus.) Robert Coxon.
Winkles for Amateur Wood Engravers.

Andover Review. August. 35 cents.
Poetry and Philosophy. (The teaching of Arnold and Browning.) Professor Dewey.

Alexandre Vinet. Prof. Pollens.
What Value has Goethe's Thought of God for Us? Miss Julia H. Gulliver.
Slavery as it Appeared to a Northern Man in 1844. Rev. A. P. Peabody.
The Papal Encyclical on Labour. The Editor.
Pauperism. Professor Tucker.

Antiquary. September. 1s.
Rampet R-vial-ol. Professor Halbherr.
Alchemy in England. Robert Steele.
Some Queer Names. H. Barber, M.D.

Arena. July. 50 cents.
The Unity of Germany. Mme. Blazé de Bury.
Should the Nation Own the Railways? C. Wood Davis.

Where Must Lasting Progress Begin? Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

My Home Life. Amelia B. Edwards.
The Tyranny of Nationalism. Rev. Minot J. Savage.

Individuality in Education. Prof. Mary L. Dickinson.

The Working Woman of To-day. Helen Campbell.

The Independent Party and Money at Cost. R. B. Hassell.
Psychic Experiences. Sara A. Underwood.

A Decade of Retrogression (In New York City). Florence Kelley Wischnewitzky.

Argosy. September. 6d.
The Bretons at Home. (Illus.) Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S.

Atlanta. September. 6d.
What America does for her Girl's. (Illus.) L. Toulmin-Smith.

In the Sunny South of France. (Illus.) C. J. Wills.

Atlanta Scholarship. ("Cymbeline": "The Winter's Tale"; "The Tempest.") Dr. Garnett.

Atlantic Monthly. September. 1s.
The Disturber of Traffic. (Story.) Ruyard Kipling.

Speech as a Barrier between Man and Beast. E. P. Evans.

A Study of Analogy. John Burroughs.
Europe and Cathay. John Fiske.
Courts of Conciliation. Nicolay Grevstad.
A Modern Myrtle: Oliphant.

Belford's Magazine. August.
Tabernacle and Man. The late General Gordon.

Athletics: Their Use and Abuse. Champion Bissell.

How the Confederacy Changed Naval Warfare. General Dabney H. Maury.
Characteristics of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. James McCarroll.

An American Mecca. (Concord.) Mary J. S. Ford.

Blackwood's Magazine. September. 2s. 6d.
Diamond Digging in South Africa. Lieut.-Col. Henry Knollys, R.A.

The Songs and Ballads of Fife. Æneas Mackay.

Micbeth as the Celtic Type. Moira O'Neill.

Eton Montem. A Memory of the Past. G. C. Green.

Early Settlers in English America.
A Country Town. Annie S. Swan.
A Black Stag in Monar. A Note on Sailing.
James Russell Lowell.

Board of Trade Journal. Aug. 6d.
State of the Skilled Labour Market.
Public Lighting in Eastern Europe.

Development of Indian Railways.
New Russian Customs Tariff.
Tariff Changes and Customs Regulations.

Boy's Own Paper. September. 6d.
Notes from My Log; or, True Stories of Adventure and Peril. Rear-Admiral W. R. Kennedy.

First Steps in Photography. R. A. R. Bennett.

Cape Illustrated Magazine. July. 9d.
How to Loaf. (Written for the benefit of convalescents resident in South Africa.) Notes on Demerara.

Cassell's Family Magazine. September. 7d.

The Proposed Scotch Waterway (the Forth and Clyde Ship Canal). (Illus.) How Shall I Make Him Pay? A Family Lawyer.

The Brightening of Three Dreary Back Rooms. I. (Illus.) E. H. Fitchew.

Cassell's Saturday Journal. Sept. 6d.
Interview with Captain Byre M. Shaw. (Illus.)

Entertainers upon Sand and Beach.

Catholic World. August. 35 cts.
The Pope and the Proletariat. Rev. E. B. Brady.

The Warfare of Science. Very Rev. Augustine F. Hewitt.

The Life of Father Hecker. Rev. Walter Elliott.

The Witness of Science to Religion. Rev. William Barry, D.D.

Professor Briggs on Authority in Religion. Rev. H. H. Wymann.

Century Magazine. September. 1s. 4d.
A Winter Journey through Siberia. (Illus.) George Kennan.

The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. With Portrait. F. D. Sherman.

To California in 1849 through Mexico. (Illus.) A. C. Ferris.

The Distribution of Ability in the United States. H. C. Lodge.

The Government of Cities in the United States. S. H. Low.

A Painter's Paradise. Play in Provence. (Illus.) Elizabeth R. Pennell.

Italian Old Masters. (Illus.) W. J. Stillman.

Treatment of Prisoners at Camp Morton. (Illus.)

I. A Reply to "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton." W. R. Holloway.

II. Rejoinder. John A. Wynth.

Country Newspapers. E. W. Howe.

The Possibility of Mechanical Flight. S. P. Langley.

Chautauquan. September.
Frontpiece. John G. Whittier.

Russia and the Russians. (Illus.) Mrs. C. R. Corson.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science. Marcus Benjamin, Ph.D.

Modern Methods of Social Reform. Leman Abbot, D.D.

A Poet's Town. (Illus.) (Marblehead and J. G. Whittier.) Margaret B. Wigot.

The Hawaiians. J. N. Ingram.

What English Women are Doing in Art. Elizabeth Roberts.

Playing with Hearts. (The Love Stories of some Eminent Men.) Sarah K. Bolton.

Clergyman's Magazine. September. 6d.

The Clergyman and the Prayer Book. Rev. H. C. G. Moule.

The Kingdom of Humanity. Very Rev. the Dean of Armagh.

Contemporary Pulpit. September. 6d.

Gladstone's Sermon by Bishop Warren. (Methodist Epist. Ch., U.S.A.)

Contemporary Review. September. 2s. 6d.

A Month in Southern India. Rt. Hon. Sir M. E. Grant Duff.

Henrik Ibsen's Poems. Philip H. Wicksteed.

Laurence Oliphant. Julia Wedgwood.

The Nationalisation of Cathedrals. H. W. Massingham.

Pictor Sacrilegus, A.D. 1483. Vernon Lee.

The Fourth Gospel. Professor Emil Schurer, D.D.

Johann Sebastian Bach. William F. Apthorp.

Modern Astronomy. Sir R. S. Ball, LL.D., F.R.S.

The Antipodeans. II. D. Christie Murray.

Cornhill Magazine. September. 6d.

Advertising in China.

The Battle of Copenhagen. A Danish Account of the Action.

Cosmopolitan. September. 25c.

A Woman's Number.

France's Greatest Military Artist. (Détail.) (Illus.) Lady Dilke.

A Forgotten City. (Solutum in Sicily.) (Illus.) Eleanor Lewis.

The Ladies' New York Club. (Illus.) Julia Hayes Percy.

The Evolution of the Society Journal. (Illus.) Miss Roger A. Pryor.

Society Women as Authors. (Illus.) Anna Vernon Dorsey.

Tattersall's. (Illus.) Elizabeth Bisland.

Woman's Share in Russian Nihilism. (Illus.) Ella Norakow.

Education. September. 6d.

Interview with R. D. Roberts, D.Sc., on University Extension. (Illus.)

Expositor. September. 1s.

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- Preussische Jahrbücher.** Berlin. 1 Mark 50 Pf. August 1.
- "Mr. Isaacs" (in German).** F. Marion Crawford.
- The Lyric Drama in the Eighteenth Century.** Dr. A. Koster.
- Harnack's History of Dogmas.** A. Lassen.
- How the Cape became English.**
- Political Correspondence—The German Emperor's Visit to England and the French Squadron's Visit to Russia: Lord Salisbury and English Affairs; Russian Affairs, Cardinal Lavigerie, etc.**
- Romanische Revue.** July—August. The Reply of the High School Youth to the Bucuresti Memorandum.
- Schorer's Familienblatt.** (Salon-Ausgabe.) Berlin. 75 Pf. Heft 14.
- The Cactus Family.** (Illus.) H. Jurgenson.
- From Berlin to Hamburg by Water.** (Illus.) A. Ruhemann.
- The Monument to Gustav Nachtigal.** Explorer, at Stendal. (Illus.)
- Monuments to Ludwig Anzengruber and Ferdinand Raimund (Austrian Poets)** at Vienna. (Illus.)
- Stimmen aus Maria-Laach** (Catholic). Freiburg (Baden). 10 Marks 80 Pf. yearly.
- Wrong Views of Social Conditions in the Encyclical of Leo XIII.** A. Lehmkühl.
- The Holy Coat of Treves.** S. Belas.
- Dr. Julius Kaftan's New Dogma—Review of his "Belief and Dogma," the Protestant reply to Dryer's "Undogmatic Christianity."** T. Grandenath.
- The British Bible Society at Work.**
- Ueber Land und Meer.** Stuttgart. 1 Mark. Heft 2.
- The Swiss Celebration.** (Illus.) W. Kaden.
- Goethe and Lake Zurich.** J. Herzfelder.
- Golden Prague.** (Illus.) Dr. A. Kohut.
- The Electric Light.** (Illus.) Dr. T. Wimmensauer.
- The Portiuncula Festival in Holzhausen.** (Illus.) B. Rauchenegger.
- The Bernese Celebration.** (Illus.)
- Prince Frederick Augustus of Saxony and his Bride.** With Portraits.
- Fruit and Fruit Cures.** Dr. O. Gotthilf.
- Wilhelm Henzen and his Drama "St. Elizabeth."** (Illus.)
- Karl Thielen, New Prussian Minister of Public Works.** With Portrait.
- The Upper Palatinate.** (Illus.) M. Schusler.
- Helene Vacaresco.** With Portrait.
- The Hermann von Wissmann Steamer on the Victoria Nyanza.** (Illus.) S. Steinberg.
- The New Scheffel Monument at Heidelberg** (Illus.)
- Unsere Zeit.** Leipzig. 1 Mark. Heft 3.
- Russia and Finland.**
- Land Reform.** O. Beta.

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ITALIAN MAGAZINES.

La Civiltà Cattolica.

The Origin of the Triple Alliance. (In which it is described as a "monstrous of Christian servitude to the occult power of Marronic Judaism.")

The Encyclical of Leo XIII.

Biblical-Assyrian Chronology. A Working-man Apostle. (Continued.)

August 16th.

Christianity Excluded from Elementary Instruction in Italy. (A bitter attack on State education.)

On the Migration of the Hittites.

The Encyclical of Leo XIII. (Continue '.)

The Movements of the Stellar System.

La Nuova Antologia.

August 1.

The Factions of the Sierra Republic. C. Paoli. (An Historical Sketch of Sierra in the fourteenth century.)

The Galleries of Rome. A. Venturi.

The Damnation of Tolstol. G. Boglietti. A Confession. L. Capuana. (A powerful but very painful novelette.)

The Grand Old Men of the British Empire. E. Cattellani. (Short sketches of Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Grey, and Sir Henry Parkes.)

August 10.

The Persecution of the Jews. R. Bonghi. (An excellent article on the anti-Semitic movement on the Continent.)

The National Prehistoric and Ethnographic Museum in Rome. L. Pigorini.

The Fools, Dwarfs, and Slaves of the Gonzaga Family. A. Lusi. (The first part of a collection of curious historical anecdotes.)

A Venial Sin. (Novelette.) U. Flores. Gasparada Salo and the Inventor of the Violin. G. Livo.

An article by Francesco Crispi—An Ex-Diplomat. (An answer to Crispi's article in the *Contemporary Review*.)

La Rassegna Nazionale.

August 1.

Goethe and Hamlet. Carlo Segré. (An article founded on the analysis of Hamlet contained in Wilhelm Meister.)

The Holy Land. Carlo del Pezzo. (Reminiscences of travel.)

From North America. Eglito Rossi. (A resumé of a recent address by Dr. Talmage on the social vices of American life.)

For Honour's Sake (continued); A story translated from the English by S. Santarelli-Fortini.

Commentators on the Creation. (Continued.) A. Stoppini.

August 16th.

The Painter Antonio Ciseri. G. E. Saltini. (A biographical sketch of a recently deceased artist.)

Anglo-American Opinions on Divorce. (Reprinted from the *North American Review*.)

Conclusions Drawn from Anglo-American Opinions on Divorce. C. F. Galva. (The author rejoices that so many Protestant writers should be opposed to the present marriage laws in America.)

La Scuola Positiva.

July 31.

Administration of Justice in Italy in 1890. F. S. Arabia.

Public Life in the Sicilian Communes. G. Alongi.

Provocation and Premeditation. E. Ferri.

A Critical Table of Penal and Civil Jurisprudence.

SCANDINAVIAN MAGAZINES.

Samtiden.

Bergen, published by B. Brunchorst and Gerhard Gran. Yearly subscription, 5 kr. post free.

August Strindberg. III. IV. Ola Hanson.

A Hindoo Child-wife's Story. F. Max Müller.

(*Contemporary Review*, 1890. 91. Harald Hansen.

Bergen Theatre. Irgens Hansen.

Ur Dagens Kronika.

Stockholm, Verner Landgren. Yearly subscription, 12 kr.

The Gifts of the Fairies. Georg Nordensvan.

Musical Review. Volontaire.

Four Days. W. Garschin.

"*Les fleurs du mal*." Charles Baudelaire reviewed by Sven Ull.

An Attempt at Medical Land-taxation. O. C.

Theatrical Reviews. Volontaire.

Foreign Reviews. MacF—n.

Literature. Th. J'n.

Tilskueren.

Copenhagen. Published by N. Neergaard.

Yearly subscription 12 kr. July.

Who is Rembrandt? Karl Madsen.

Five Poems. Herman Bang.

Lost and Rediscovered Greek Literature. Dr.

V. Pingel.

Autumn Letters from Skage. H. C. Bering.

Lueberg.

W. Garschin. Ola Hansson.

MILITARY PERIODICALS.

AMERICAN.

Journal of the U.S. Cavalry Association.

The Cavalry at Chancellorsville, May, 1863.

Lieut.-Col. W. L. Heermance.

The Proper Employment of Cavalry in War.

Chaslain A. E. Wood.

The Effect of Small-calibre Arms and Smokeless Powder upon Cavalry Operations of the Future. From the *Journal des Sciences Militaires*.

Further Remarks on the Cavalry Fight on the Right Flank at Gettysburg. Lieut.-Col.

W. B. Rawle.

Firing at Breastworks of Snow with the Berdan Rifle in Russia.

Some Thoughts on Equipment. Captain M. Harris.

Letters on Cavalry. Translation of Prince K zu Hohenlohe's 17th Letter.

The Stoneman Raid of 1855. Brig.-General L. S. Trowbridge.

A Confederate Cavalry Officer's Views on "American Practice and Foreign Theory."

T. T. Munford.

FRENCH.

Journal des Sciences Militaires.

The Preparatory Military Schools for Soldiers' sons.

The Campaign of Caius Marius against the Teutons. Captain Dervieux.

The Campaign of 1814: The Cavalry of the Allied Armies, from documents in the Imperial Archives of Vienna. (Continued.)

Commandant Weil.

Reasoned Instruction in the Infantry.

Lieutenant de Cisey.

The French Army in 1890. (Continued.) Commandant Belhomme.

Souvenirs of the Tonquin Campaign. XIV. Captain Carteron.

Historical Notices on the General Staff—Lieutenants-General, and Generals of Division. L. Hennet.

Revue Maritime et Coloniale.

The Electric Light Installation on board the *Mareau*, 12 Figs.

Extracts from the English Naval Estimates 1891-2. Lieutenant Delage.

Historical Studies on the War Navy of France. The French Navy under the Regency and under the Ministry of de Maurepas. XII. Captain Chabaud-Arnault.

Text of the English Naval Defence Act, 1889.

Report on the Landing of 14 cm. 31 ton Gun. 4 Figs. Lieutenant Heilmann (describes how the gun was landed with the available means on board).

Le Spectateur Militaire.

The Territorial Army when under training in the spring of 1891. L. Brun.

History of the Cavalry—the Hussars. The Chasseurs d'Afrique and the Spahis. (Continued.) Captain H. Choppin.

The Arms and Tactics of the Greeks before Troy. VI. VII. J. de la Chauvelays.

Annuaire of the French Army, 1819-1890. III. C. Boissonnet.

The Sheltered Offensive. L. Brun.

Cavalry Uniforms. Captain H. Choppin.

The Campaign in the Argonne, 1792.

Revue Militaire de l'Etranger.

Military Trains and Convoys in the German Army.

The Mobilisation of the Russian Reserves.

The Fortifications of Copenhagen. (With Map.)

Gratuities to German Non-Commissioned Officers.

La Marine Française.

The French Naval Manoeuvres in the Mediterranean.

The Philosophy of the Naval Manoeuvres.

Opinions of the French Press and of Admiral Réveillère on M. Brissot's Report on the French Navy for the Budget Committee.

On the Coast of Guinea.

Dunkirk, Brest, and Cotenin. Rear-Admiral Réveillère.

GERMAN.

Internationale Revue über die gesammten Armeen und Flotten.

Germany: Considerations on the Hall of Fame at the Arsenal in Berlin.

Historical Details of the Ancient Fortress of Torgau-on-the-Elbe. Chaplain E. Schild.

The Organisation, Distribution, and Employment of Field Artillery belonging to the Army Corps. III. Lieut.-Col. von Nieu- staedt.

Italy: Italian Correspondence, by Pellegrino.

England: The English Field Artillery.

Russia: The Russian Army Manoeuvres for the Current Year.

Switzerland: The New Drill Regulations for the Swiss Infantry.

France: Special Tactics for Artillery on the Field of Battle.

Servia: The New Organisation of the Servian Army.

Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Seewesens.

The Transmission of Electric Power. 17 Figs. M. Bristyn.

The Ships of Christopher Columbus. (Six Illus.)

The 32 cm. Canon Gun. 2 Figs.

The Redler Revolution Indicator. 3 Figs.

The Experiments on Board the United States' Dynamic Cruiser, *Pescadore*.

The Latest Trials of the Submarine Boat, *Goubet*.

Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine.

Cavalry in Modern Warfare.

Tactical Retrospects on the Fights of the Franco-German War, especially in regard to the Employment of Artillery. (Continued.)

The Training of Reserve Officers of the Austro-Hungarian Army in connection with the Military Academy at Vienna-Neustadt.

Captain le Juge.

Military Strollings in the Region of the Great Russian Manoeuvres of 1890.

Aquatic Sports and their Influence on the manly Development of the Young. Vice-Admiral Von Henk.

Remarks on some Gunnery Experiments carried out in China with a 24 cm. Krupp gun.

ITALIAN.

Rivista Marittima.

The German Mercantile Marine. VII. Salvatore Rainero.

The Electric Light on Board Italian Ships of War. (Continued.) 5 Plates. Lieut. A. Pouchain.

Naval Colleges in Italy and Abroad. D. Parenti.

Naval Architecture. 7 Plates. Giuseppe Rota.

The Naval Duel. Lieutenant F. Moro-Lin.

Naval Battle between the Turks and Venetians, and the Capture of Scio, Feb. 1895. F. Cerasoli.

Rivista di Artiglieria e Genio. (Special Number.)

Experiments on the Resistance against Crushing of Stone and Cement Works. 5 Figs. pp. 174.

SPANISH.

Judicial Inquiries into Wrecks and Casualties.

Captain Don V. M. Concas Pa'au.

Studies on Military Anthropology. Dr. F. Garcia Diaz.

New Method for Rectifying the Variations of the Compass. 2 Figs. Lieut. R. Estrada.

Central Pivot Mounting for 14 cm. Hotchkiss Gun, constructed at le Creusot for the Spanish Cruisers. 2 Plates.

ART, MUSIC, AND POETRY.

ART.

L'Art. Paris. 2a. August 1.
Religious Tendencies of Contemporary Art. (Illus.) H. Mazel.
August 15.
The French Salons of 1891. (Illus.) L. Bénédict.

Art Amateur. 1s. 6d. August.
Frederick Walker. (Illus.)
The Draped Model—Chat with Walter Satterlee and J. G. Brown on Models and Costumes.
St. Louis School of Fine Arts. (Illus.) E. Knauff.
Sketching from Nature. (Illus.) A. E. Ives.
Pen Drawing for Photo-Engraving—First Principles Reconsidered. E. Knauff.
The Painting of Poultry—Talk with A. F. Tait. (Illus.) A. E. Ives.
China Painting—White Enamel. (Illus.) M. B. Ailing.
Tapestry Painting. III. (Illus.) Emma Haywood.

Art Journal. September. 1s.
Holyrood. Etching by E. Slocombe.
Sculpture at the Royal Academy. (Illus.) The Museums of Industrial Art in Italy. (Illus.) Prof. Melani.
The Pilgrims' Way. V.—Gatton to Oxford. (Illus.) Mrs. H. M. Ady.
Thomas Armstrong, Chief of the South Kensington Museum. With Portrait.
J. F. Boyes.
One Art in the City Churches. (Illus.) F. Miller.
The Clyde and the Western Highlands. (Illus.) IV. R. Walker.
Pictorial as Compared with Decorative Art. W. W. Fenn.

Century. September.
Italian Old Masters: Fra Luca, Ghirlandajo. (Illus.) W. J. Stillman.

Chautauquan. September.
The Social Side of Artist Life. (Illus.) C. M. Fairbanks.
What English Women are Doing in Art. Elizabeth Roberts.

Cosmopolitan. September.
France's Greatest Military Artist—Edouard Detaille. (Illus.) Lady Dilke.

Magazine of Art. September. 1s.
The Shepherd's Grave. Engraving after Sir Edwin Landseer.
The Two French Salons. (Illus.) Walter Armstrong.
The Dragon of Mythology, Legend, and Art. (Illus.) II. John Leyland.
A Wall of Renaissance Sculpture. (The Tomb of Barbara Ordeiaff at Forli.) (Illus.) Stephen Thompson.
"The Ladies Waldegrave." Engraving after Sir Joshua Reynolds.
David Cox and Peter de Wint. (Illus.) James Orrock.
The Romance of Art—The Post-Wife of the Sculptor Bartolommeo Ammannati, Leader Scott.
Animal Painters Past and Present. (Illus.) E. Landseer Grundy.

Newbery House. September.
Children in Art. III. (Illus.) T. Child.

Portfolio. September. 2s. 6d.
Portrait of a Woman—Rembrandt's Picture in the National Gallery.
Portrait and Landscape Painting in France. (Illus.) P. G. Hamerton.
The Palaces of Naples. (Illus.) Edith Margat.
"Thirsty Comrades." Etching after Birket Foster.

Strand Magazine. August.
Henry Stacy Marks Interviewed. (Illus.)
Sun. September.
Art in the Provinces. K. Parkes.

MUSIC.

Atalanta. September.
The Meistersingers of Nuremberg. (Illus.)
Church Musician.
Ecclesiastical Counterpoint. F. J. Karn.
On Arvens.
Jottings on Continental Church Music. G. B. Dobson.
Parisian Organists: their Lives and Works. T. Westlake-Morgan.

Contemporary Review. September.
Johann Sebastian Bach. W. F. Apthorp.

Month. September.
Cardinal Newman as a Musician. Edward Bellasis.

Magazine of Music.
Sarasate's First Public Appearance.
School Music in Australia. S. McBurney.
Hints to Trainers of Village Choirs.
John More Smetton (Scottish Composer).
Portrait and Biography.
The Future of the Drama and the Drama of the Future. J. F. Hunciman.
Music—"Liedchen." Haydn's "Ox Minuet," and "Lullaby," by John More Smetton.

Musical Herald.
Mr. Edward Mills, Mus. Bac. Biography and Portrait.
Folk-Songs of Arcady.
Teaching Music to the Blind. S. McBurney.
School Music in Germany and Switzerland. S. McBurney.

Musical Opinion.
Form as seen in Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas. J. W. G. Hathaway.
Making of Sound in Organ and Orchestra. Hermann Smith.
School Music, The Church, and Tonic Sol-fa. S. McBurney.
A Day with Liszt. J. F. Rowbotham.

Musical Times.
The Great Composers—Wagner. Joseph Bennett.
Jumbomania in Music. (The Worship of Bigness.)
First Performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." F. G. Edwards.
Music in the Alps.
Music—Four-part Song. "The Brook." Arnold D. Culley.

Musical Record.
Liszt's "Consolations." Herr Niecks.
Portrait Sketches from the Life—Gluck.
Schumann in Leipzig, 1837.
The Pianoforte Teacher. Herr Pauer.

Nonconformist Musical Journal.
Music at Westminster Chapel.
"St. Magnus" and its Composer. Jeremiah Clark. F. G. Edwards.
Liturgical Tendencies and the Service of the Reformation. J. B. Remensnyder, D.D.

"The Strad." (Journal for stringed instrument players)
The Italian Schools of Violin-Making. R. H. Legge.
How to Make a Violin. John Broadhouse.
Mr. Henry Farmer (Violinist and Composer).

Sun. August.
Richard Wagner. R. F. Sharp.

Sun. September.
Brahms and Grieg. Living Composers. R. F. Sharp.

PRICE AND PLACE OF PUBLICATION OF MUSICAL MAGAZINES.

Church Musician (15th of the month). 2d. 11, Barleigh Street, Strand, W.C.
Magazine of Music. 6d. St. Martin's House, Ludgate Hill, E.C.
Musical Age. 2d. 88, Chancery Lane, W.C.
Musical Herald. 2d. 8, Warwick Lane, E.C.
Musical Opinion. 2d. 150, Holborn Bars, E.C.
Musical Record. 2d. 86, Newgate Street, E.C.
Musical Times. 4d. 1, Berners Street, W.
Nonconformist Musical Journal. 2d. 44, Fleet Street, E.C.
Orchestral Times and Bandsman. 3d. 39, Queen Square, W.C.
The Strad. 2d. 185, Fleet Street, E.C.

POETRY.

Argosy. September.
The Three Ages. Marie Constantine.
English by G. Cotterell.

Atalanta. September.
A Song of Neris. (Illus.) Roden Noel.

Atlantic Monthly. Sent in series.
Song for Setting. T. W. Parsons.
Forecasting. P. B. Marston.

Belford's Magazine. August.
Frank, the Fireman. T. Frost.

Cape Illustrated Magazine. July.
Drama. H. Hanson.
Now and Then. Frances Nicholson.
The Young Captive, by André Chénier.
English by J. Gill.

Century. September.
The Wood Nymph's Mirror. C. H. Luder.

The Poems of T. B. Aldrich, F. D. Sherman.
De Mortis Benti. T. C. Williams.

Chautauquan. September.
Dawn in the City. H. T. Sudduth.
Secrets. W. H. A. Moore.
September. O. F. Emerson.

Cosmopolitan. September.
I am a King. Mrs. C. B. Foote.
Ill Matched. Susan Hartley Suett.

English Illustrated. September.
A Song of the Year. Lewis Morris.
Girl's Own Paper. September.
A Type of Maidenhood. George Weatherly.

Life. Rev. W. Cowan.
A Rhyme of Songs. Augusta Hancock.

Good Words. September.
A Plaything. Ellen T. Fowler.

Lippincott. September.
Life. Douglas Sladen.
Where Love Hath Been. Susanna Massey.
Thou or I? J. G. Bettany.

Love's Calendar. Chas. Morris.
No Tears for Dead Love. P. B. Marston.
To a Cloud. W. R. Sims.

Longman. September.
Fiat. A. Battye.

Ludgate Monthly. Sept.
The First Time of Asking. F. E. Wetherly.

Murray's Magazine. September.
Love is Enough. M. C. B.
This Life. D. M. Bruce.

Newbury House. September.
Waiting. Sophia Caulfield.

New England Magazine. August.
A Seaside Holiday. Mrs. E. C. Bolles.
The Little Poet. A. P. Kimball.
Our Neighbour. Mrs. J. T. Bayne.

Quiver. September.
The Embroidery Frame. (Illus.) J. R. Eastwood.

Scots Magazine. September.
Sonnet. Miss A. Werner.

Scribner's Magazine. September.
For Remembrance. D. C. Scott.

Sun. August.
A Woodland Reverie. Robina F. Hardy.
Priam and Achilles. J. H. D.

Sunday Magazine. September.
To the Night. Rev. B. Waugh.
Graven. Clara Thwaite.

Child's Holiday Hymn. B. M. S.
The Sleeping City. C. T. Caribrooke.

Sydney Quarterly. June.
Songs of Solitude. J. Le Gay Brereton.

Temple Bar. September.
Man. F. F. Sheriff.

Tinsley. September.
Edensor. Samuel Barber.
Et Ego Etiam in Arcadia Vixi. Charles Young.
Two Sonnets. Ellen T. Fowler.
When I am as Old as Mother. W. Lazarus Barlow.
The Vale of Grassmere.

INDEX.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

A.C.Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review	E.R.	Edinburgh Review	Law Q.	Law Quarterly Review	Photo. R.	Photographic Reports
A.R.	Andover Review	Ed.	Educational Review	L.H.	Leisure Hour	Phren. J.	Phrenological Journal
Ant.	Antiquary	E.H.	English Historical Review	Lipp.	Lippincott's Monthly	Phren. M.	Phrenological Magazine
A.	Arena	E.I.	English Illustrated Magazine	L. Q.	London Quarterly	Plon	Pioneer
Arg.	Argosy	Esq.	Esquiline	Long.	Longman's Magazine	P.L.	Poet Lore
Art J.	Art Journal	Ex.	Expositor	Lud.	Lucifer	P.	Portfolio
As.	Asclepiad	F.R.	Fortnightly Review	Lud. M.	Ludgate Monthly	P.R.R.	Presbyterian and Reformed Review
A.Q.	Asiatic Quarterly	G.M.	Gentleman's Magazine	Ly.	Lyceum	P.M.Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review
Atz.	Atlanta	G.O.P.	Girl's Own Paper	Mac.	Macmillan's Magazine	P.R.G.S.	Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society
A.M.	Atlantic Monthly	G.W.	Good Words	M.A.H.	Magazine of American History	Psy. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research
Au.	Author	G.B.	Greater Britain	M. Art.	Magazine of Art	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine	G.T.	Great Thoughts	Man. Q.	Manchester Quarterly	Q.R.	Quarterly Review
Bel. M.	Be fort's Magazine	Harp.	Harper's Magazine	M.E.	Merry England	Scots	Scots Magazine
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine	H.M.	Home-Maker	Mind	Mind	Scot G.M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine
Bk-wm.	Blackworm	Hom. R.	Homiletic Review	Mis. R.	Missionary Review of the World	Scot. R.	Scottish Review
Cal. R.	Calcutta Review	lg.	Ignorance	Mon.	Monist	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine
C.F.M.	Cassell's Family Magazine	In. M.	Indian Magazine and Review	M.	Month	Shake.	Shakespeareana
C.S.J.	Cassell's Saturday Journal	I.E.	International Journal of Ethics	M.C.	Monthly Chronicle of North Country Lore	Str.	Strand
C.W.	Catholic World	Ir. E.R.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record	M.P.	Monthly Packet	Sun.	Sunday
C.M.	Century Magazine	Jr. M.	Jewish Monthly	Mur.	Murray's Magazine	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home
C.J.	Chambers's Journal	Jew. Q.	Jewish Quarterly	Nat. R.	National Review	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine
Chaut.	Chautauquan	J. Ed.	Journal of Education	N.N.	Nature Notes	S.T.	Sword and Trowel
Ch. Mis. I.	Church Missionary Intelligence and Record	J. Micro.	Journal of Microscopy and Natural Science	N.H.	Newbury House Magazine	Syd. Q.	Sydney Quarterly
Ch. M.	Church Monthly	J.R.C.I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute	N.E.M.	New England Magazine	T.B.	Temple Bar
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly	Jur. R.	Juridical Review	New R.	New Review	Tin.	Tinsley's Magazine
Ch. R.	Church Review	K.	Knowledge	N.C.	Nineteenth Century	U.S.M.	United Service Magazine
Cong. R.	Congregational Review	Lad.	Ladder	N.A.R.	North American Review	W.R.	Westminster Review
C.R.	Contemporary Review	Law M.	Law Magazine & Review	O.D.	Our Day	Y.E.	Young England
Cos.	Cornhill			Pac. Q.	Pacific Quarterly	Y.M.	Young Man
Crit. R.	Critical Review			P.E.F.	Palestine Exploration Fund		
Down. R.	Downside Review			P.R.	Parents' Review		
D.R.	Dublin Review			Photo. Q.	Photographic Quarterly		
Econ. J.	Economic Journal						
Econ. R.	Economic Review						

Ability, Distribution of, in the United States, by H. C. Lodge, C.M. Sept

Advertising in China, C. Sept

Africa:

Mashonaland, F. E. Harman on, Lud M. Sept

Diamond-digging in South Africa, by L'ent. Col. H. Knollys, Black, Sept

Across the Kalahari Desert to the Boteti River N'gamland, by H. A. Bryden, Long, Sept

The British in East Africa, by the Marquis of Lorne, N.C. Sept

Aloheym in England, by R. Steele, Ant, Sept

Aldrich, T. B., Poems of, F. D. Sherman on, C.M. Sept

American Homes, Old, J. R. Spears on, Scrib, Sept

Analogy, Study of, by J. Burroughs, A.M. Sept

Antipodeans, D. C. Murray on, C.R. Sept

Anuradhapura and the Sacred Bo-Tree, by J. Ricalton, Scrib, Sept

Archæology, Training Ship, K.O. Sept

Armada, The Spanish Ship, by J. A. Froud, Long, Sept

Asby-Sterry, J., Portraits of, Str. Aug

Assyrian Research, Perils of, Rev. S. Kinns on, K.O. Sept

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